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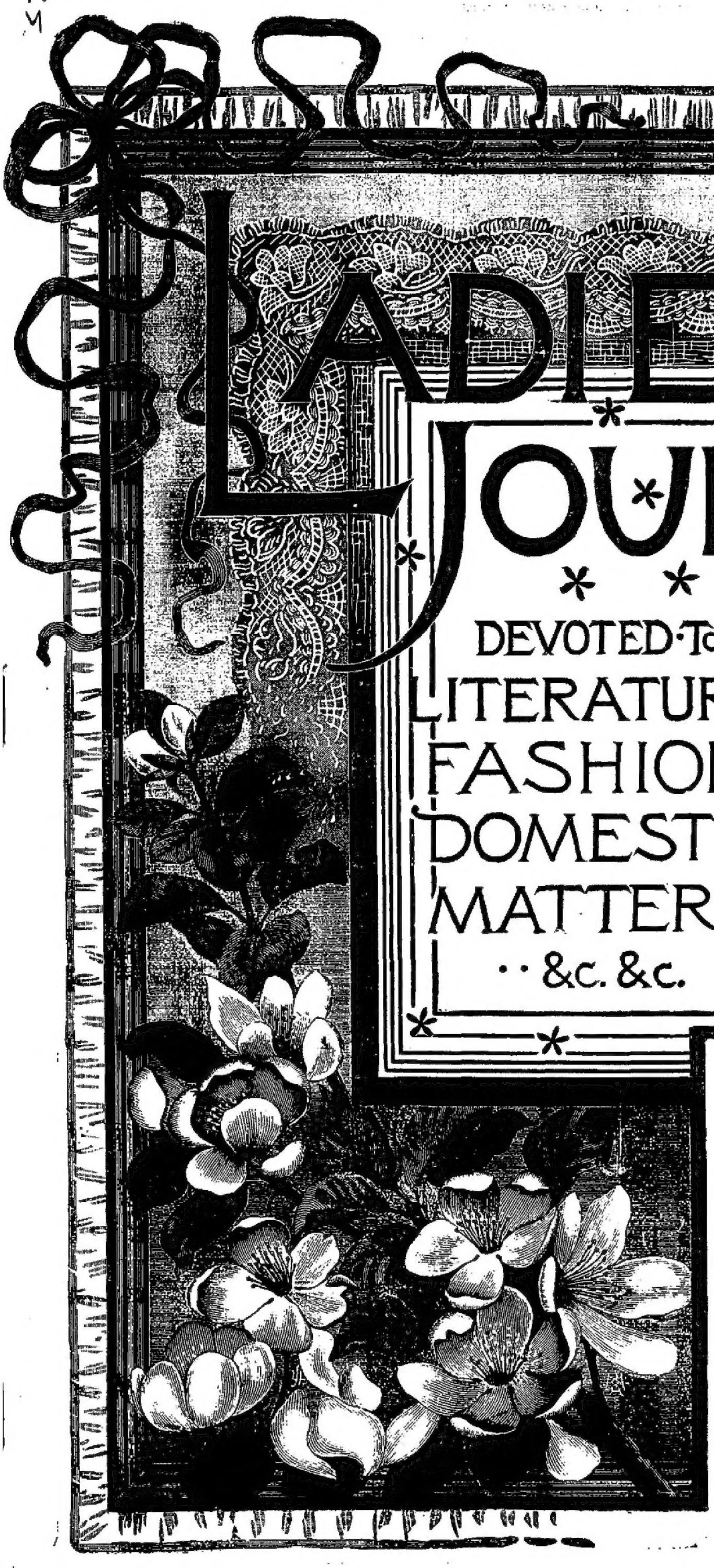

JULY, 1891.

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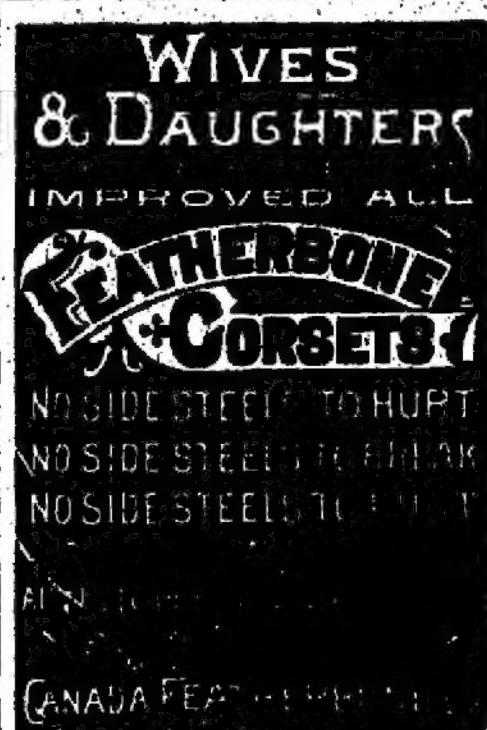
LITERARY NOTES.

The literary event of the summer in the United States will be the publication in the Cosmopolitan Magazine of a short novel by Amelie Rives, which she calls "According to St. John." It is said to be the strongest work from the pen that produced "A Brother to Dragons" and "The Quick or the Dead." Its publication in the Cosmopolitan is a guarantee that it will contain nothing of the kind that excited criticism in Mis Rives' earlier productions. During her two years' residence abroad, Mrs. Chanler has written nothing else for the public, and this product of her matured mind may be expected to register with something like exactness, this author's position in the world of letters.

An admirable full-page portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes forms the frontispiece of the July *Arena.* A critical paper by George Stewart, D. C. L., L L. D., the well-known editor and critic of Quebec, treats of the life a d literary labors of Dr. Holmes in a manner at once scholarly and absorbingly interesting. Probably the most notable paper in this issue is Edgar Fawcett's "Plutocracy and Snobbery in New York." In it the weaknesses, foibles, and evils of high life in the metropolis are boldly dealt with in a masterly manner, while Prof. Buchanan's closing paper on "Revolutionary Measures and Neglected Crimes" strikes boldly at the very evils which Mr. Fawcett so vividly depicts. C. Wood Davis appears in this number in a paper on "National Control of Railways." Camille Flammarion closes his brilliant paper on "The Unknown." W. D. McCracken, whose paper on "The Swiss Referendum" in a previous issue of this review attracted such general notice contrasts in an interesting and instructive manner the Swiss and American Constitutions. With the conspicuous impartiality which has ever marked the management of *The Arena,* the editor this month publishes a reply to his own paper on "Socialism" by the well-known Nationalist and Christian Socialist, Rev. Francis Bellamy.

Scribner's Magazine for July (beginning the tenth volume) has its leading article on a subject which attracts particular attention at this season—"Speed in Ocean Steamers." The author, A. E. Seaton, is connected with a large ship-building firm in England, and makes perfectly plain to untechnical readers the various conditions which must be borne in mind in designing ocean greyhounds, and the most advanced methods which have met them. The illustrations show a number of the fastest steamers afloat. This issue contains also two illustrated out-of-door articles—one on "Izard Hunting in the Spanish Pyrenees," and the other on fishing for the Black Sea-bass on the Pacific Coast. The number is unusually rich in fiction, containing four complete short stories; by George A. Hibbard, the late John Elliott Curran, Edith Wharton, and George L. Catlin, U. S. Consul at Zurich. There are three articles of political importance—one on "Starting a Parliament in Japan," by Professor John H. Wigmore, of the University of Tokio; another giving a civil engineer's glimpse of the revolutionary Republic of Hayti; and a third summarizing the romantic history of outlawry on the Mexican border. A picturesque account of an old Danish town; a literary essay of unusual quality, on [illegible], and poems by John Hay and Mrs. James T. Fields, complete a number of remarkably varied interest. The frontispiece is the last one of Mr. J. R. Weguelin's notable full-page illustrations for selected Odes of Horace.



THE WONDER OF HEALING!
CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, PILES, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRHAGES OF ALL KINDS.
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DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA Cholera Morbus COLIC and CRAMPS DIARRHŒA DYSENTERY AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

Send it back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back.* 197 JAMES PYLE, New York.

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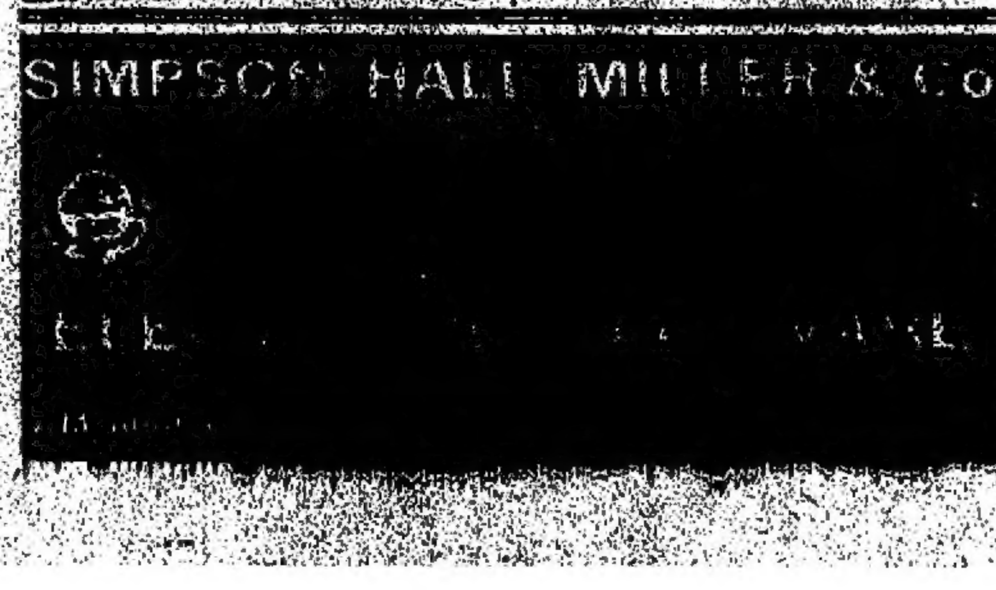

THE LADIES JOURNAL

VOL. XI. No. 7—NEW SERIES. TORONTO, JULY, 1891. $1.00 PER YEAR.

HOW TO BE HAPPY IN THE CITY.

One of the first factors in the happiness of the woman who must remain in the city during the summer, is to treat her household gods as if she were to leave them for awhile. Let her put away that part of her plenishing which accumulates moth and rust, and calls for tedious dustings. Then let her chance about the pictures and furniture, remembering that the women who filled the insane asylums of New England, came from the families whose rockingchairs wore groves in the same breadths of the same carpets for generations.

Gently swaying drapery often proves to your senses that air is stirring when you believe it not. The substitution of light hangings in place of heavy portieres and curtains is to be commended on this score, if on no other. Taking one of the many hints Nature gives, let these draperies be leaf-green, the coolest, most restful of colors.

Linen covers cool the brilliant hues of the chairs and sofas. Scarfs, bows, bags and the hand-painted varieties have been placed out of sight. The rooms look larger, cooler, and altogether more habitable.

For your living-room choose some room which you have used the least during the winter. Take up the carpet; have it cleaned, and put away in tar paper. If matting is too expensive—although rolls of forty yards can now be bought for ten, seven and six dollars, and will last for years—have the floor painted. The material and work for an ordinary room will cost about four dollars. In either case, your work will be greatly lightened.

After dressing for three hundred mornings, with the same wall-paper staring you in the face and the same chairs saluting your waking gaze, common sense suggests an exodus. If you are living in close quarters, borrow a room from another member of the household, giving yours in exchange, and you will go back to your own bed in autumn declaring it to be the best in the world.

Now that your surroundings are changed, why not consider the question of your associations?

Seeing new faces and forming new friendships are said to be the great delights of a vacation. The average woman lives at such high pressure that at the close of a winter full of philanthropic schemes, committee meetings, clubs, classes, church work and social duties, she has hard work sometimes not to hate her kind. She sighs, not for a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still, but for the touch of a stranger's hand and voices she has never heard. To be happy in the city she must, in justice to herself, stop for a time at least, her philanthropic, social and scolastic work. Let her take a second hint from Nature, and find healing, as the brutes do, in withdrawing from the herd and in quiet resting in familiar places. Unconsciously the winter's campaign, with its claims and interests, have come a trifle between the husband and wife. She has not been half as companionable as she wishes she had been. There is the very change she needs. Let her give up committee members and "causes," and devote more time and thought to the good man of the house. Saturday afternoon—that boon to most business men—can be made the occasion of many little outings into pleasant by-paths. A dinner in the Italian restaurant—a description of which she has hardly had time to listen to—will be like a glimpse into another world. A democratic ride on some pleasant car line or stage route, will show her a city transformed; and her interest will be excited and her imagination stirred by the groups of strangers met on every hand. It is a fact that men have more accurate ideas of comfort than women. They know how to enjoy themselves in a semi-Bohemian fashion unattainable to their sisters. Their lives have not been darkened by the dreadful D's—dress, diseases and domestics. The change from the wife's complex ideas and many plans to the few broad rules which govern her husband, will both rest her and brighten her up wonderfully.

In the trunk of the ordinary tourist are a few stiff silks or velvets. Cotton gowns and light woolens obtain. One charm of the country, we say, consists in the fact that you can wear what you please. The truth is, however, that independence is nowhere so openly declared in these matters as in a large city, provided always that good taste be not violated. Style—that despotic ruler—now decrees that cool, cotton gowns, simply made, are suitable for all occasions. If the woman who stays at home dresses as simply as she does in the country, she need not fear sun, dust or heat.

If she likes to read, no country town or hotel can yield her the treasures the city libraries hold. The shops are not as hot and crowded as they were in the winter, and her own home is in better sanitary condition than most summer resorts. Her own bathroom, the Turkish bath, and the drug-store near at hand, are blessings not to be despised; while, who can measure the comfort of the thought that there is a doctor on the next block?

LITTLE THINGS WORTH NOTING.

Very often it is the short hint or suggestion that we read somewhere which proves a mountain of help at some critical times.

ABOUT BATHING THE FEET.

While a nightly bath is excellent, the feet should not be soaked oftener than once a week—unless indeed, they are sore from walking or standing. In that case, dissolve a bit of washing soda the size of your thumb's end in a basin of water, as hot as can be borne. Soak the feet in this ten minutes, rinse in clear hot water, wipe dry and rub and knead with the bare hand for five minutes. For perspiration—especially offensive perspiration—never let hot water touch your feet. Bathe nightly in cold water, with a little chloride of lime in it. For tender or burning feet nothing is better than a strong sea-salt bath, either hot or cold.

BUTTERMILK AS A COSMETIC.

There is nothing that equals fresh buttermilk for removing tan, freckles, sunburn or moth spots. It has the great advantage that it does not injure the skin, but renders it soft, like a little child's. Take a soft cloth or sponge and bathe the face, neck and arms thoroughly with buttermilk before retiring for the night; then wipe off the drops lightly In the morning wash it thoroughly and wipe dry with a crash towel. Two or three such baths will take off all the tan and freckles. It will keep the hands soft and smooth. The acid of the buttermilk answers a far better purpose than any powder or paste that is in a drug store. It is a simple remedy, but effectual.

NINE RULES FOR BATHERS.

Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal.

Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause.

Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration.

Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if after having been a short time in the water it causes a sense of chilliness and numbness of the hands and feet.

Bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water.

Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats after having been in the water.

Avoid remaining too long in the water; leave the water immediately if there is the slightest feeling of chilliness.

The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach. The young and those who are weak, had better bathe two or three hours after a meal—the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast.

Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe.

HOW TO AIR A BED.

It is not everybody who can make a bed well. Beds should be stripped of all belongings, and left to air thoroughly. Don't, however, leave a window open directly upon the bed and linen with a fog or rain prevailing outside. It is not uncommon to see sheets and bedding hanging out of a window with, perhaps, rain not actually falling, but with ninety per cent of humidity in the atmosphere, and the person sleeping in that bed at night wonders the next day where he got his cold. A room may be aired in moist weather, but the bedding and bed must not absorb any dampness.

WHEN YOUR SHOES ARE WET.

Girls and ladies, and for that matter their husbands and brothers, are all liable to get their feet very wet, at the sea or on the mountains. Then they come home, throw off their boots, forget them, and when next they are wanted, they are hard and dry, or moldy, and only fit to be thrown away. Even if they are remembered, very few know what to do with them. Stand them up, put them in shape, and then fill them with oats, such as they feed to horses. This will, in a few hours, draw all the moisture out of the leather, keeping the boot in shape meanwhile, and leaving it soft and pliable. The oats can be used again and again. This is a relic of the days when no railroads existed, and traveling was done under difficulties, and in weather the present generation has no conception of.

How to Dress the Children.

Your baby and mine wants to think of summer time as the beautiful period of the year when the flowers and the grass spring up in answer to the invitation of the sun, when the skies are blue and the sun is so golden; when the birds are singing because the waves are dancing so brightly; when everything in nature is happy and baby is, too. No small person can be happy who is uncomfortable in her clothes; and no small person can see any pleasure in life if it has to sit up primly on the chair and "look nice."

How to dress the little girl? Put on her a gingham frock, smocked if you like, made with a full skirt, not long enough to let her stumble over it, and yet not short enough to look like a frill to her bodice. Put on her a thin, cool pair of drawers and one petticoat, a little bodice that both of these are guttoned to, a pair of black stockings, and a pair of shoes that are soft, sufficiently large, without heels, and comfortable. I say "without heels," and yet I mean that where the heel usually is there should be sufficient thickening of the sole to be of as much as the ordinary heel is to you or me. Put on her a big hat that will keep the sun from her eyes, and, no matter if you do sacrifice beauty to comfort, braid her hair and get it out of the way. Then let her go out with shovel and bucket, and dig for diamonds and find wriggley worms and queer bits of wood and funny-colored stones, and never come across a single diamond except that Kohinoor among them—good health. You can give as many gingham gowns as you like, but don't make the poor little dot's life unhappy by scolding her for getting sand and dust on her clothes, and don't scorn, for one single minute, all the marvelous weeds that she may designate as flowers and bring to you as the result of her morning's work. Of course, if you are staying where it is cooler, a flannel petticoat will be required, and under any circumstances it is just as well to have them along with you, for you don't know when they will be needed.

If there is anything nice in this world, it is a boy about five years old who thinks he knows all about the country, having been there for two weeks, and who is willing to instruct you in the ways and manners of birds, pigs, dogs and horses. He is still in skirts, but there is no reason in the world why his skirts should not be comfortable ones, and why they should not be limited to one. Dress him like a little man whose life this summer is going to be blissful. A wise mother has bought a quantity of blue flannel, light in weight and not expensive, and of this there has been made tiny little pairs of knickerbockers, kilt skirts, and shirt waists. Some are a little finer than others, having cuffs with white feather-stitching and sailor collars with anchors on them, but these will be reserved for special occasions. But my little gentleman can have his knickerbockers put on, his kilt and his blouse, and nothing underneath them but a calico shirt; he wears with them dark-blue stockings. These flannels wash as well as if they were cotton, for the first washing given them is very careful, and they do not shrink. The hat to be worn is a big blue sailor one that could stand being left out all night, and the summer dew would not hurt it.

"Oh!" says somebody who adores picturesque children, "are there to be no pretty clothes?" My dear soul, these clothes are pretty. They are suitable and they are comfortable, and when Jack and Margy come in from playing, and Margy's gown is decorated with studies in black and white, the result of a great desire to see how the roots of the trees look, and Jack's kilt is rather off color in its appearance because he has been out in a boat with the man who goes after the crabs, and he has brought you home some seaweed and a choice collection of clam shells, there won't a sigh arise; but you can greet your little lovers with a laugh, trot them off to be freshened up and put in new clothes that, except for their cleanliness are exactly like the ones just taken off. If, when going to church, they wish to look a little finer, Jack can be gorgeous in white pique knee breeches, kilt and little cutaway jacket, showing a white shirt and flaring white collar. Then he may have black stockings, patent-leather shoes and a white straw sailor with a broad blue ribbon about it. As for Margy, she can have a pale-blue zephyr made just like her everyday gowns, very daintily smocked; while on her head should be a shirred hat of the material like her dress. She can wear her best black stockings, and patent-leather shoes with buckles on them, and you will have two of the most picturesque-looking people who ever sincerely said "amen" in the wrong place, and told you afterwards, very confidentially, that somebody laughed in church and it wasn't polite. Dress your little people so they will have a good time; and when they grow up they will ever remember the summer days.

The Duchess of Castro Enrianez is at present in prison in Madrid, awaiting her trial on the charge of having treated with great cruelty a young maid-servant in her employ.

Some Kitchen Comforts.

This paper is designed, not for those who can build a model kitchen for servants to use, but for those who must take kitchens as they are, and do the work therein themselves. We can only give some hints as to how to make the best use of what one already has, and suggest such innovations as can be made under most circumstances.

Sunlight, thorough ventilation and perfect sanitary arrangements are of the first importance in the kitchen; and as these are not necessarily dependent upon the size of of the room, a small kitchen is sometimes more desirable than a large one. Any defect in these essential conditions will endanger the health of those who work there and often in a way so subtle that the real cause is unsuspected, but the effect on one's personal comfort is unquestionable.

While the general plan and situation of the kitchen may not be changed, great improvement is often possible with but small outlay, if one will only give a little thought to it. Screen doors, windows, screened all over and opening at the top as well as the bottom, ventilators, outside blinds, long dark curtains, are conveniences which most housekeepers can have if they will.

Where the kitchen serves also as a dining and a living-room it may be advisable to keep the working paraphernalia in adjoining closets, and have a lounge, rocker, sewing table, dining table, flowers and pictures, in addition to the range, sink, cooking-table and necessary chairs. But where the kitchen is used only for its legitimate work—the cooking and cleaning—economy of space and systematic arrangement, or hardiness, should be the cardinal rule in its furnishings.

Nearly all the work of the kitchen may be classified under three heads, viz., that which is done about the stove, the sink and the table. There is nothing that lessens the work of the kitchen so much as a convenient sink. Where cold water is brought directly into the sink, and the waste pipe and drain are properly trapped and located, and it stands near a window and table, near but not in front of the stove, and is high enough for you to work at without stooping, it will be found convenient. Substitute for the usual dark closet under the sink, a long, broad shelf just above the base-board, and another narrow one above that. Two or three shelves within easy reach above the sink, a board shelf at the left with drawers or shelves below, a swinging bracket-lamp above, a small folding towel-rack at one side, and brass hooks wherever needed, will afford convenient places for soiled dishes and the necessary articles about a sink.

Among these are the following: granite iron stove ware, oil-can, lamps, washing-soda, borax, copper, ammonia, oxalic acid, turpentine, mineral soaps, hand-basin, floor basin or pail, vegetable-pan, dish-pan, rinsing-pan, large, short-handled dipper, tincup or tumbler, soap-dish and shaker, scrubbing-brush, vegetable-brush, sink strainer and scraper, dish-mop, wire dishcloth, paring-knife, case-knife and fork, tunnel dish-towels, hand-towels, oven-towels, cleaning-cloths, dusting-cloths and materials for cleansing silver, brass and lamps.

We cannot here discuss the merits of oil stoves, gas stoves, or portable coal and wood ranges. Each housekeeper must decide this question for himself. But taking a portable range as the form most generally used, specially where there is a boiler for hot water, we would suggest that you select one with a hot closet, double flues, a sitting grate, and a smooth, plain, outside finish. It should stand high, so you may work over it without stooping, and far enough from the wall for you to reach behind it easily, and allow room for the coal hod. There should be a small mantle over the range for the match-box, holders, etc., and for a lamp when needed near the fire—but do not keep the lamps there when not in use. A towel-rack will be needed near by, and it should be large enough to hold the dish and oven towels and dusting cloths.

Should the kitchen wall be papered, cover the space behind the stove with enameled cloth, which can be cleaned easily. Use this cloth also behind and on the sink and table shelves. But, if possible, have your kitchen walls painted. Arrange brass hooks, not nails, on the molding near the stove, for the dustpan and brush, shovel, tongs, poker, cover lifter, oven cleaner, etc. Be generous with them, and do not crowd several things on one hook. In a closet near the stove put the kindling basket, brooms, kitchen aprons, ironing-boards, etc. Shelves in the closet, or on the wall near the range, will be handy for flat-irons, the stove blacking-box and tool-box.

When you have but little closet room and do not need a dining-table in the kitchen, it would be well to have your kitchen-table made to order, and utilize the space underneath. The dimensions can be arranged to suit the space in the room best adapted for it, but be careful to have it high enough. It should have castors and open shelves just below the top, with drawers and small closets underneath, in which may be kept all the cooking utensils, ironing materials, and other things, which want of space forbids us to enumerate. Do not keep groceries or food in it, as these are better kept in the pantry or cold storeroom. But it will be well to have one or two shelves over the table, where the things most needed in daily work may be within reach, such as the cooking salt, pepper, soda, cream-of-tartar, baking-powder, spices and the flour dredger.

One of the most convenient articles is a small table on castors, with a movable zinc-lined tray on the top, and a shelf half-way below. Utilize it when you are washing dishes, or when cooking over the fire. It can be rolled to the pantry or china closet, and will save strength and steps. If desirable to combine a laundry with the kitchen, and you can afford set tubs, have them fitted with covers and placed where they may serve as tables when not used for washing. A clothes frame can be arranged on the ceiling, and drawn down for use, and up, and out of the way when not needed.

There should be a place—and you can easily find a convenient one—for a clock, scales, thermometer, pincushion, a small but well-equipped work-box, twine, wrapping paper, glue, paper bags, bell, mirror, account-book, pencil, almanac, cook-books and any other articles which individual need may suggest.

Sweets for the Summer.

The deserts for summer must be specially suited to the season. One does not care so much for heavy puddings and rich pastry during hot weather, though delicate sweets and frozen deserts of various kinds are sure to meet with favor. The house wife who has these at her command is well prepared.

Conserve of Roses.—Take fresh rose-petals, dip them in rose water; mash, and boil the juice with an equal quantity of crystalized sugar; color the syrup with a few drops of cochineal; and, just before taking it from the fire, drop into it, one by one, large fresh rose-petals. When the syrup has all been used in this way, sift fine sugar over the candied petals, and put in jars with brandied paper over them.

Delicious Peach Cream.—Take one pound of canned peaches, one-half pound of sugar, and rub through a sieve, the peaches being cooked very soft. Soak half a package of gelatine for an hour in enough cold water to cover it; then stir it into a teacupful of rich milk or cream, which should be boiling hot; and when well dissolved add it to the hot marmalade. When pretty cool and before it becomes firm, beat the peaches smooth and stir in a pint of whipped cream. Dip a mold into cold water, fill it with the mixture, and set it away to grow firm. Turn out and serve with a garnish of preserved peaches.

Frozen Almond Cream.—Blanch and pound one-half pound of Jordan almonds to a paste. Scald one quart of cream in a boiler; add the almonds, yelks of seven eggs and one-half pound of sugar (beaten together to a cream previously), and stir all over the fire until they begin to thicken; take from the fire and beat for five minutes. Strain through a fine sieve and freeze. When frozen, remove the dasher, and fill the centre with cherry, damson and apricot jam; cover and stand for two hours. When ready to serve, dip can in hot water and turn on a dish.

Spiced Currants.—To four pounds of currants picked from the stems, take two pounds of sugar, one-half pint of vinegar, one teaspoonful each of all kinds of spices, and a small piece of gingerroot. Place the spices in a thin cheese-cloth bag. Put the vinegar and sugar on the fire; when it comes to a boil skim it and pour over the currants and cook gently for ten minutes. Put a stone jar, and next day heat the syrup and pour boiling hot on the fruit. Do this for several consecutive days. The last day boil the syrup until it just covers the fruit.

Cherry and Tapioca Pudding.—Soak one cupful of tapioca over night in cold water. Place on the fire with one pint of boiling water. Stone one and one-half pounds of nice cherries, stir them into the boiling tapioca, and sweeten to taste. Pour into a dish and stand away to cool. Serve very cold, with sugar and cream.

A Very Nice Relish.—Cut a small hole in the top of a large tomato, and fill with chopped cucumber, onion, cabbage or cauliflower and the tomato taken out; and serve on a lettuce leaf with mayonnaise and parsley chopped with onion and vinegar.

To Make Ice-Cream.—Take one-half gallon of new milk, one ounce of gelatine dissolved in cold milk and poured into the milk, three eggs, the whites beaten separately, and four cupfuls of granulated sugar. Mix well and pour into the freezer; soon as it begins to freeze add one pound of chopped almonds, one of grated cocoanut, one pound of ripe strawberries or preserves, and one pint of seeded cherries.

Cocoanut Cakes, or Meringues.—Take equal weight of grated cocoanut (fresh) and powdered sugar, add the whites of six eggs beaten stiff, to one pound of the sugar and cocoanut. It should be a stiff mixture; add egg enough to make it so. Drop the size of a nut separately upon buttered paper in pans, and bake in a moderately heated oven

Hints to Those Who Travel.

"Travellers must be content," says Shakespeare, and so they must, but not too content. One cannot expect to take home-comforts with him everywhere; but, on the other hand, one must not consider all discomforts inevitable merely because they are so universal. Very often the remedies are simple and easily applied. For instance, the worst of these ills, which, by common consent, is nausea, from the the motion of the cars, may be entirely prevented in the following way:

Take a sheet of writing-paper large enough to cover both the chest and stomach, and put it on under the clothing, next to the person. If one sheet is not large enough paste the edges of two or three together, for the chest and stomach must be well-covered. Wear the paper thus as long as you are traveling, and change it every day if your journey is a long one. Those who have tried it say that it is a perfect defense.

In spite of declarations to the contrary, it is possible to both read and write with comfort while traveling, if one knows how. Pains in the head after reading on the cars are due to an unusual strain upon the muscles of the eye, its focus being changed almost incessantly; but with an occasional rest the muscles will not find the work too hard. So try the plan of reading for two minutes, and then, for five mintues, reviewing what you have read. But if, meanwhile, you wish to look out of the window, let in be the one on the other side of the car for to look out of the one next you will require quick local changes as tiring to the eye as reading.

There are two ways of writing on a train. The first requires that the paper be laid upon a light board, perhaps eighteen inches square; one end of this will rest in your lap, and the end furthest from you will be raised a few inches by a cord which passes around the neck. The whole affords a sloping desk which moves with the body and is fairly satisfactory. The simpler and perhaps the better plan is to place your tablet upon a feather pillow in your lap, when you will find that the elasticity of the feathers reduces the motion to a minimum, and makes writing easy.

One of the lesser discomforts of traveling is the difficulty of standing or walking in a moving train; yet railroad men run or walk with perfect ease. The secret lies in allowing the body to sway with the motion of the cars, the knees being slightly bent, while the feet are at the time held ready to be braced firmly, if necessary.

Those to whom the term "sleeper" is a hollow mockery may profit by the experience of salesmen and others who travel frequently and have the bed made up with the pillow toward the locomotive. Just why this should make sleep easier is not explained, but the plan is highly recommended.

If you are ever in straits for a clean handkerchief or two when no washerwoman is within easy call, try this plan. Upon reaching your hotel take all your soiled handkerchiefs, wash and rinse them, and spread them out smoothly on the window-panes. Be sure that there are no creases, and that the corners form right angles. When dry and carefully folded no one could tell that they had not been ironed. Heavily embroidered handkerchiefs will not look as smooth as plain ones, but will certainly defy detection across a car aisle. Wether at home or abroad it is always better to treat mourning handkerchiefs in this way, as their black borders will not fade so rapidly as when washed as usual.

It has been estimated that the total amount of coal annually wasted by imperfect combustion in England is 45,000,000 tons, corresponding to £12,000,000.

The Girl Who is Ever Welcome.

The welcome guest is the girl who, knowing the hour for breakfast, appears at the table at the proper time, does not keep others waiting, and does not get in the way by being down half-an-hour before her hostess appears.

The welcome guest is the girl who, if there are not many servants in the house, has sufficient energy to take care of her own room while she is visiting; and if there are people whose duty it is, she makes that duty as light as possible for them, by putting away her own belongings, and in this way not necessitating extra work

The welcome guest is the one who knows how to be pleasant to every members of the family, and who yet has tact enough to retire from a room when some special family affair is under discussion.

The welcome guest is the one who does not find children disagreeable, or the various pets of the household things to be dreaded.

The welcome guest is the one who, when her hostess is busy, can entertain herself with a book, a bit of sewing, or the writing of a letter.

The welcome guest is the one who, when her friends come to see her, does not disarrange the household in which she is staying that she may entertain them.

The welcome guest is the one who, having broken the bread and eaten the salt of her friend, has set before her lips the seal of silence, so that when she goes from the house she repeats nothing but the agreeable things that she has seen.

This is the welcome guest, the one to whom we say good-bye with regret, and to whom we call out welcome *with* the lips and *from* the heart.

I... one girl, who works all day long in the mending-room of an embroidery factory, told me how they made much of their spare minutes. There were thirty of them, and whenever a piece of embroidery came from the great looms it went into their hands to be looked over and mended, so what they did was "piece-work," and any minutes they gave up were deducted from their time at the end of the week. After thinking it over they decided that each one could spare ten minutes a day, and the one who was having her ten minutes, read to the others. In this way they got three hundred minutes a day, eighteen hundred minutes a week, and—whoever among you is a good arithmetician—count how many minutes a year that would be for them.

Doesn't this make you, who govern your own time, a bit ashamed? Remember, time is really money to those girls, and yet they were willing to give it that they might gain knowledge. The good that came from the reading was not only in the story, or the verse, or the history, but each girl learned to use words correctly; she grew to understand, and to be mistress of good English—and all because of the spare minutes—the minutes that, in all, are so prone to idle away.

The loss of time was not great, and the gain in knowledge was. After my friend had told me of this I wondered how many girls there were who took ten minutes a day to improve their minds, and, do you know, I think the greatest number will be found among the women who deny themselves something in taking this time? The working-girl of America is the mother of the next generation. She is wealthy in wisdom, she is growing to be healthy in looks, and that she is wise is certain. To me she is so near and dear that I always want to meet her; and now I want to say to her: "Come and get acquainted with me. Tell me a little of your troubles and of your joys; I'll tell you of mine, and we will suggest to each other the working out of problems that at first seem difficult." Will they answer my appeal? They are my special friends.

My Special Friend.

Who is it? It is the girl who is honestly working to earn her own living, who is trying to make the best of everything, and who, at twenty-five, isn't ashamed to learn how to speak good English, and who, no matter what her age is, knows that every bit of knowledge that she gains is much more to her advantage. Some of my girls, my special friends, were talking the other day about what to do with the extra minutes, the "spare minutes," they said. These girls who have the courage to work during all the bright, sunshiny day, can yet talk bravely of spare minutes, and some of them told of their methods of utilizing the odd time. A book picked up, a newspaper read, a verse of poetry learned, and, sometimes, just an absolute resting of body and mind—and that is what some of them need more than anything else.

A LOVE STORY.

Will was a handsome young man and his people were wealthy—"aristocrats," some called them—and we could hardly blame Maude for falling in love with him. He had loved her since they were children together. His grandfather lived just across the road from Maude's home, so he saw her quite often, for he was always going to see his "dear grandpa."

We used to tease him a great deal about his love for his grandparents, and would always ask him how they were getting along. He never failed to give us a good answer, for he was as sharp as tacks.

Will was sharp. His father was one of our ablest lawyers and could think of more sharp things to say than any one I know of, and we all spoke of Will as a "a chip from the old block."

Maude was a lovely girl and always so happy. She had pretty blue eyes and dark hair, which made her more interesting than ever. She had a sister Nell, and they used to be inseparable. It made no difference where one was, the other was sure to be there too, but Nell fell in love with a nice farmer and was now out on his farm as his wife.

Maude seemed so lonesome when Nell left, and it was no wonder she got more attached to Will, for he made it a point to be a great sympathizer at this time; not a day went by that he did not call to take her for a drive or a walk.

Her parents were not wealthy, but were comfortably well off, and we thought it would be such a good match for Will and Maude to marry, for it would bring two nice families into closer friendship.

About the time we thought the happy day was set, a young man named Len Allen, who had been out West for some time, returned home. He had not had an extra good name before he left, but he came back so fashionably dressed and cut such a dash that the boys took right up with him. I could not help feeling sorry when I saw Will going around with him so much. Somehow I could not feel that Allen was as good as he might be, and I was afraid he would lead Will astray, for he was young and full of life and I thought easy to fall in with the ways of any one he was in company with.

It was but a shut time until we noticed Will did not go to see Maude as often as he used to, but that he seemed infatuated with Allen and was with him all the time.

I noticed Maude began to look troubled but when Will would come to see her she would seem brighter for awhile, so I suppose he told her he had good excuses for not going to see her oftener—that work or business matters kept him away—and, of course, she believed him.

In a few weeks more I noticed that he did not call to see her any more, and that she was looking so pale and sad, and one day I just could not stand it any longer, so I asked her to tea and thought I could find out the trouble and do the best I could for her.

She said she would come and seemed pleased to do so, as it was a change and it took her thoughts off a little from "my Will" as she used to call him.

After tea was over we were sitting by the door when who should pass but Will and Allen.

"Hello, Maude, fine evening," cried Will in a rather thick voice, and I saw she but barely nodded to him, and stepped back into the room and burst out crying.

I went to her putting my arms around her and asked her to tell me her trouble saying that I would be a true friend and perhaps I could help her.

"Oh, dear," sobbed she, "its just does not seem possible that he can be my Will of whom I was so proud, and to think how happy we were until that Allen came."

"But what is the matter with Will and what has Allen done?" I asked.

"You know how intimate Will has been with Allen lately. He stopped coming to see me, and oh, how I worried about him but never suspected anything wrong until one day my father said he had heard that Allen was a gambler and drinker and that he was taking Will with him as fast as he could and said that he wanted the engagement broken between us for he could not allow his daughter to keep company with any such person.

"I asked him if I could not try and get Will to stop—that perhaps he would for my sake. I could not believe that it was so and wanted to ask Will. Father saw it made me feel so bad so he said if he saw Will he would tell him to call and that I was to tell him if he did not reform right away that he would have to stop coming to his house and our engagement cease.

"You know when father makes up his mind to anything it is hard to make him change it, and if he got right angry at any one he would as soon kill him as not. I was afraid of father and thought strange that he would even give Will a trial, but I guess he was sorry for me and Will's folks.

"When Will came that evening I asked him if it was so. He flew up in a minute and talked so terribly about father, me, and every one, and said he could attend to his own business and wanted me to attend to my own. I tried to hush him up and plead with him but it did no good, and I told him our engagement would have to be broken. He did not seem to care and I actually think he was glad. I knew the drinking story was so, for I could smell whiskey on his breath, and oh, it seemed my heart would break, for I had been so proud of him. He is drinking this evening, for I can tell by the way he looked and acted."

Poor girl, I did not know what to do for her. I wanted to advise her but did not know how, but I told her she must not worry so, that she was looking sick and it would make her parents feel so bad and told her to try to be her old self again—that I thought a few weeks in the country with her sister would do her good.

She went out to Nell's the next day and I was so glad, for Will was getting deeper in trouble. His mother was nearly crazed at the change. His father would talk to him but all for no good. He would promise to be better, then when he would get with Allen he seemed to forget all promises.

Allen and Will attended a spelling school a few miles from town one night and I guess they were both intoxicated, for the next day they were arrested for disturbing the peace.

How bad we all felt, and I just made up my mind I would go and talk to Will and perhaps if I told him how Maud was worrying herself to death about him he would try to do better.

Allen pleaded guilty to the charge, but Will said he was not going to for he did not do anything out of the way and so he went to trial.

A very large crowd of people were in the court-house when the trial came off, and when they brought in a verdict of not guilty I never heard such clapping of hands, stamping of feet, etc. We all went to Will and shook his hand, thinking it would do him good.

I got to talk to him a little by himself, and tears stood in his eyes when I told him of Maude. He did not say much.

The next day I went to the post-office and I saw Maude talking so earnestly to Will. She was crying, too, and it seemed to have a great effect on him. I saw her father coming down the street, and I warned her for he was opposed to Will and forbade Maude to speak to him.

She went home with me, and as we were going she told me that Allen had left the town, and that she had hopes for Will now.

She stayed to tea with me, and after it was over who should come in but Will. I went on attending to my housework, and let the young people have a good talk together.

After that Maude seemed so happy. She would tell me nothing but that Will was doing so much better.

She commenced keeping company with Dee Reid, a young man whose father was a merchant of our place. I wondered, as did everyone, at this, for she would not listen before of going with any other young man but Will. Of course we wondered how Will would take it, but he was enjoying himself, as he was taking Mina Hood everywhere. Not a day passed but what we saw them together, either buggy riding or walking.

Will commenced studying law with his father. He told me how sorry he was for how he had acted, but said Allen had such an influence over him, and it didn't stop until Allen had robbed him of everything, money, name, friends and all. But now he was trying to make amends.

It was whispered around that Maude and Reid were to be married. You know how a story like that gets started. I would not believe it, for I knew she thought too much of Will, but I could not understand what what was going on. I knew Maude's father was so against Will, and he threatened to put him out of the house if he ever came near. I beleive he would as soon kill Will as not, if he saw him going with Maude.

A few weeks after Maude went to visit Nell. She often went out to help her with sewing. I met them as they were going out and asked her how long she intended to stay, etc.

The Sunday after she left Will passed my house in a buggy. He was dressed in tip-top style, and when he shouted good morning and bowed so nice to me, he put me in mind of the Will that used to be.

That afternoon I was so surprised. One of my neighbors told me that she had heard that Will and Maude had gone to Berryville and were married, and that her father was terribly excited, and had just gone to town to get a revolver, saying he was going to kill Will. He ran around like a mad man all the afternoon. When he got angry he never had any sense, but he was always sorry in a little while, and I was in hopes some one would tell Will and Maude to stay out of town for that evening.

He went to Will's home, where a crowd had gathered to receive the bride and groom, and stayed around the gate waiting for them.

Some one did go and tell them, and they stopped at the first house they came to and staid until the next day.

Maude's father found out it would do no good to make such a fuss about it, and having got over his mad spell, he sent word for them to come and spend Tuesday with him, when he gave them a grand welcome.

He thinks now that Will is just splendid, and since the baby boy came and calls him grandpa, he wonders why he was so against the marriage.

Will has a lovely home, and with his dear Maude and the sweetest, bestest and most precious baby in the world, he is a very happy man.

He is now one of our best lawyers, and was nominated last week for mayor. We are sure he will be elected. Although he is young, I think he will make a good officer.

Oh, yes; I came near forgetting to tell you of Mr. Reid and Mina Hood. They were married last week, with Will and Maude standing up with them. It was a big affair. So you see no hearts were broken, and I think it is a good time to stop. Don't you?

Smoking as an Enjoyment.

The real enjoyment of smoking comes through the eyes and the touch. It seems to be commonly thought that the senses of taste and smell are those which are most affected by tobacco and those which alone make a man enjoy tobacco, but this is not correct. Of course, a man may taste a cigar, just as he may taste a piece of leather or a piece of wood, but, unless he chews, the taste of tobacco is no more pleasing than the taste of leather or wood; rather, on the contrary, it is sickening. Then, men think they can tell the quality of cigars from their odour, but in reality they tell by their appearance and their feel.

There are many men who hold a cigar in their mouth and roll it around without smoking it. Some of them bite it and others chew it, but the number who hold it between their teeth, or roll it around between their lips, is greater. That is usually the way with an old smoker. When the cigar is lighted he has a certain particular place for it, and certain teeth between which the cigar rests. With some men it is the front teeth, with others the incisors, and some men shift their cigar from one side to the other. It is seldom that two men hold their cigars in their mouths in just the same way and at the same angle. There are as many ways and angles of holding cigars as there are men who smoke them.

But smoking appeals to the eyes to a far greater extent. Try to smoke in a dark room and the enjoyment at once decreases, and it is hard to tell the difference between a good and a bad cigar. It is hard even for a man who is accustomed to smoking to tell whether his cigar is lit or not, except by looking at the burning end. If the man keeps his eyes closed and does not see the smoke, it is easy to deceive him. This would not apply to a man who had never smoked before, but to a man who is accustomed to smoking—and to such alone are the joys of the smoker. A sight of the smoke and the cigar is necessary to complete the fascinating enjoyment of the weed. It is the smoke and the glow which appeal to the eye; the contrast between the different shades of brown in the cigar, the cherry of the burning tobacco and the greyish ash, with the thinner grey of the smoke, changing into various shades of blue and grey as it goes through the air—it is these that make the visions, the quiet, and the placidity which are the charms of smoking. As a proof that smoking in the dark loses all pleasure for the smoker, we may call the fact to the mind of readers that but very few blind men indulge in tobacco.

Some men prefer cigars with yellow spots, others prefer a hard-looking cigar, others a loose cigar, and so on. When a selection satisfactory to the eye has been made, the start at least to a good smoke is assured. Always look at a cigar before lighting it. Turn it around in your fingers and look at it. It is going to give you pleasure. Then light it, not by sticking it in a flame, or by poking it in a small globe, but by lighting a piece of paper, stick, or match, and holding it up. Do not put the cigar in your mouth and poke your face into a flame. That prevents the eyes from watching properly what is going on: but take a light and notice the flame as it goes to the cigar. The smoke begins to curl before the eyes, the lips fit around the cigar like a mould. Then an enjoyable smoke has begun.

A Young Woman's Experience.

Mrs. Grimwood, who so distinguished herself by her bravery in the retreat of the British survivors from Manipur, has been relating some of her experiences to an English reporter. She said:

"We were on perfectly friendly terms with the Senaputti; I often rode out with the princes, and there was nothing whatever to warn us of what was coming. When they began to fire at the residency we had to fly. We stayed as long as we could, but there was nothing else to be done in the end. We had to leave in a terrible hurry; there was no time to pack or take anything, else I should have tried to take my jewellery and valuable things that could easily be carried. I had not even my hat—absolutely nothing except the clothes I wore. My shoes and stockings, which were very thin, were in rags long before we got to British territory, and had to walk barefoot. My clothes got soiled and torn, and I had to throw away everything I could do without, and all day long we were marching along trying to get further away. When we were in the jungle it was a little better; but in the open, with the sun pouring down, it was terrible. For the first day and a half we had nothing at all to eat, except roots and leaves that we could find. Sometimes we got food from the natives when we reached a village; but they were not always friendly to us, and when they were hostile we could do nothing but burn their villages, in sheer self-defence. Fortunately, I knew the surroundings well, and I could be a guide to the officers and men with me, all of whom were strangers to me.

"But though they were strangers, I cannot finds words to say how kind and thoughtful and considerate they were. One tries to tell of such things, but it is really impossible to express in words what one feels about it. Can you imagine what it was to be the only woman with a number of soldiers, under such circumstances, where privacy of any kind is an impossibility? But they were one and all more thoughtful than almost a woman could be. They took off their coats at night that I might be warm; they thought of a thousand little things that would make it a little easier for me; and I truly believe that one and all of them would at any moment have laid down their lives for me. I shall never, never forget what I owe to them." For a moment her voice broke as Mrs. Grimwood said this, but she collected herself almost immediately, and went on.

"One of the officers helped me up every hill for the first two days, and it was only then that I found out that he had a wound in his leg, which all the time must have caused him the most fearful suffering, though he had said never a word. And it was the same all through for the nine days and nights before we reached British territory. After a few days they got a pony, with a man's saddle. I had ridden a great deal, and could ride almost anything; so, with the one stirrup thrown over the saddle I could manage, although, as you can imagine, it was not an easy position. Then I rode up the hills, but had to walk down, because they were too steep for riding. Later on they made a kind of tent for me—just a curtain behind which I could sleep at night on a bed made of their coats; that was all the privacy I had. And all the time I did not know what had become of those that had gone to the palace. We had heard rumours from the natives, but knew nothing certain. The first thing I heard after we had reached our own territory was what had really happened, and what I heard was the worst I had to fear.

"A dear friend came to meet me in her carriage outside the town. She gave me clothes, and I stayed with her, and she did everything that kindness could do. I got very ill indeed, but I believe that illness saved my reason."

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of shortening, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda, three cups of flour, two cups of dried apples (before soaking). Beat and stir in one egg, and add raisins and spices to suit. Soak the apples over night. In the morning put in molasses and sugar, boiling down until quite thick.

Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

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REVIEW OF FASHION.

THE EXISTING MODES.

There is, as a general rule, but little change if any, at this time of the year, which is graphically described as the "dead season," yet, nowadays, fashion's variations are so numerous that certain modifications occur every month in shapes and should, as is always our habit, be noted as they present themselves.

For example, there is an apparent change in the length of the side-pieces, yet, on thorough investigation of this seeming alteration of long side-effects, it will be found that it is the house dresses—now termed "at home" dresses and of which this number contains the novel examples—and not the street costumes and other dresses that are thus shortened at the sides, and that this change is simply to admit of the additional effect of long lace flounces added around the waist, or of pleated or gathered ruffles of a second material, as, for example, chiffon muslin or pleated silk.

NOVEL EFFECTS.

The very change noted above shows itself mainly, at present, in thin fabrics suited to the heated term, and constitutes one of the prettiest and most desirable of the effects of garniture that fashion has issued for many months. It may, indeed, truthfully be said that the development of artistic knowledge of dress of historical periods is beginning to evince itself in a clear demonstration, showing an advance in the perfecting of shape, the true meaning of garniture as an accessory applying mainly to color, but occasionally useful as to form, and of many minor yet important matters.

WAISTS.

The character of waists is, in the main, unchanged, and will probably remain so till the fall, the adopted effects being, in this respect, so varied already that there is a wide field for choice and it would seem that a suitable shape must be found for every figure.

Fronts may be gathered across the shoulders diagonally and lap under a belt, and on such a crossing, a wide frill may be displayed, cut with selvage finish.

Wide backs, such as now are preferred, are often shirred at the belt-line.

A novel mode for dresses of silk shows a full pleating on the high shoulders, and no darts, there being a single under-arm form on the side.

SLEEVES.

Those which are full at the elbow have a gathered frill below. The pagoda shape is greatly favored. The sleeve is still extended so far as it is possible to bring it down, and is seen quite down to the knuckles on many thin dresses for home as well as street costumes, this effect being produced by ruffles of lace, muslin, or fluted gauze, net, or ribbon. Passementerie, on dresses of a fabric admitting of its use, is brought down as low on the hand as can be done without absolute distortion of the sleeve.

SKIRTS.

Flat coat skirts are set on the hips where the bodice is lengthened in an effect already noted by us both in illustration and description. This very full gathering on the edge of the waist tends to make the waist appear much slimmer and is apparently gaining so much favor as will be likely to recommend it for one of the fall effects.

Belted skirts are much seen. The material is attached to a wide belt, in many dresses, which fastens over a round bodice, or there may be a shallow belt over which is a deep corselet.

In gowns of India silk where the bodice is gathered and has several rows of shirring around the waist and the edge doubled under to form a frill, a full skirt is seen, having panniers made by a lengthening of the side-breadths which are then dropped in a slight effect of puffing. On such skirts, a recent effect is the use of two or three rows of insertion as garniture at the hem, below which trimming one, two, or three ruffles or flounces are often used, giving to a silk so thin as the India or China more body and dressiness.

The edge of a skirt may have a little frill of only one or two inches in depth and this garniture is among those most used.

The effect of complete plainness and clinging closeness as to the front breadth, although retained in cloth and quite often as to gowns of silk, is set aside very often when thin materials are made use of to give the greater grace and lightness and full effect to be derived from the above-cited gathering of all the fullness of the skirt upon the lower edge of the bodice, which is always lengthened in such a case, coming well down upon the front and back in points, of which there are frequently four, two being on the hips.

This effect solves the problem by which a pretty and becoming fullness is to be had in a thin material, such as barege, grenadine, net, piece-lace, and muslin, while the grotesque bunching about the very line of the belt itself, where nature slopes the figure statuesquely, is averted. Let us hope that it will never return to the archives of fashion, as the slenderest and most girlish figure loses all grace, picturesqueness, and lightness by its adoption.

COAT BODICES.

The coat-bodice is now cut out, in many recent effects—as noted in this number on other pages—into five well-defined points falling beneath the belt-line either with or without a frill of lace, silk or muslin beneath them. These points are frequently adorned with a broad or narrow trimming of metal gimp, or with scallops, scrolls, or simple straight rows of braid. Very minute rows of very narrow lace are also used, three or four being the number, or, again, on plain ginghams, rows of the pretty cotton or linen braids.

FOR SILK DRESSES.

In dresses of changeable silk it is, at present, very much the mode to use a yoke of lace which is deeply curved beneath the arms. An edge of passementerie is set on the part where the yoke joins the dress material. The fullness at the top of the sleeves may be formed into a "true-lover's knot" shape by shirring, the shirring being carried down beneath it, quite as low as the elbow in stylish examples.

There is a great deal of variety in the top of sleeves as already stated by us in former numbers where illustrations are given of certain notable examples which are now adopted.

MINOR DETAILS.

Sashes have taken again the shape of deep folds without ends, and ribbon is arranged about the hips, on thin dresses, in a way which simulates the effect of the deep-"Cleopatra" girdle. This following of all Egyptian effects will certainly endure until the fall, and, having a classical and historical grace to recommend them, it is more than likely that, in the present advanced state of design as applied to fashion, they will hold on till the winter, and that we shall see them in many new accessories of garniture as well as in shape.

How to Take a Bath.

Everybody seems to have an idea that she is born with the knowledge of how to take a bath. As if cleanliness as well as godliness did not have to be taught either by example or by precept! The best sort of bath to take, best for your skin and best for your brain—for, after all, the bath has a great effect on the brain—is a petty warm one, creamy with soap-suds, into which you can plunge and cover yourself entirely. Then, after you have scrubbed and rubbed until your skin looks like the proverbial milk, and you feel as if you would like to lie down and go to sleep, you want to take your tonic bath and that is the shower one—cold, as cold as cold can be. The first few streams will make you jump with fright, but in a second or two you are absolutely enjoying the down-pour, and you come out of it warm and glowing, feeling thoroughly braced up. "But," says somebody, "a shower bath is too great a shock for me." Well, then, improvise such a shower as they give in the Russian bath; that is, one beginning at the temperature of the water in which you bathe, and gradually getting cold. You can do this by filling pitcher after pitcherful of water and pouring the contents over your shoulders and all over your body, and the slight exertion used in handling the pitcher will tend to make you warmer and to moderate what might be called the shock. The knowledge how to use water and soap is easily gained, and the result is quickly perceived. A girl who is clean herself will soon have her surroundings clean, so that the knowing how to take a bath urges one on to greater wisdom and gradually one learns how to keep a house clean, which is the first step toward making a home. And that is what every honest-hearted, affectionate girl hopes to have some day.

A Tiny Sermon.

My dear girl, make up your mind that in the summer time you are not going to say one word that you cannot repeat to your mother; that you are not going to do one thing that, when you are talking to your sweetheart, you cannot tell him about. You are going to have golden days; then, won't you remember you must not only be pure in thought and deed, but you want to keep your name and fame clean and sweet?

Some handsome black grenadine dresses made over satin have a crest of white guipure lace that is studded with large jet nail heads, or with smaller bits of cut steel.

Biting the nails is an exceedingly dangerous practice, as the biter never knows when to stop, and at any moment is liable to bite into "the quick" and cause blood poisoning. Even when the utmost care is taken of the teeth, a poisonous secretion is apt to collect on them, and the entrance of a minute portion of this into the circulation may prove as certainly fatal as the pus on a surgeon's scalpel.

Did you ever come across any double-headed ducks? Whether you did or not listen to the yarn of a gentleman who recently made a tour of the newly organized state of Washington. He says: "Do you know that there are miles and miles in that state that have never been explored by white men? Before I came East I went on a hunting trip in the Kootenai region. We found more game than we could shoot. It was no trick to kill a bear. Deer were so plentiful that you could lasso them, and one could get a dozen antelope with a base ball club, so numerous are they. We came across an odd freak at Fat Devil's Lake that is causing a deal of excitement among the people of Washington. On this lake we found hundreds of double-headed ducks. They are as frisky as other ducks. The heads are united at the base of the neck, and can look both ways, so that it makes it difficult to approach near enough to shoot. We bagged a half dozen, and after they have been treated by a taxidermist we will send them to the Smithsonian and other institutions of the kind."

Crossing a Snow-Field.

Finally, through a rift in the clouds not fifty yards ahead, we saw the spotless white of the long-looked-for snow-field.

With a feeble shout we pushed forward, but when we reached its edge our worst fears were realized. It was terribly steep, being at an angle of about forty degrees, and the crust was a coating of hard, slippery ice, the thickness of pasteboard. Through a break in the clouds we saw that it extended downward to timberline, fully 1500 feet, as steep as the roof of a house and smoother than the smoothest glass. How broad it was we could only conjecture.

As we came up, Kellogg struck the crust with the butt of his gun, and I threw a rock upon the surface, which went sliding and bounding down the steep face with terrific velocity.

"We looked at each other in despair. "It's no use," I said.

"Not a bit," was the answer.

We sat down and talked it over. To retrace our steps was out of the question, and we could not climb to the top of the field, probably a thousand feet, in our weakened condition.

Suddenly Kellogg leaped to his feet and rushed toward the slippery mass, crying out, "Come on, we've got to do it. I'll take mine this way." Without a second thought, in my hopeless desperation I followed. By using his gun as a brace Kellogg kept his feet; but I slipped and fell on all fours and began sliding down. In a wild frenzy I tried to drive my bare fingers through the crust, but only succeeded in tearing the skin off them.

Luckily, I had retained my rifle, and by a frantic effort drove it muzzle first through the hard crust and came to a stop, having gone about twenty feet. Had it not been for this fortunate move my body would have been hurled to the bottom of the gorge more than a thousand feet below, and mangled beyond all semblance of human form.

Looking up at my companion I saw that he had turned away his head, unwilling to be a witness of my horrible fate; but as I called out to him he looked around, and I saw a face so white and horror-stricken that I can never forget it. Cold beads of sweat stood on my forehead, and I felt that my courage was all gone. The experience of that awful moment almost unnerved me, and I was weak and helpless as a little child.

Lying on my face I held on tightly to the rifle driven deep through the crust. How to regain my footing was a puzzle. Kellogg started to come down to me, and it was with difficulty that I persuaded him to desist.

At last I hit on a plan. Holding on to the rifle with one hand, with the other I drew my pocket-knife, and, opening it with my teeth, cut two holes in the crust for my feet, and after much effort stood upright. But we were still in a bad fix. Kellogg called out to me to break holes through the crust for my feet with the butt of the gun. Although not more than twenty feet distant he could hardly make himself heard above the roar of the storm.

But the suggestion was a good one and proved our salvation. We moved slowly forward, breaking a hole in the ice for each step. It was severe treatment to give valuable guns, but they had to suffer in the best interests of their owners.

Slowly and carefully we moved forward, occasionally stopping to rest and speak words of encouragement to each other, for now we had the first gleam of hope for five long, terrible hours.

Although very weak physically, our minds were much clearer than an hour before, and we even went so far as to chaff each other a little. But we had plenty of fears yet. Once my heart leaped as Kellogg slipped and came down on both knees, clawing frantically at the air; but he regained his feet without difficulty, and we pushed on. Altogether we were over an hour in crossing that terrible field.

An interesting find has been made in a mound at Hobro, Jutland. It consists of a large sacrificial bowl of solid silver, evidently of Gallic origin, after Roman art had influenced the manufactures of the province. The measurements are 26 inches in diameter, 16 inches high, and it weighs 20 kilogrammes. Inside and outside the bowl is covered with silver plates ornamented with mythological figures in high relief, representing gods, warriors, women, wolves, lions, elephants, stags, oxen, griffins, serpents. The warriors helmets are decorated with horns and the images of boars and birds. The bottom of the bowl is a round silver plate, ornamented with the figure of a bull in high relief.

BEAUTIFUL GARDEN OF GRASS.

(From The New York Sun.)

Three miles from the pretty Connecticut town of South Manchester is the farm of James B. Olcott, who is becoming famous for his ideas about grass. It seems strange that while poets have sung ordinary people have admired grass for so many centuries, here yet have been so few definite ideas about it. It might almost be said that grass culture was unknown until James B. Olcott began to have practical ideas about it and put these practical ideas into demonstration.

Mr. Olcott is a slender man with an iron-grey beard and the eyes of an enthusiast. His house, which is quaintly and beautifully furnished, is a reflection of the peculiar cast of his mind. For a good many years now Mr. Olcott has had but two objects in life—to cultivate grass and to make other people cultivate it. He has toiled early and late, he has written pamphlets, he has crossed seas and rivers, all for the sake of grass culture.

Every one has observed lawns and parks, has noticed the beauty of color, the striking effects of carefully mowed and weeded plots of grass, has enjoyed the softness and coolness of such well-kept plots. And yet no one who has not seen Mr. Olcott's grass garden can realise how imperfect, how crude, how poor the best lawns are in comparison with what they might be. It is the might be that is Mr. Olcott's purpose.

The other day a reporter visited Mr. Olcott and walked for many hours through his grass garden and listened to what he had to say for

HIS GRASSES AND HIS IDEA.

Mr. Olcott began at the beginning and built up his theory systematically. "A good many people," said he, "do not realise, to begin with, that turf or sod is not a natural product. You do not find it in nature. Take our own prairies for instance. When the great herds of buffalo roamed over them, there was no turf. The grass grew wild and thin here, thick there. The buffalo moved north in summer and south in winter. Just as soon as men came and put herds of cattle on this grass it disappeared. It had no foundation.

"Turf is the product of herds of cattle, sheep and horses. It takes constant gnawing in the same place and constant tramping to beat the roots together into a turf. Wherever there have been herds and pastures, there turf has formed.

"And now, strange though it may seem while this turf has been cultivated in many ways and has been used in all sorts of ornamentations, there has been no real science applied to it. We have had flower gardening and landscape gardening, but no grass gardening to speak of, important part of landscape gardening though it is.

"Take any lawn or green sward anywhere, I care not how carefully it may have been laid out, and examine it closely. You will find in every square foot a dozen different kinds of grass represented, with weeds of all sorts thrown in. And you will find that the turf is not thick and homogeneous but is really thin and made up of all sorts of odds and ends. You would think that any gardener would see that this was all wrong and ought to be remedied. For these different kinds of grasses are of different shades of green and even of different colors. Some of them will mingle into a dense sod, others will not, and thus interfere with the homogeneousness of the whole. The weeds have no business there at all. Then, too some of these grasses will stand frequent mowing, while others require more careful handling. Yet none of these things seem to have occurred to the gardeners who try to

MAKE LAWNS AND PARKS BEAUTIFUL.

"And, again, if you take your different kinds of grasses to the botanists you will be surprised how little they will be able to tell you. They can distinguish most families when the grasses are in bloom, which lawn grass seldom is. But when it comes to the different species of the same family observation has not been close and knowledge is meagre and inaccurate.

"Then take this up from the farmer's standpoint. In is meadow or pasture he will have all these grasses growing together promiscuously. Some grow close, dense, and yield many tons to the acre. Others are thin and poor and yield little. Yet among the farmers the greatest ignorance prevails, both as to the heaviness of grass and the nutritive qualities of the different kinds. How much labor is wasted, how much more is misdirected, or yields only small return. I have even known farmers to grow acres of worthless weed, cut it and harvest it, under the impression that they were growing good grass and were getting an extraordinary yield. Nothing worthy the name of science has been applied to meadows or pasture.

"These things show in outline the need of grass gardening. It is to this need that I have turned my attention for many years and within the last two years I think I have done something toward accomplishing my purpose."

To the south of Mr. Olcott's house lies the acre of ground which makes up his grass garden, in all probability the finest grass garden in the world. In five parallel rows, extending the entire length of the field, are plots of grass, each plot four feet square. There are 250 plots in all, representing over

A HUNDRED DIFFERENT KINDS

of grass. Each plot is separated from its neighbors by a narrow path of bare ground. Thus each grows and thrives by itself, without any intermingling.

In each of these plots there is to be found one kind of grass, and one only. There is not merely a distinction of family, but of species as well, so that no matter how carefully you may examine any one plot you will find that it is uniform throughout. This result was obtained by extraordinary precautions. If you buy grass seed of a dealer you will find when it grows that under the name on the outside of the package a half dozen or a dozen different kinds of grass are included. So Mr. Olcott could not buy of dealers.

For the most part these plots were grown from shred of turf. Some of them came from distant parts of this country, others from other parts of the world. Mr. Olcott would take a bit of sod, tear it up into small pieces, only a few roots to a piece, and then plant those that were absolutely alike in the same plot. In this way there was no mixing of families or of species. For this planting Mr. Olcott has a wooden frame four feet square, with two parallel slats across it at equal distances from the sides and each from the other. In these slats and in the sides of the frame are driven nails equal distances apart, 25 points in all. When this frame is pressed down upon a plot 25 small holes are made in the ground, and in each hole a seed or a shred of turf is put. From these 25 centres of growth the sod forms and covers the entire plot.

All this gives only a faint idea of the minute care which Mr. Olcott takes to get the best results. And when the planting is done the work is only began. Weeds must be kept out. Other seeds are constantly falling to spring up and spoil the work, and the plants from these must be uprooted. The care of these 250 plots

TAKES ALL HIS TIME

and all his knowledge of the small differences between grasses which may be of entirely different kinds yet similar or the same to the unpractised eye. Mr. Olcott has a unique set of gardening tools of his own invention, and with these he saves all that labor of stooping and hand pulling which is so painful to do and even to watch in the ordinary garden.

Although this garden was started only on April 22, 1890, the good results are apparent, almost amazing, to one unfamiliar with grasses. The points that most forcibly struck the reporter were the uniformity of color and the wonderful thickness of the sods in those grasses which were intended by nature for lawns and green swards.

All New York is familiar with the beautiful color of the grass in the lawns in Central Park. The reporter, looking at those small plots in the Olcott garden, saw at once that those lawns were marred by the thing of which Mr. Olcott has spoken above. The mingling of different shades of green is not inharmonious, it is true. But the uniformity of color, the exact uniformity, gives an effect far more beautiful. And then, too, by using this system, different stretches of sward may be made each of a different shade of green.

But all these grasses are not green. Some are blue, some almost purple, some ashen grey. In this, too, lies a chance for

UNDREAMED OF MARVELS

in landscape gardening. In the texture of grasses there is a wide difference, as all who have felt the rough skin of some field grasses and the smooth skin of others know. For a lawn the soft grasses are of course the better, the softest the best. In these plots all this was brought out clearly.

Mr. Olcott has made many observations as to the thickness with which different grasses will grow. He also has learned much about what grasses will grow thicker with frequent mowing, and what grasses will not stand the close clipping of the lawn mower. A lawn should be thick and close cropped. In these plots you may study these points and grasp much.

There is one variety of grass—the sweet vernal or anthroxanthum odoratum—which gives that peculiar sweetness to the breezes of the country. It has a strong, pure, sweet odor, which comes from its long, silken bloom. Many gardeners have tried to put this into lawns, and have wondered why no odor ever came from it then. Mr. Olcott could tell them that the sweet vernal will not stand close cropping, and should, therefore, never be put into a lawn. Besides, its color is not attractive.

Of there 250 plots these was a dozen at least that were of almost equal attractiveness for lawns. But of all the softest, the thickest, and the best in color seemed to the reporter to be the festina tennifola with its silken fineness and its light green color. For a queer lawn the festuca glauca, which is of a silver grey and which makes a fine, thick sod, would be very desirable.

There is a wide difference between different kinds of grass in their durability. You may have noticed a patch of grass all tattered and torn, in the midst of a roadway. There was a reason why that bit of grass persisted while the rest wore away. Mr Olcott has experimented with several kinds of grass, and has found several that will persist in spite of wear and tear. They belong to the agrostes family. If these grasses were planted in footways or carriage drives they would be a great improvement over gravel or stone, and would at the same time always remain fresh.

Of course turf is a comparatively new thing in this country. But in Europe it is old, as it began with the first pasture grounds.

THE TURF OF ENGLAND

has been made famous by poets and writer for centuries. But Mr. Olcott found the same crudeness and flaws in it as in our own on his recent trip there after new kinds of grass.

The longer a species of grass has been used as a sod the better adapted it grows for that purpose. And Mr. Olcott thought, and rightly, that in those sods of ancient making he would find new grasses that might be brought here and cultivated.

He brought back with him from England and from France some pieces of sod cut from turf that was hundreds of years old, and perhaps in some cases thousands. These pieces he has not yet torn up into shreds and separated into species for planting in new plots. But from the remarkable solidity of their formation, their roots being interwined in a wonderful way, he hopes to get some results.

The most interesting of these pieces is a bit of daisy-spangled sod. The piece is about a foot square and there are at least half a hundred English daisies growing with their small, delicate blooms and with white petals tipped with pink. These daisies are like our dandelions in hardiness. The lawn-mower only makes them grow the more thickly.

Mr. Olcott intends to experiment with this daisy-strown sod. If he has success Central Park should have a lawn of some dark green grass with the seeds of these English daisies planted in it. For the effect certainly is strikingly beautiful. America, however, cannot hope to have sod equalling the English in brilliancy of color, because the English fogs and frequent showers keep the grass constantly refreshed as artificial means cannot refresh it.

At the present stage of grass gardening none but a man of means could afford the time or the money necessary to getting a perfect lawn. But the day is not far away when the right kinds of sods may be had as cheaply as the poor and crude kinds are now sold. Any one who has the time or the money will find himself rewarded if he gets a perfect lawn or grass plot about his house. As for the farmer's side of this experiment, the results are now there to benefit him in larger yields and better yields and hence increased income—all without any increase of labor. Mr. Olcott is a man with one idea, but his idea is a new one and a good one.

She wouldn't tell a lie for the world
To the man who was all her own
But at least twenty times through the day
To him would this girl tel-a-phone.

The Pope, in order to provide against all possible contingencies, has just concluded a definitive will by which he bequeathes all his personal property to the Holy See.

Banker at (11:30 p. m.)—"I can't say I like Spatts altogether. He goes by fits and starts." Miss Blanche (with a little yawn) —"Well, I wouldn't mind a man going by fits if he did but start finally."

"And what is the trouble?" inquired the young wife of the physician. "Well, I don't think the case is really bad enough for a season at the seashore. I think a cure might be effected by the judicious application of a nice Summer hat."

Marries a Former King's Daughter.

King Khama of the Bangwato, in Bechuanaland, is one of the most noted rulers in Africa, both because he rules a fairly civilized people and has wide influence, and also because he is a Christian who is most consistent in following his adopted faith. Many a time Khama has been urged to follow the example of other native rulers, and take a large number of wives. He, however, declared that such conduct was not in accordance with Bible teaching, and he lived for many years happily with one wife, whose name was Maheai, and who had great influence among her people. She, like her husband, was a Christian, though she grew up to womanhood surrounded by all the influences of heathenism. In talking with her country women, she always profoundly impressed them by calling their attention again and again to the fact that Christianity improves the position of the women.

About two years ago this good woman died, and on Oct. 9, last year, Khama was married again, though his 30,000 subjects, who live in his big town of Palapye, did not know of his coming marriage until the day before the ceremony was performed. A few months earlier his son, Sekhoma, had been married with a great deal of ceremony, but the King's own marriage was a very simple affair. He desired to make it as private as possible, without noise and without notice. His first wife had been dead about a year when Khama's counsellors urged him to take another wife. His choice finally fell upon the widow of one of King Sechele's sons, herself the daughter of a native king. She also is a Christian. Khama did not take his people into his confidence until the lady who was to be his wife, arrived at Palapye. The next day they were married, and the day after he was attending to his usual public duties in his quiet active way.

As a statesman, there is no doubt that Khama has outstripped all other Africans. He has always valued the influence of the whites, and has encouraged white influences in his country. He does not permit strong drink to enter his domain. As an instance of his great enemy may be mentioned his latest exploit in the removal of his great town of Shoshong to a new site about seventy-five miles northeast of his old abode. Shoshong had grown more and more unsuitable as the site of a city on account of the scarcity of water. Khama finally decided to remove the entire people to the fertile and well-watered lands in the northeast. He selected a beautiful tract, with plenty of timber, for the new home of his people, and in August and September, 1889, he laid out the new town. It covers about twenty square miles, and the 30,000 people who acknowledge Khama as their ruler, moved to it almost simultaneously. The old town was then burned. The name of the new town is Palapye. Although it was built so rapidly it is a substantial city. The people live in comfortable, well built, red clay, thatched cottages, in whose doorways each owner is seen sitting in the evening in peace. The immense trees give abundant shade, and under the more favorable circumstances Khama's people will certainly enjoy a greater prosperity than ever before.

Some Roses.

How many gleams of pink in the world!
The light of the dawn and the eve,
The life of a fleeting cloud,
The happy cheek of a girl,
The glow imprisoned in pearl!
And oh, the sweetness and the gladness
Melting, pouring, through the pinkness
Roses' petals hold for love!
Leaf on leaf folding over,
Or breaking bonds and bursting cover,
Rolling backward, luscious, full;
Wrapping closest at the centre.
Curving thence in buoyant whirl;
Tilting lightly at the edges.
Where the richness pales away.
Burning somehow through the color,
Transfiguring and making fuller,
Shade of pink and hidden yellow.
Lives and glows, a light, a spirit,
Essence subtle, whence and whither?
Mingling softly with this spirit,
Breathing out from form and texture
Of the roses' every fold.
Wafted upward to the senses,
Come a fragrance and a rapture,
Scent of gardens, trace of heaven,
Sweet to wildness, dear, ecstatic.

It is estimated that the amount of land under cereal crop this year in Manitoba is one million three hundred and eleven thousand acres, of which nine hundred and sixteen thousand are in wheat.

Mrs. Harrington's Diamond Necklace.

BY DENZIL VANE.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Harrington, of Harrington Hall, Grass-shire, should have known better, her friends told each other, than to throw a young, handsome, attractive, but penniless man, into company with a romantic girl of eighteen, who enjoyed the double privilege of being an heiress and a beauty. There was certainly no doubt about Gladys Harrington's claim to the latter title: she was tall, gracefully formed, elegant in all her movements, and she had the most radiant complexion, and the largest and softest brown eyes it is possible to imagine. As to her wealth, that also was beyond dispute. Though the Harrington estates were entailed on her half brother, a boy of ten years old, the young lady would inherit, on attaining her majority, a fortune of forty thousand pounds; for Squire Harrington had been not only a large landed proprietor, but the owner of extensive collieries in the north of England.

Left a widow soon after the birth of her son, Mrs. Harrington had lived a very retired life, devoting herself to the education of her children. Society in Grass-shire had for some years busied itself in discussing the probabilities as to the second marriage of the rich and still young widow. But now popular attention was turned to her step-daughter, Gladys; therefore, when it was noised about in the county that Mrs. Harrington had been so imprudent as to engage a tutor under thirty years old to educate the heir of all the Harringtons, instead of selecting some learned graybeard or solemn-faced M. A. on the wrong side of fifty, popular opinion was all against her.

"I should think a woman with any knowledge of the world and of human nature would have foreseen the inevitable consequences of bringing such a man as Mr. Ralph Cunningham into daily association with an impulsive, unsophisticated girl like dear Gladys," remarked Mrs. Lamprey of St Kilda's Grange. She was the happy mother of six marriageable but unmarried daughters. Illnatured people smiled, and whispered to each other that even a "detrimental" such as Mr. Ralph Cunningham would not have been an unacceptable suitor for the hand of any one of the Miss Lampreys, honest squire Lamprey being a comparatively poor man, and his daughters neither pretty nor attractive. Besides, eligible young men were scarce in Grass-shire.

"Yes, and dear Gladys is so—so very unconventional," added Mrs. Smalman, the Rector's wife, to whom the remark recorded above was addressed. "Perhaps it is the result of her singular bringing up. She had lived too much alone, poor dear child; and her step mother is not altogether the right sort of woman to have the care of a girl like Gladys. Mrs. Harrington is so—so unsympathetic. Do you know, dear Mrs Lamprey, that sometimes I feel quite—quite uncomfortable when she looks at me with those curious bright gray eyes of hers?" finished the Rectoress with an affected little shiver.

And so the busybodies of the neighbourhood talked, while events at Harrington Hall were slowly ripening to the climax which every one declared to be inevitable. Gladys and her little brother's tutor saw a great deal of each other, for the heiress had a taste for English literature, and Ralph Cunningham was always ready to assist her in her studies. Together they read Keats and Shelley, Tennyson and Browning, and selections from Rossetti and Swinburne. Now, when two young people of suitable age and of equal personal attractions discover that their tastes are identical: when a young man of six-and-twenty and a charming girl of eighteen bend day after day over volumes of beautiful poetry; when the aforesaid young man has the delightful task of pointing out favourite passages in his favourite poems to an appreciative and intensely sympathetic listener who has glorious eyes and a divinely responsive smile, it is not difficult to guess that admiration will speedily blossom into love.

Before Mr. Ralph Cunningham had been domiciled at Harrington Hall two months, the calamity predicted by the wiseheads of Grass-shire occurred. One day when Ralph was initiating his charming pupil into the beauties of the "Epipsychidion," a glance was exchanged, a word or two was spoken, which changed the lives of both. Ralph, who was an honourable young fellow, had not intended to reveal his passion; but at six-and-twenty, one cannot be always on one's guard, and he had read something in Gladys' eyes which had, so to speak, drawn those daring words from his heart. Gladys, with the enthusiasm and carelessness of the future characteristics of eighteen had gone at once to her step-mother and declared her intention of marrying Mr. Ralph Cunningham.

Mrs. Harrington, who, for some reason known only to herself, had taken a violent dislike to the tutor, was, however, wise enough not to make a scene. She did not order Mr. Cunningham out of the house, or send Miss Gladys off in disgrace to school. She only darted one glance of contempt at the girl's glowing face, only folded her lips together in an expression that was not exactly pleasant, and then gravely said: "My dear Gladys, you are just eighteen, and Mr. Ralph Cunningham is the only really agreeable man you have ever met. Do you think you will admire him as much ten years hence as you do now?"

"I shall never, never care for any other man. I will marry him or be an old maid," cried Miss Gladys.

"Very well, my dear; you cannot marry without my consent for three years. I should fail in my duty if I gave it under the present circumstances. I do not approve of Mr. Cunningham as a suitor for your hand. I believe him to be entirely unworthy of your affection. When you are of age, you can please yourself, and bestow yourself and your fortune on any adventurer or fortune-hunter you please."

"Oh, mamma, how dare you imply that Ralph is a fortune-hunter!" Here a sudden burst of passionate weeping followed and Mrs. Harrington who hated scenes, calmly swept out of the room, leaving Gladys to brood indignantly over her words. There, an hour later, Ralph found her with flushed cheeks and eyes full of tears. He had very little difficulty in drawing from her all that had occurred.

"Gladys," said Ralph gravely, "I see but one course open to me. As a man of honour, I cannot remain here unless Mrs Harrington"——

"Oh Ralph, what is to become of me, shut up here alone with mamma! If you go, this house will be like a prison. I shall die of wretchedness."

"Then, darling, marry me at once, and"——

"I cannot—at least not yet. When I am twenty-one I shall be my own mistress. Besides," she added with one of her brightest smiles, "I should forfeit my fortune if I married you now—and—and I want to give my money to you."

The simplicity of her manner was in such strange contrast to the wisdom which seemed almost worldly, that Ralph was fairly dumfounded. Gladys, like most of her sex, was at once impulsive and timid, simple and cunning—a mass of contradictions and yet was most lovable in spite of them all.

"You dear little wise woman," cried Ralph, clasping her in his arms, "I will be guided entirely by you. If you bid me stay here, I will stay. If you command it, I will wear my chain, and go on teaching Freddy his Latin grammar for three mortal years."

"And bear mamma's frowns too?"

"So long as *you* smile, dearest, all other women in the world may frown and I shall smile."

"That sounds almost like a quotation from one of our poets: is it?"

"No; it is all my own," retorted Ralph with a laugh. "Then," he went on in a more serious tone, "there is to be a sort of armed neutrality between Mrs Harrington and myself—unless she dismisses me," he finished gloomily.

"She will not do that. Mamma is a very clever woman; she will not take any step which might drive me to—to"——

"Marriage?" suggested Ralph

Gladys nodded, and then laughed with such evident enjoyment and glee, that Ralph was once more puzzled by the strange complexity of this mere child's character.

And so matters went on at Harrington Hall for several weeks. Mrs. Harrington behaved with studied courtesy to the tutor, who, on his side, strove to look and act as if those momentous words had never been spoken between Gladys and her step-mother To all appearance, he was only Freddy's paid instructor, and Miss Harrington's honorary Professor of Literature. The reading from the poets were continued; but master and pupil talked more than they read.

Sometimes, the curiously-still, malicious expression of Mrs. Harrington's eyes as they met his across the breakfast or dinner table woke an indefinable dread in Ralph's breast. He had an uncomfortable feeling that Mrs. Harrington would stick at nothing in order to sow dissension between him and Gladys. He dreaded he knew not what. It was like living on the slopes of a volcano; any moment a torrent of lava might overwhelm the fair seeming of their lives.

One night, on retiring to his own room, Ralph saw something on the carpet that startled him almost as much as the footprint on the seasand did Robinson Crusoe. It was only a tassel of jet and steel beads; but a cold shiver of apprehension stole over Ralph as he picked it up and placed it on the dressing-table. That evening at dinner Mrs. Harrington had worn a black satin gown ornamented with precisely similar tassels.

"What could have been her motive in coming to my room?" thought the tutor. "That she *has* done me the honour of paying me a domiciliary visit is, to my mind, conclusively proved by this small memento." Here he picked up the bunch of beads and examined it meditatively. "I daresay she has ransacked my possessions; but the question is—Why? Did she expect to find love-letters from Gladys? If so, I fear she was disappointed."

For quite half an hour Ralph stood holding the tassel in his hand, ruminating on the extraordinary circumstance that had brought it into his possession; then suddenly bethinking himself that, as it was not yet eleven o'clock, he might get a letter or two written before going to bed, he went to the writing table where stood his desk and opened it leisurely. "I may as well put this out of sight," he thought, smiling as he dropped the "memento" in the pen-tray inside the desk. "It would be rather good fun to return it to Mrs. Harrington in the morning. I wonder what she would say?"

Having written his letters, he still felt disinclined for bed. Old habits of night-study still survived from his college days. There was half-a-dozen or so of his favourite volumes in his portmanteau; he determined to select one and read until he felt sleepy.

But in turning over the contents of the portmanteau he made a second discovery that startled him a good deal more than the former one—a discovery which brought out cold beads of perspiration on his forehead. His worst forebodings had been realised. Sleep was out of the question for that night, and Ralph spent the long hours until the day dawned in meditation that was neither agreeable nor profitable, for he had found out the motive of the strange domiciliary visit on the part of Gladys' handsome step-mother. But the discovery brought him new food for thought for it opened up a prospect that filled him with dismay.

At breakfast the next morning, both Mrs. Harrington and Gladys seemed as calm and self-possessed as usual; they greeted the tutor with more than their customary graciousness, and though Ralph watched the elder lady narrowly, he could detect no change in that handsome impassive face of hers. "What a grand actress the woman would have made!" he thought. "Not the quiver of an eyelash betrays her!"

It needed a stronger effort on his part to talk naturally during the progress of the meal, and once or twice he caught Gladys' eyes fixed inquiringly on him. He resolved to take her into his confidence, for he felt that it would be impossible to hide his secret from her; for the intuition of love had enabled her to find out that something troubled the man she loved.

"Woman's wit may find a way to baffle woman's wit," he thought with a smile as he followed Gladys into the garden after breakfast. "Wise mother, wiser daughter—to paraphrase the oftquoted Latin line."

Gladys' counsel seemed to dispel the cloud of anxiety and depression that had enveloped Ralph during the night. An hour later he passed into the study with a serene brow and devoted himself as usual to his tutorial duties.

The young master of Harrington Hall was a delicate and docile child, and Ralph, who had all a strong man's tenderness for those weaker, mentally or physically, than himself, kindness that bordered on indulgence. And the boy had attached himself to Ralph with an affection so strong that his mother's jealousy had been aroused, and so fuel was added to the fire that had been lighted by Gladys' avowed preference for the penniless tutor.

"Promise that you will never leave me, Mr. Cunningham," said Freddy, suddenly looking up from his Latin grammer with a wistful look in his big brown eyes. "I couldn't bear to learn of anybody else; and mamma says I needn't go to school until I grow big and strong like other boys."

"What put that into your head my boy?—I have no intention of leaving the Hall at present."

"Oh, I don't know—only mamma said something that made me anxious," replied the child flushing up; and—and I had a horrid dream about you last night."

"Come, my boy; surely you don't believe in dreams, you know the stuff they're made of—to many sweets and too much cake," answered Ralph, trying to laugh.

But Freddy's little face was still grave, and a frightened expression came into his eyes. "I dreamt about mamma too," he whispered, looking round with a scared look, painful to see. "I don't think mamma likes you, Mr. Cunningham," he added; "and—and sometimes her eyes frighten me—even when—when she kisses me and holds me so tight in her arms."

"I don't wonder," thought the tutor as he remembered a certain cold, malicious glitter that sometimes lighted Mrs. Harrington's fine eyes. But aloud he bade Freddy attend to his lessons and think no more of such an unimportant thing as a nightmare dream.

Tutor and pupil worked on steadily until nearly mid-day, when both received a most unexpected summons from Mrs. Harrington's own maid, a tall, slender, and very quietly but elegantly dressed woman or about thirty-five, who had long been in service at the Hall.

"My mistress wishes to see you in the saloon, sir, and she bade me tell you to bring Master Harrington with you," she said in her usual low and respectful tones.

"Certainly," replied the tutor, raising with a smile.—"Come, Freddy."

"The curtain is about to rise on the second act of the comedy," he said to himself as he took the child's hand and followed the maid to the saloon, a large and splendid room, that served as an inner hall, and into which most of the rooms on the ground floor opened. There he found not only Mrs. Harrington and Gladys, but every man and woman who lived under the roof-tree of Harrington Hall.

"I see that Madame contemplates a *coup-de-theatre*," he thought, rapidly exchanging glances with Gladys, who looked a trifle pale and anxious.

"The scene is well arranged; but I fear the 'great situation' she contemplates will not make the effect she aims at."

CHAPTER II.

Mrs Harrington's fine eyes had never looked more brilliant and more malicious than when they rested on the pale but composed countenance of the tutor as he quietly entered the saloon leading Freddy by the hand.

"Excuse my somewhat abrupt summons, Mr. Cunningham," she said, speaking very courteously, though there was a ring of covert triumph in her clear tones that warned Ralph that she meant mischief. "But a circumstance has occurred which renders it imperative that I should speak collectively to every member of this household."

Ralph bowed, but made no reply, though he could not repress the slightly sarcastic smile which played upon his lips as he noted the judicial formality of her manner.

"This morning—indeed, not more than an hour ago, I found that, probably during the night, I have been robbed of a very valuable diamond necklace. My maid, Morris, and I at once made a careful examination of the room where, as most of you know, I am in the habit of keeping my jewels. We found, much to our surprise, that the room had not been entered from the outside: the window was securely bolted, and there were no signs whatever of any evil-minded person having effected an entrance in that way. I am therefore forced to accept the other explanation of this extraordinary affair—namely, that my room was visited by some one from inside. Of couse, it is just possible that the thief may have gained admittance to the house from some other part of the premises, and found his or her way to my apartments; you, Walters, will be better able to speak with authority on this point than I can. Will you tell us if you found any door or window open this morning?"

The old butler, who had served his mistress faithfully ever since her arrival at the Hall as a bride, twelve years ago, at once declared that he could solemnly swear that no signs of burglary had been visible when he went his rounds early that morning. A look of genuine concern was on his honest countenance as he met Mrs. Harrington's eye, and certainly the most suspicious woman on earth would have instantly acquitted him of having had anything to do with the disappearance of the necklace.

"Has anything else been missed? Is all the plate intact?" queried Mrs. Harrington.

"There is nothing missing, ma'am. If you will examine the strong-room"——

"I am quite ready to take your word," interrupted his mistress with a smile that strove to be kindly.

"My daughter tells me that she also has lost nothing," she continued.

"Mr. Cunningham, can you say the same?" Her cold bright gray eyes were suddenly flashed on the tutor.

"I have lost nothing," he answered quietly.

"Then it seems that the thief was contented with my necklace for spoil."

Here the servants looked at each other with dismay; it was clear to the meanest understanding that Mrs. Harrington suspected that some inmate of the Hall was the thief. There was a low buzz of whispers as their mistress ceased speaking; the cook and butler exchanged a few words, and then the latter spoke out.

"We are all agreed, ma'am, that the fairest thing to everybody would be that our boxes should be examined. No one has left the house this morning. If, as I fear you think, ma'am, the thief is here present——"

"I think nothing of the sort, Walters; I have only mentioned the facts of the case, which I certainly think go to prove that the thief gained admittance to my apartment by the door, and not by the window. At anyrate, I intend to place the affair in the hands of a person more competent to decide in the matter than myself. Directly I made the discovery that I had been robbed, I despatched my maid to the station to telegraph to Leatherhampton for the inspector of police, who, I expect, will arrive in less than half an hour. In the meantime I desire that you will all remain in the saloon.'

The servants again exchanged glances of consternation. Such an unprecedented occurrence as this would furnish good gossip in the servants' hall for many a year to come. Even the presence of their mistress and the uncomfortable chill that had suddenly fallen on the assemblage did not silence the hum of whispered talk among the men-servants and the maid-servants, who waited with what patience they could command for the next act in this tragedy-comedy of the mysterious burglary.

The half-hour expired at last. Mr Cunningham had throughout maintaine and attitude of polite indifference; Gladys had been studiously silent; and little Freddy, who had only half understood the scene, still clung to the tutor's hand with an expression of mingled wonder and terror in his big brown eyes. Mrs. Harrington had seated herself in one of the deep easy-chairs scattered about the saloon, and made a pretence of glancing down the columns of a newspaper. Her face was pale and her lips firmly set; but the hand which held the newspaper shook slightly, thus betraying the emotion she strove so hard to hide.

The arrival of the inspector of police was a relief to every one. Mrs. Harrington briefly explained to him what had occurred, and her reasons for supposing that the theft of the necklace had been accomplished by an inmate of the Hall.

"Such a suspicion is of course very painful to me," she finished; "but under the circumstances, Mr. Inspector, though I deeply regret the necessity, I think it better for the satisfaction of all concerned, that I should accept the offer made by my servants and request you to search their boxes.—You, Mr. Cunningham," she added suddenly, addressing herself to Ralph, "will, just for form's sake, undergo the same unpleasant ordeal."

For an instant the tutor's self-possession was disturbed: the colour rushed to his face, and he was about to make some protest against the indignity, when a warning glance from Gladys checked him. "Most certainly," he said, "when Mr. Inspector has searched the servant's rooms he is quite at liberty to ransack mine. I will remain here with Miss Harrington and the servants while the examination is in progress," he added.

Mrs. Harrington and the inspector left the saloon, and again the hum of whispered conversation was audible. Gladys, with a queer smile on her beautiful lips, sunk into the chair her step-mother had quitted, and turned her attention to the newspaper which had served that lady as a pretext for silence during the purgatorial half-hour that had followed on her strange exordium.

Ralph seated himself at some distance from Gladys, and Freddy nestled at his side with a look of puzzled anxiety on his childish face. Once Gladys looked across to the tutor; the look said plainly: "This ordeal must be borne for my sake. I love you, and trust you; cannot you trust *me*?"

Ralph smiled an affirmative, and let his thoughts drift into a pleasanter channel than that of Mrs. Harrington's enmity, her plot to ruin him, and the strange upshot thereof.

An hour passed; the whispers of the servants were hushed; their curiosity was on tiptoe, for in the silence that had suddenly fallen on the saloon they caught the distant sound of the inspector's deep bass voice, and the rustle of Mrs. Harrington's silk dress descending the stairs. The search was over; what had been the result?

In another moment the lady and the inspector advanced to the table in the centre of the saloon. Mrs. Harrington's eyes flashed full on Ralph's face, and for the moment the mask of courtesy she had hitherto worn in his presence was lifted; and hatred, rage, and baffled malice looked out at him from under her level brows.

"Have you found your necklace, Madam?" said the tutor.

"I have not; the thief has probably hidden it too well," was her biting reply.

"On his or her person, perhaps," suggested Ralph ironically. "Allow me to set an example, which no doubt others will be glad to follow.—If you, Mr. Inspector, will come up to my room, I will gladly submit to a personal search."

Mrs. Harrington was shamed at last. There was no mistaking the significance of the tutor's words. He had found out the abominable plot she had concocted, and he meant her to know that he had done so.

"I cannot allow such an indignity to be put upon my son's tutor," she said, dropping her eyes.

"Mr. Inspector, you are witness that I have offered to submit to a personal search; Mrs. Harrington declines to avail herself of my offer."

The inspector, understanding that there was more in the affair than met the eye, bowed respectfully to the tutor, and then asked Mrs. Harrington if she desired him to prosecute any further inquiries.

"Certainly," she answered defiantly. "I have had a valuable article of jewellery stolen from me under most extraordinary circumstances. I wish no pains or expense spared; and I offer a reward of one hundred pounds for any information that shall lead to the discovery and apprehension of the thief."

The inspector pulled out his pocket-book and instantly made a note of this; then turning to Mrs. Harrington, asked whether he had her permission to interrogate each member of the house hold in private.

"Most certainly; I give you *carte blanche* in the matter," the lady replied. "But as the unfortunate affair has somewhat upset my nerves, I shall now retire to my own room. I leave the further conduct of the case to you with the greatest confidence."

With this gracious speech Mrs. Harrington left the saloon and remained invisible until dinner-time. The intervening hours were spent by the inspector in cross-examining the servants, in a minute investigation of the premises, and in making copious notes in regard to every item of evidence he elicited. About six o'clock the worthy official took his departure; and every man, woman, and child at Harrington Hall breathed more freely when relieved from the overwhelming majesty of the Law individualised in that awe-inspiring personage.

When Mrs. Harrington rang her bell to summon the faithful Morris to assist at her evening toilet, that valued factotum appeared in tears and with an open telegram in her hand. She had just received the distressing intelligence that her father, a respectable publican, residing at Holloway, lay dangerously ill. Would her kind mistress allow her to go up to London by the last train? She, Morris, would break her heart if "anything happened" to her dear old father, and she, his only daughter, was not there to receive his dying blessing.

"Of course you may go. I am very sorry to hear of this trouble.—When is the next train?"

"There is one at seven, ma'am."

"Then go by that; you have half an hour to get to the station."

"But who is to dress you for dinner ma'am?"

"Send Jane to me; she will be able to do all I want."

With profuse thanks and tears, Morris left her mistress, packed a small bag of necessaries, and was driven to the station by a sympathising groom, who had long entertained an admiring regard for the comely abigail, and was believed to entertain matrimonial intentions on her behalf.

Dinner that night was a disagreeable ordeal alike to Mrs. Harrington, Gladys, and Ralph. The first was slightly sulky and ashamed; the second, covertly indignant; and the third, though outwardly self-possessed, was bitterly aggrieved at the humiliating position in which Mrs. Harrington's treachery had placed him.

When dinner was over, Gladys pleaded a headache as an excuse for going straight to her own room; and Ralph strolled out into the garden to smoke a cigar, a sedative which he sorely needed. But he was not fated to enjoy his "weed" in peace, for he had scarcely established himself in his favourite nook in the shrubbery when he caught sight of a white gown through the trees, and in another moment Gladys, looking pale, scared, and agitated, seated herself at his side.

"What has alarmed you, darling?" he said, flinging away his unfinished cigar and encircling her with his arm. The poor girl was breathless and palpitating, and her eyes were dilated with alarm.

"Oh Ralph!" she panted, "that horrid necklace!"

"Has it been found?" queried Ralph sharply.

"No; it is gone—really and truly gone, this time. When you brought it to me this morning and explained my step-mother's wicked plot to disgrace you, I was tempted to fling the miserable thing into the lake there. But I remembered how she valued it: it was one of my father's wedding presents to her, and is worth two or three thousand pounds, I believe; so I hid it away in my dressing-case, as I told you I would. But just now, when I went to look if it was safe, I found that it was gone."

"You locked your dressing-case, of course. Has the lock been tampered with?"

"I think not; but you know how careless I am about keys and things. When I changed my frock at luncheon-time, I probably left the keys in the pocket. At anyrate the necklace has been taken from my dressing-case by some one. Oh Ralph, it seems as if my step-mother is to be punished for her cruelty to you! Just think what a wicked thing—to go to your room and hide her miserable diamonds in your portmanteau, and then to get up that wretched comedy in the saloon, hoping to disgrace you before the servants and every one, because she was determined to—to part us."

"But, dearest, this is not a time to ponder Mrs. Harrington's misdeeds. The question is, who has taken the diamonds, and how are we to recover them?"

"Perhaps *mamma* has taken them herself. She would be quite capable of purloining my keys and"——

"Hush, hush, Gladys; don't be hard on her."

"You may forgive her, but I never can," cried the girl passionately. "Just think what your position would have been had you not found that tassel of beads!"

"You would have believed me innocent, Gladys?"

"I? Oh Ralph, darling, of course I would! I would stake my life on your honour and truth. But think of the cold, stealthy treachery of a woman who would creep into your room and deliberately plan a thing so wicked and so *mean!*

My dear girl, do try to be calm. That necklace must be found. Do you think any one could have overheard our conversation this morning?"

"It is just possible; we were sitting on this very bench," said Gladys, looking round at the shrubs, growing thickly on three sides of the seat, which was placed in a sort of alcove of closely-cut laurels and yews. "A path leading to the stables runs just at the back. Could any of the servants—— But no; I don't believe any of them is capable of theft."

"I think we shall be forced to assume such a possibility," said Ralph gravely. "The first thing to find out is if any one has left the Hall during the afternoon and evening. I scarcely think that a thief would attempt to hide the jewels in the house after this morning's affair."

"No one has left, I am sure, except Morris, mamma's maid."

"Hum! Do you know why she left?"

"She had a telegram from home summoning her to her father's sick-bed."

"Do you know anything of Morris's antecedents?"

"Oh Ralph, surely—surely you don't suspect her! Why, she has been years at the Hall, and my step-mother has the greatest confidence in her."

"Didn't Mrs. Harrington say this morning that Morris was the messenger she despatched to the station to telegraph to Leatherhampton for the inspector?"

"Yes; but"——

"Then, my dear Gladys, I think we have a clue; but for the present we must keep our suspicions to ourselves, and wait the course of events. Meanwhile, I shall do a little detective work on my own account."

During the next two or three days Mr. Inspector paid frequent visits to Harrington Hall; but no further evidence was elicited, and the diamond necklace robbery still remained enveloped in mystery. Ralph's amateur detective work had, however, not been equally barren of result. On the morning following Glady's discovery of the real theft, he paid a visit to the station, and learned from the telegraph clerk that Mrs. Harrington's maid had despatched two telegrams on the previous morning, one to London, the other to Leatherhampton. Ralph tried hard to get a sight of the telegraph forms; but the man declared that to allow such a breach of official discipline would be as much as his place was worth.

On his return from the station Ralph confided to Gladys the result of his inquiries; and the two conspirators decided to follow up the clue thus obtained, and to place the affair in the hands of Mr. Jonas Lynx, a noted private detective in London. While the country police were leisurely deliberating on what steps to take in regard to the Harrington Hall burglary, the experienced Mr. Lynx had discovered the whereabouts of Miss Julia Morris, had satisfied himself that the respectable Mr. Morris of Holloway was a purely mythical personage, and that the place where Miss Morris was living was the temporary headquarters of a gang of light-fingered gentry with whom she was closely connected—her brother being a distinguished member of the Fraternity of the Skeleton Keys and Crowbar. He also identified that clever young woman as one Sarah Brown, who, fifteen years before, had picked oakum in one of Her Majesty's jails for a term of twelve months. Three days later Ralph was informed that Miss Brown, alias Morris, had been arrested at Liverpool when about to go on board the screw steamer *Hawk*. The diamonds, however, were not in her possession, the stones having probably been unset within a few hours of their appropriation, and sent over to Amsterdam, where they were placed in the right hands for sale. At anyrate, Mrs. Harrington's diamond necklace ceased to exist, and that amiable lady thus paid dearly enough for her treachery.

But the consequences of her malicious deed did not end with the loss of the jewels. Not only was she compelled to appear in court and give evidence against her former maid, but she suffered untold agonies of mind lest Morris should divulge the fact that the diamonds had been stolen not from Mrs. but from Miss Harrington's dressing-case, and that further revelations might be made. Morris, however, perhaps in the hope of using her knowledge for the purpose of extorting blackmail from her late mistress when her term of penal servitude was over, discreetly held her tongue: and therefore only Mr. Lynx, Gladys, and Ralph knew the whole story of the Harrington Hall burglary. Many of the details could only be surmised, but it seemed probable that Morris, in passing through the shrubbery on her way to the stables, had overheard the conversation between the lovers, and perceiving that even if she were found out, how unlikely it was her mistress would venture to prosecute her for the theft, had conceived the daring idea of abstracting the necklace from Miss Harrington's dressing-case.

Yet another retribution was in store for the unhappy Mrs. Harrington. Gladys suddenly assumed a violently bellicose attitude towards her step-mother, and threatened to tell the true story of the robbery to her guardian, Lord Rosecford—a gentleman who was universally respected in the county for his almost fastidious ideas of honour.

"You have shown no mercy to me; I will show none to you. Give your formal consent to my marriage with Ralph, and I promise to keep your wicked, secret. If you refuse, I will go straight to Lord Rosecford and beg him to find some other home for me than Harrington Hall."

"You undutiful child, how dare you speak to me so!" moaned Mrs. Harrington, quailing before the flashing eyes of her step-daughter.

"It is your own fault. If you had not tried to ruin the man I love, I would have waited three years—or him. Now, I mean to marry him in three weeks."

What could the unhappy woman do? Gladys was thoroughly roused; she was quite capable of making an *esclandre* that would be the talk of Grass-shire for years.

In the end Mrs. Harrington did what most women in her position would have done—gave in; and Gladys kept her word. Three weeks later the following advertisement appeared in the first column of the *Times*: "On the 17th July, at Harrington, RALPH CUNNINGHAM, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxon., to Gladys, only daughter of the late Giles Harrington of Harrington Hall, Grass-shire."

And Mrs. Lampery said to Mrs. Smalman: "What a dreadful *mesalliance*; but I always knew what would be the result of Mrs. Harrington's imprudence in throwing *that* Mr. Cunningham with poor, dear headstrong Gladys!"

[THE END.]

The Quadruple Delivery Machine Company, just being floated, offers for a penny your weight, a box of sweets, and an insurance policy. The latter, which is for £25, lasts for twenty-one days.

THE OLD STUDIO.

BY THOMAS ST. E. HAKE.

CHAPTER I.—The Master.

A certain house, standing on the Thames' bank above Battersea Reach, was a noted landmark for many years. From its point-gables and stacks of crooked chimneys, down to its terrace by the river-side, it showed signs of antiquity, and with it neglect. There were deep cracks and wrinkles in the brick walls; and the terrace balustrade was crumbling, like a row of old teeth, and fast falling to decay. A green mossy coating covered the stonework; and in the crevices there were weeds and coarse blades of grass. At the corner of the terrace was a notice-board leaning over the water as on crutches; and upon this board was written, in washed out letters, "To be Let on Lease." With the light of the sunset upon it, exposing all these weak points to view, the house would scarcely seem to have a long lease to run. Its windows were thickly coated with dust, except the two large terrace windows. These were as scrupulously clean as the spectacles on the face of an old person.

When the sun had set and the remaining light upon the river was fast ebbing like the tide, these terrace windows were thrown open. The interior, as it now appeared, was a large and lofty studio—a studio crowded with pictures—some in their frames, and some without; some turned towards the wall; and others partly hidden by pieces of antique furniture and statuettes. Standing in the midst of this *debris* was a tall handsome man of forty or forty-five. His sensitive face—indeed, his whole attitude—showed him to be deeply absorbed in giving the last touches, with hand and soul, to the life-size picture of a young girl. His look was fervent: it expressed something more than artistic ardour for the work almost achieved. He seemed to worship the picture as much as though there were actual life in the eyes, half shadowed by their own dark lashes; in the half-parted lips that seemed on the point of speaking. The pretty head in this painting was thrown back, and rested on the high arm of an old chair into which the girl had sunk. The hands were clasped behind the head, and the white arms were half hidden by the mass of auburn hair. This figure was so delicately draped, so masterfully conceived in every detail of light and shadow, that it seemed to symbolise the twilight that still lay in the western sky.

The last touch had been given; the brush had been thrown aside. A troubled look now came over the artist's face. He turned his eyes towards a corner of the room where a quantity of drapery was arranged, where a quaint oaken chair stood in the foreground with tigers' skins lying about. It was the look of one who saw something beyond the old chair and the drapery around it: it was the look of the poet who in his fancy had placed the figure there, just as it reposed in the painting before him. He stood with his head bent and with a look of tears in his eyes before this empty chair, as though something that he loved was gone out of his life and yet was in some way present. A knock at the hall door startled him. It was now dark and he hastened to light the chandelier and to draw the heavy curtains across the windows. This done—though not before the knock had been repeated—he went out to open the door. A young fellow came quickly in, and received a warm welcome from the artist. As they crossed the hall—a dark echoing place, with a great winding staircase—the artist placed an arresting hand playfully on his friend's shoulder and said: "Stay, Fenwick; not so fast. You are always so impatient."——

"Of course I am, Millward," was the reply. "I have come on purpose to"—Fenwick stopped abruptly; they had entered the studio while speaking, and the picture had caught his eye.

"Who is she?" Fenwick said at last, and in a tone almost of supplication, as he glanced at the artist and then round the room.

A slight shade came over Millward's face, but he made no answer.

"I recognise her," Fenwick went on, his eyes resting once more on Millward's painting, "in nearly all your pictures; and I have often asked you who she is.—Ah!" he added, laughingly, "she's some lady of title, I suspect—some lovely princess, whose incognita you have sworn to preserve; for you seldom show any one except me any work that has this face in it!—Have I made a shrewd guess this time?"

Millward shook his head and drew a deep sigh, which he made no effort to conceal.

"Then why not introduce me to your beautiful model? Why, she must have been here a thousand times! How is it I've never seen her?"

Millward laughed in rather an odd way, as Fenwick thought, and raising the window-curtain, looked out eagerly upon the river, but only for a moment. Sinking back into a seat, he replied: "My dear Fenwick, what motive could I have for keeping you and any model of mine apart?"

Fenwick was on the point of answering, when the sound of oars on the river, close under the window, reached his ear. Millward had risen, and again drawing a fold of the curtain aside, glanced out, and then turned to his friend. "Excuse my leaving you," said he, hurriedly. "It's old Gunning come to take me on the river."

"You won't be long?"

"No."

"Then I'll amuse myself while you're away," said Fenwick, "by studying your picture." He threw himself as he spoke into a chair in front of Millward's painting and lit a cigarette. "By the bye," he added in his laughing way, "why not bring back the model with you?"

He regretted his words the moment they were uttered, they appeared to produce such a painful effect Millward. His face grew deeply troubled; he looked round the studio distractedly, tried to speak, then turning away, went quickly out.

Fenwick watched him cross the terrace. It was now bright moonlight on the river. A boat had dropped alongside, and a man who looked like an old sailor was securing the boat against the strong ebb-tide; Millward took his place in the stern and the boatman began to pull up stream. Fenwich noticed that his friend looked eagerly about him as the skiff made gradual way against the current. Re-entering the studio and again seating himself before the picture, Fenwick looked at it long and earnestly.

For some years past John Fenwick had been Millward's pupil; and ever since the day he had come to him, and had caught glimpses of this lovely face peeping out among the many pictures that had always crowded the studio, he had felt great curiosity about the original. But the pupil could never persuade the master by any device to even speak of this model; and Fenwick would long ago have been convinced that the model had no existence—none outside the artist's brain—had not some new picture periodically filled him with wonder and unutterable delight. For Millward constantly reproduced her, not only with all the maturing beauty of face and form—just as a young girl would mature as days went by—but he seemed to gain greater mastery over his art. The girl that Fenwick now looked upon in this picture was a maiden of twenty or twenty-one, in all the perfection of her womanly beauty. But a strange surmise—a very strange one on Fenwick's part—had suddenly come to him. He had often watched the master, when he knew him to be too deeply abstracted to be conscious of being observed, giving some life-touch to a painting of the mystic girl; and then it was that the thought flashed upon him, as Millward's far-off look would return to the canvas, that the spirit of this beautiful model was in the studio, visible only to the master.

Fenwick sat there, before the painting, pondering these things. If he could but conjure up such a vision—if such a beautiful shadow-form would only but once appear to him! This picture of Millward's, this marvellous work, had awakened in him a deeper and more passionate love of art. This was his ideal—the model he sought for everywhere. With such a model to paint from, he might even aspire, some day, to produce a masterpiece, as Millward had done.

He took up a pencil and opened a sketch-book, seized with a sudden and irresistible impulse to make some beginning; and he soon became so absorbed in his work, so impressed with the idea of a spirit-model wandering about in this old studio, that he never heeded when the sound of oars came faintly in from the river. A momentary thought occurred to him that Millward was coming back; but as the sound gradually ceased, the recollection of it also ceased, and this pencil-sketch held possession of his fancy. It was soon finished—an excellent conception, one that might develop on canvas into a work of art in which the master would discover something, perhaps, more than mere promise of future greatness. But how could it ever come to that—ever come within sight of his ambitious design, unless a model comparable with Millward's could be found?

Impossible! He threw down his pencil and sketch-book in despair. He had half risen from his seat with the intention of lighting another cigarette, when a slight movement of the window-curtain caught his eye. In another moment a young and shapely hand, with expressive fingers, grasped the folds and held them back. And scarcely had Fenwick decided to conceal himself behind one of the numerous objects of art that encumbered the studio, when the curtain was lifted still higher, and the figure of a girl with a face like the one in Millward's picture came timidly in with the moonlight.

CHAPTER II.—The Model.

Fenwick could have scarcely felt more surprise at this lovely apparition, if the girl now before Millward's picture had actually stepped out of the canvas. It was the same face, the figure too, only needing more repose, and a few expressive folds of drapery to perfect the resemblance. Standing before what seemed her own portraiture, and staring at it with a half-indignant recognition of its merits, the girl's eyes were wide open, the lashes curving upwards, the eyebrows slightly elevated, and the lips laughingly apart. After a while, she began to look round the studio with intense interest and wonder. Every painting, statuette, or piece of furniture, of which she could get a glimpse from where she stood, seemed to awaken the liveliest curiosity. Her expression reminded Fenwick of a child in a toyshop greatly puzzled which "work of art" to play with first. Her eyes rested at last upon some transparent drapery thrown carelessly over the back of the great oak-chair. She took it delicately in both hands, looked at it with a roguish smile and then at the painting. Then laying her hat aside, she flung the gauzy scarf over her shoulders and sank back into the chair, selecting the attitude Millward had chosen for his picture.

Until now, Fenwick had watched her with a dread lest even the sound of his breathing should reach her ear from where he was hidden—where he was studying her pretty features with something more than artistic appreciation in his gaze. Her great beauty—a beauty which surpassed the ideal which had taken shape in his mind from a study of Millward's many paintings—had roused in him unbounded admiration. And if it were possible to fall in love with a face, one that had grown familiar to him on canvas, Fenwick had fallen in love with hers: the face which he had persuaded himself existed only in his friend's brain. And now this picture still more, as it seemed to him, represented merely a beautiful vision; for now that the living model was seated there—the superb reality—the master's great work seemed to want life; and the quaint thought recurred once more to Fenwick that only the disembodied spirit, not the girl herself, could have hitherto inspired Millward in his paintings. This picture, which critics had pronounced to be his master-piece, was only the foreshadowing of a great work: the master-piece had not yet seen the light.

Fenwick could no longer resist the impulse to speak, to express his sense of pleasure. An exclamation escaped him. The spell was now broken: the girl sprang up out of the chair, the drapery uncoiled and fell on the tiger's skin at her feet, and next moment her hand was upon the window-curtain where she had entered not many minutes ago.

"Stay! I am Millward's friend.—Did I frighten you?"

She looked more attentively into his face. The expression of alarm gradually left her: it seemed to change into one of lively recognition. Could she possibly have seen him before?

He wheeled a chair invitingly towards her. "Mr. Millward," said he, "will be back soon."

A shade of uneasiness crossed her face. "He is still on the river?" She put the question with an eager look for confirmation.

"Yes; with old Gunning.—You know who he is?"

The girl gave him two or three quick nods.

"They must have gone, I think"—but Fenwick's manner was doubtful—"to look for you."

"How can that be?"

Fenwick reflected for a moment; then he said: "He will not rest until he has found his model."

"You cannot mean me?" said she, with a quick shy glance at Millward's picture.

"Yes: I mean you. You *are* his model; are you not?"

"I am nobody's model. I was never inside a studio"——

"Not even in the spirit?" Fenwick laughingly interposed.

Her look wandered round the room. "I've been *here* in the spirit—if you choose to call it so—hundreds of times."

"Lately?"

"Yes; quite lately."

"Then you must have seen me?"

She gave him a smile. "Yes; you are Mr. Fenwick."

He looked at her in blank surprise.

"I've seen you on the terrace," the girl went on, "smoking cigarettes."

"With Millward?"

"Yes; and often trying," said she, "to make him laugh. He never laughs," she added; "does he?"

"I think not.—But tell me," said Fenwick with growing interest, "what are you called?"

"Niobe."

"Ah! who gave you that pretty name?"

"I don't know."

"Your fairy godmother, perhaps?" Fenwick suggested.

"I don't know. It was given me, you see, before grandfather found me on the river-bank."

"A naiad? You were born, then, among the lilies?"

Niobe looked up and laughed. "Ask grandfather. I can't remember."

"Grandfather? Who's he?"

"Don't you know? Why, old Gunning, as you call him."

"Old Gunning?" cried Fenwick. "Then you are my friend's model, after all?"

"No," she persisted.

"Then who and what are you?"

Niobe sat down, and leaning forward with her small hands expressively clasped, she answered: "When out in the boat—grandfather and I—we have many a time passed this house; and many a time I have asked him to tell me something about it. For it has always seemed to me—ever since I can remember—such a queer-looking place. He told me at last that it was Mr. Millward's house—that this room, with the only clean windows, was the studio; and that you"

——

"What of me?"

"That the gentleman who smoked cigarettes, and never did any work," said she, with shy twinkling eyes, "was Mr. Millward's pupil."

Fenwick laughed. Then suddenly growing serious, he said: "What else do you know of Millward?"

"Nothing."

"You have never spoken to him?"

"No; he has never seen me in his life."

"Never seen you?"

"Never, that I know of," said the girl. "Indeed, grandfather always kept in mid-stream, afraid that he or you might speak to me when we passed by on the river."

Fenwick expressed surprise. "Why shouldn't we speak?"

"I will tell you." She paused for a moment with a thoughtful look.—"When I mentioned being here in the spirit," the girl then explained, "I meant that I had frequently pictured this studio to myself. I longed to come here and see what it was like.—At last," she added, "I made up my mind."

"Well?" said Fenwick, lighting a fresh cigarette.

"I made up my mind that unless grandfather brought me, and very soon too, I should come alone. He was always putting me off," she said with an impatient stamp of her pretty foot—"always ready with some excuse. He owned to me at last that Mr. Millward had refused to admit any one into the studio except a few intimate friends. If he hinted at bringing me here to look at the pictures, Mr. Millward might be seriously offended. And grandfather cannot afford," she added, "to run the risk of giving offence to so good a customer."

"So you resolved to come alone?"

"Yes.—Do you think Mr. Millward will be very angry?"

Her naive question amused him. He looked with increasing concern at the girl. "What pleasure could you possibly find," said he, "in paying this visit to a dusty old studio?"

"I would go any distance," she answered with a brightening look, "to see a picture! I've been crazed on the subject of pictures ever since I was quite little." Then turning with a still more earnest look towards Millward's picture, she asked: "Is it difficult to paint?"

"No. The great difficulty is to be a master," said Fenwick. "In order to be that," he added, answering her inquiring glance, "you must be a true lover of nature: you must understand light and shade—have colour, drapery, and metaphor at your fingers' ends. A poetic imagination is likewise indispensable, and a dozen other qualifications."

"Is smoking cigarettes one of them?" said she with a sly look.

Fenwick blew a cloud of tobacco into the face of a Cupid that stood on a pedestal at his side, by way of answer.

There was a moment's pause.

"You are not a master," the girl then timidly inquired—"are you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I have no model," said he. "I need some one like yourself to inspire me."

Niobe made no reply. She regarded Millward's picture for a while in silence; then she said: "Your friend can paint without a model. Why can't you do the same?"

"I should fail, as he has done."

"Do you call this a failure?" said she, still looking at the master's work.

"No. But Millward will call it so, when he comes to see you."

The girl laughed shyly, and said: "You are given to flattery."

"No, indeed! I was never more in earnest," was the answer. "Millward must have caught a glimpse of you somewhere—it must have been you! And by some magic power of the imagination, which I confess is beyond me, he has reproduced you in his pictures; just as though you had each time wandered into the studio, as you have done to-night, and sat for him as you were seated when I startled you out of the arm-chair a moment ago."

Still looking at the picture with a thoughtful face, the girl remarked: "It does seem strange."

"More than strange.—And just fancy," Fenwick went on, "how troubled his thoughts must be! He is conscious of his ability to produce a great picture—the shadow of it haunts him night and day—but he needs another glimpse of the model in order to give that one touch which means perfection."

In the moment of silence that now followed, for the girl stood pondering Fenwick's words, the sound of oars reached their ears. She now looked up quickly into the artist's face. "They are coming back," she whispered.

"Yes," said Fenwick with laughter in his eyes, "so you cannot go to your boat. You would be caught."

"But there is the front door," said the girl, moving from the window. "Won't you let me out?"

"No," said Fenwick playfully. "You have come to pay Millward a visit. You cannot object to see him now."

"To-night? Pray, don't detain me," said she distressfully; "grandfather would be vexed beyond measure."

"Have no fear," replied Fenwick reassuringly, as he gave her a hand-lamp and opened the studio door. "Take this light and amuse yourself about the house. You will find pictures in nearly every room, on the staircase, and along the corridor overhead. Leave me to put matters right with grandfather. Come; won't you trust me?"

She looked up smilingly into his face, took the lamp from him, and went out.

Fenwick now began to pace the studio in an ecstasy of delight. He had found the model for whom he had fruitlessly sought ever since he had been Millward's pupil. He had met her to-night: he had met the woman whose first look had kindled the love that he knew would come the moment that the ideal in Millward's pictures crossed his path. He had not only seen her; he had spoken with her; he had learned that her uncultured love of art had brought her to the studio. And she had seen him, many a time, as she had confessed; and in her glances he had read to-night, as he imagined, her secret thoughts of him. He loved her. She would one day be his model—one day, perhaps, be his wife! He would realise his dream: he would reach fame after all.

"If an artist would become a great master he must worship his model, was one of Millward's sayings.

Then the thought came to him she was not Millward's. He had no right to love her, perhaps—no right even to think of her while this mystery of her strange resemblance to the master's model remained unsolved.

He glanced round the studio. Had this interview been nothing but a dream? Now that the girl was no longer here, his brain was perplexed once more with the thought of Millward's wandering spirit. Had it been here to-night—had it begun to haunt him as it had haunted Millward for so many years?

CHAPTER III

THE MASTER-PIECE.—CONCLUSION.

Fenwick was suddenly roused from his reflections by the sound of old Gunning's voice; and as he hastened to the window with some sense of uneasiness, Millward came in and sank down upon the lounge with every sign of agitation.

"What is it?"

Millward looked at Gunning, and Fenwick followed his glance. The old boatman was standing near the window mopping his bald head with a red cotton handkerchief, catching at his breath, and glancing out of his small restless eyes from one artist to the other.

"Ask Gunning. Why doesn't he speak?" said Millward, still agitated.

Fenwick looked at the boatman, who still mopped his brow and rubbed his weather-beaten face.

"Ay, ay," said Gunning cheerfully. "But wait a bit, sir, till we get righted. Let's be quite clear what passed between us when going against the tide."

"What can you mean?" said Millward with increased impatience. "Have I not made myself understood?"

Gunning nodded good-humouredly. "Yes, yes; I'm with you," said he; "it's Mr. Fenwick who doesn't see the bearings.—And we can't make much headway, sir," he added, turning to the young artist, "till it's made clear to you which tack we're on."

Fenwick could not suppress a smile. "I think, Millward," said he, "that I should be better able to follow Gunning if—when you feel equal to it—you would first give me a few words of explanation."

Gunning's face beamed. "That's my meaning," said he. "A few words of explanation from you, sir, and we shall make headway at once."

It now became clear to Fenwick that a consideration for Millward was the secret of old Gunning's reserve. He was preparing the master, in his own honest way, for some startling news; and Millward was too absorbed in his trouble to comprehend the boatman's attitude towards him.

The master was standing, as he so often stood, before his latest work. "She has never been absent from my thoughts," said he, seemingly speaking to himself—seemingly forgetting for the moment Fenwick's presence and Gunning's too. "And as I have seen her in my own mind, approaching womanhood, so I have painted her—yes, painted her as I know she would have looked if she had never gone out of my sight!—She is a woman now," he went on; "she has grown up under my hand; she has always been visible to me. Her image is here, as I should have seen it had she lived. I shall always see the face in my work, though I have given up all hope of seeing her."

No one spoke, though Fenwick exchanged a furtive glance with Gunning.

Suddenly Millward crossed the studio with a quick step, and stopped before an easel that took up a great part of one side of the room. A quantity of drapery was thrown over it. "I will show you a picture now, Fenwick," said he, "which you have never—no one has ever seen."

Fenwick's curiosity was roused. He had not reflected that any work of the master's might lie hidden there.

"Another picture, Millward?" said he.—"But," he added, "is Gunning to wait? I thought you were going to tell me what passed between you"——

"So I was," said Millward, recollecting himself. "I am always attaching importance to the least sound upon the river: to a single word!—I was telling Gunning—and I intended telling you months ago—that I lost a child—my only one—before she was five years old. She had been left alone in a boat," he went on, trying manfully to steady his voice, "on the river bank below my grounds; and by some accident, or carelessness, the boat drifted from its moorings and disappeared. Whether it sunk or was stolen—whether my little girl was kidnapped or drowned, I don't know. I have had no tidings, and it's now sixteen years ago."

Catching Fenwick's eye at this point, Gunning nodded to him, as if anxious to confirm Millward's statement.

"I told Gunning about this," the master resumed, "because he happened to mention, in a casual way, that he had saved some lives in his time.—But why," Millward added—"why he suddenly turned the boat's head, almost before I had finished my story, and rowed home in such hot haste, I could not understand. I foolishly thought from his manner—I don't think so now—that he knew something about my child.—But look at this!" And as he spoke, the master detached the drapery from the easel and brought a large picture to light.

Meanwhile, old Gunning had taken a pair of spectacles from a wooden case and had with difficulty adjusted them. An exclamation now escaped him; for this painting had all the effect upon the boatman, and upon Fenwick too, that Millward could have desired had he premeditated a surprise. For a moment—with such magic power had the master painted every detail of the work—Gunning might well have imagined that Millward had drawn a window-curtain aside, instead of uncovering a picture and had given them an actual glimpse of the Thames. Not only was the frame of the picture the size of the window-frames, but the whole subject was marvellously realistic. The scene was by moonlight; and in the foreground of the picture was the old terrace, just as it might be seen from one of the studio windows, with the decrepit notice-board, the mossy stonework, and the crumbling balustrade. In the background of the picture, out on the river, was a young girl on the point of drowning. An overturned boat was near at hand, drifting with the tide.

"Now, you know all," said Millward, with his eyes still upon the painting. "This is the picture that has haunted me all these years."

"Ay," Gunning now broke out in a cheery voice; and having wiped his spectacles with the red cotton handkerchief, he took up one of Millward's smaller pictures. "But how's this, Mr. Fenwick? Why, here she is—asking Mr. Millward's pardon—here she is again! And yet he's telling us how she was drowned." He shook his head incredulously, and selecting another picture went on, holding it at arm's length from him. "Eight year old here; ain't she? A merry child!" said Gunning criticisingly. "And like her too—like what she would have been, leastways, had she survived.—Dear me," he added, "what a pity it was, Mr. Fenwick, no one was by to save her; no old boatman such as me, cruising about! What a pity!" He took up another painting while he spoke, and turned it about. "Why, she's ten now," said he—"or might it be eleven?"

"Eleven years old," said the master, "when I painted that."

"And here she is when twelve!" exclaimed the boatman in the same cheery tone.—"And this is her, I'll be bound, at fourteen. Why, she has had her portrait painted, and unbeknown to her, on well-nigh all her birthdays, as it were!" A moment's pause, and Gunning added: "How she would have enjoyed a glance at herself! Why, it's just like peeping into her own bright looking glass!—But no," he concluded, becoming sceptical again; "*she* was never drowned."

Fenwick had been observing Gunning closely. His honest voice, with something pathetic in its pleasant tone, confirmed him in his surmise—if confirmation were needed. This girl, who was probably peeping at herself in pictures on the staircase, or in the corridor above, was Millward's daughter. And Fenwick now noticed that Gunning's eye had at last met the master's, and that the truth was breaking in upon him too. Seeing that Millward was too overcome to speak, and yet appeared anxious to question the boatman, he said: "Now, Gunning, what do you know of this business? Let's hear all about it."

"I will, sir. And it may seem strange to you, said Gunning, "and equally so to Mr. Millward, that I should have never mentioned before what I'm going to tell you now. But I had a reason, as you'll soon see." He looked at Millward and resumed. "I've been a waterman, sir, plying in this reach these forty years. One evening, while rowing home after a day's fishing along with a customer some sixteen years ago, I heard a child's cry. It came from the Surrey bank, as I reckoned, and I pulled alongside. It proved to be an infant, Mr. Millward, of four year old or thereabout."

"Did you," Millward eagerly demanded—"did you ask the child its name?"

Gunning took off his spectacles, nodded at the master, and replied: "I've no thought of deceiving you. Her name as she told it to me was Niobe. I rowed the child home in my boat," he concluded; "and my own daughter, who had lately got married, took her in tow. We've called her Niobe ever since."

Millward sank into a chair, and for a while Gunning's words seemed to deprive him of the power to speak. But he recovered himself at last, and rising, went towards the door. "Take me to her," said he, "to your house, Gunning—wherever she is"——

Fenwick now interposed. "Millward," said he, "stay one moment! The story which you began—which Gunning continued—I can finish. You will remember my asking you—and I even fear my thoughtless words must have pained you—to bring your model back with you to-night?"

"Yes; I remember."

"She came of her own accord," said Fenwick. "She has been here since you went out, not an hour ago."

Millward placed his hand upon Fenwick's arm. "Where is she?"

"My dear Millward," answered Fenwick soothingly, "she's safe enough. Pray, let me go on."

The master sank back in his chair, and seemed indifferent to all that his friend now told him.

"I saw her resemblance to your picture the moment she came in," said Fenwick, with a glance at the painting. "It is like her; though nothing could be so beautiful as she is! She stole in here," he added, "knowing you were away. She came to look at your work. She has a passion for pictures; she has inherited your love of art." And he related in a few words all that had happened during the master's absence on the river with old Gunning. But scarcely had he finished, when Millward hurried into the hall. There was a gleam of light on the staircase, and he hastened to the landing overhead. Here he stopped, and would have fallen had not Fenwick been at hand. A mist had gathered over the master's eyes; but through the mist he saw a figure coming slowly down the corridor towards him, with the lamp raised above her head.

Fenwick glanced from this figure into Millward's face; and the far-off look which he had so often observed—the look that had suggested a spirit-model to the young artist's fancy—was a visionary look no longer.

"Is she not beautiful?" whispered Fenwick, with enthusiasm. "Millward!—what a masterpiece you will paint!"

Millward stretched out his arms towards the figure. "Bring my child to me," said he, impatiently. "I have done with art now."

A Brave Frenchman.

Comparatively few Frenchmen recollect that M. Constans, the Minister of the Interior, was once the hero of an exploit equally as full of daring and devotedness as that performed on Friday at Fourmies, by the Abbe Margerin, who rushed between the troops as they were about to fire and the crowd of miners. The adventure of M. Constans happened at Toulouse during the commune of 1871, which had broken out with great virulence in the South of France as well as in Paris.

In March, 1871, Comte de Keratry, ex-minister of police, at that time prefect of the department of the Haute-Garonne, was directed by M. Thiers to proceed at once to Toulouse, in order to quell the revolutionary disturbances there. The situation was a perilous one enough for the Government, as the commune had already been proclaimed at Marseilles, Carcassonne and St. Etienne, while Toulouse possessed an arsenal full of artillery, munitions and stores, which made it the key of the South.

Comte de Keratry arrived in town just as the insurgents had succeeded in capturing the prefecture and the capital. He had before his eyes the fate of another prefect, whose throat had been cut in his office at St. Etienne, and that of Admiral Cosnier, an old sea dog, who, being compelled to capitulate to the Marseilles communists, blew out his brains in despair.

He had with him sixty dragoons, and, advancing toward the arsenal, met several generals and officials who were parleying with the rebels. One of the former gave him an agreement which had been signed with the communist leaders, but this document M. de Keratry tore up contemptuously, and obtaining a reinforcement from the local troops of the Government, consisting of sixty artillerymen armed with mitrailleuses, he took up his place opposite the capital, where the rebels, well supplied with rifles and cannon, were in possession.

Then the Prefect crossed over boldly to the insurgents, having previously told his men to open fire with the mitrailleuses if he did not return. He asked the rebels once for all to give up their arms to the Government. The Communist leaders conferred for a moment together and then replied in the negative. "Very well," said the Prefect, taking out his watch, "in ten minutes' time mitrailleuses will open fire on you!" He then saluted and returned to his own side. Just as the ten minutes were up the Procurator-General of the local court emerged from the midst of the Government forces and called on the rebels three times to surrender.

M. de Keratry, hearing no response, called out to General des Nottes:—

"Do your duty. Open fire."

At that moment two men rushed out of the crowd of Communists toward M. Keratry, at the peril of their lives. One of them was M. Constans, then a law professor at Toulouse, and he supplicated the Prefect to give him and his companions five minutes in order to parley with the mob. The request was granted. Professor Constans induced the insurgents to surrender, and a seemingly inevitable carnage was obviated.

A correspondent, writing from Sierra Leone, West Africa, gives an account of some terrible murders which have recently been committed near the boundary of the British settlement by a number of men who have earned for themselves the name of

TRIMMINGS.

It would seem as though at this time the question of trimmings had reduced itself to three important words only, which are lace, passementerie and ruffles of muslin.

These accessories, so admirably suited to the season, and in which, of course, the heavier passementerie finds its substitute in the lighter and more lace-like kind of that garniture, were never more elegant and varied than now; and paramount among all others, in the dresses now being made, is lace.

LACE.

It is used in flouncings, in the tops of sleeves, on the sides of waists, as bretelles, as collars, and as cuffs.

The use of it as waist-flounces, as that effect is now designated, is seen in the graceful examples given in Figs. 2 and 3 of the illustration of this article.

The use of lace as flouncing on skirts has increased so much as to make three and four rows of this garniture necessary on elaborate toilettes of thin fabric; and some skirts of lace dresses are simply a succession of small flounces set one below another and running all across the figure to the hem on the front and side breadths of such a dress, while the back consists of large pleats or very full gathers of piece-lace, or, as in some examples, the whole back will be in flounces, and the front will consist of a tablier of jet in a large lattice-work of jet and silk cord in a Spanish design, with tassels of jet holding down the points at which the flounces coming from the back pass under the sides of the jetted tablier.

PASSEMENTERIE.

Of this, the use in the summer effect is much less copious and of far lighter character than as seen during a winter in which this garniture has been more in demand than it ever has been before in the annals of fashion.

The example of the beautiful sleeve in Fig. 1 of the illustration shows a sparse use of a delicate passementerie of black silk and metal thread on a sleeve of satin.

CHIFFON MUSLIN AS TRIMMING.

The use of chiffon muslin is chiefly, at present, and in its adjustment as a mere accessory, in the display made of it as puffings, and as waist-flouncing, or as jabot ruffling running down the parted fronts of waists or in the deep cuffs now seen.

A whole sleeve will consist of chiffon muslin, however, associated with silk especially. Sometimes the entire front of a dress will be of this muslin, of which the use is greater even than that of net and tulle, although these trimmings are much used, as is usual on toilettes for summer.

BEADS AND NAIL-HEADS.

The use of beads and of the steel nail-heads is to be found on many of the gowns of plain, indigoed woolen which in light weight are necessary for the cool days of summer, especially of traveling, and on these the nail heads hold down trimmings of silk or velvet, being set in vandykes or arranged in scroll effects or simply inserted like beads in embroidery.

Beads are much used on the edge of collars, around deep cuffs, or down the sides of Figaro jackets.

EMBROIDERED MUSLIN AS A TRIMMING ACCESSORY.

The use of this kind of garniture is great on the dresses of chambray and gingham now worn. The openwork French embroidery is especially in use on these fabrics. The hemstitched ruffling which is ready-made is used as much as lace, on underwear.

OTHER GARNITURES.

Ribbon, and of the most varied hues, ribbon with gauze or lace edge, and with brocaded designs in brilliant colors, satin, watered, velvet, plain and narrow as well as wide, is greatly used as trimming, a novelty being a ribbon on which is run a tiny crimping of very narrow lace, or of gauze or tulle, and which is displayed on thin fabrics of day wear as well as on evening dresses.

Fringe and metal braid are seen on woolen dresses but are not so copiously displayed as in the winter, as they make a dress heavy, and galloon of silver or gold is now chiefly confined to the skirts of which use is made with pretty waists of silk, etc., such as were described in our last issue under the head of "Independent Bodices," or as Independent Waists. There is also an article telling how "Independent Skirts" are trimmed, and how they are made.

There is something of the ange in even the ruffian that loves flowers.

Household Hints.

Hot milk is a simple means of comfort, and is most reviving to one who is fatigued by over-exertion.

Dates are quite another article when cut in two, the stones removed and the fruit soaked in boiling milk, with some shreds of lemon peel.

In making Caledonian cream take two ounces of rasberry jam, two ounces of red currant jam, two ounces of sifted loaf sugar, the whites of two eggs. Put all into a bowl and beat with a spoon for threequarters of an hour.

When putting up curtains which are to be draped in a low room, put the cornice to which the curtain is to be fastened close to the ceiling, even if the window is put in lower down, as it gives the effect of greater height to the room. The curtains meeting at the top will conceal the wall.

An old "traveller's wrinkle" consists of providing oneself at supper with a clear tumbler, which should be well polished with a dry cloth or handkerchief, and warmed by a bedroom fire or over the night lamp. The glass should be placed mouth downwards on the inside sheets and covered with the quilt and blankets. After a minute or two remove the glass, and if any dampness exists in the linen the interior of the tumbler will be bedewed with steam. If the sheets are damp instantly discard them and sleep between the blankets.

A minister in the south of Scotland had a parishioner who, to show her affection for her pastor, sent him every morning, by the hands of her daughter, a couple of newly-laid eggs for breakfast. The eggs, on being delivered, were generally warm, as if just taken from the nest; but one morning the minister's maid, on taking the eggs from the girl, observed, "The eggs are no warm the day, Jeannie. Are they fresh?" "Oh, ay," said the girl; "they're quite fresh, but my mither couldna get the auld cat to go on them this morning."

Inflammation is easily distinguished by its sharp, cutting pains, and the sooner it is removed the better. To remove it apply external heat to the part affected in the shape of hot fomentations, poultices, or blisters. Fomentations can be more speedily applied, and are lighter on the patient than poultices. To apply hot fomentations, have a piece of flannel ready, over which pour boiling water and wring out immediately. To wring the flannel, lift it on a towel or piece of cloth larger than itself, and twist both ends of the cloth or towel in opposite directions, with the flannel inside it, till the water is squeezed out. Then shake the flannel and sprinkle a little turpentine on it, and immediately place it on the patient, with oil silk over it to keep in the steam.

Patterns.

Any pattern contained in these pages may be obtained by enclosing price and addressing S. Frank Wilson, 73 to 81 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. In ordering be careful to state size required, as we cannot change patterns that have been opened.

To love is to admire with the heart; to admire is to love with the mind.

His Father Was Eaten.

A man with a remarkable story turned up in Dallas Tex., the other day. His name is W. F. Yates, and he says he is the son of J. C. Yates, a missionary who went out from Jacksonville, Mass., in 1848, and was devoured by cannibals in 1875. He was reared in missionary camps, and as he grew up he took to the work himself, and has been engaged at it twelve years in Africa. He relates stories of personal adventure of thrilling interest.

In 1876 he went on an expedition to Lake Albert Nyanza, where he and two others were captured by cannibals. They were imprisoned in a hole in the ground and covered with logs. Here an attempt was made to fatten them for the feast day by throwing them human flesh and bread fruit. Eight days they were thus confined, when Henry M. Stanley came up with a posse, routed the natives, killed forty of them, and freed the captives. He then joined the Stanley party and went with them to Livingstone River, where he took charge of the Kooves Grove Baptist mission.

Here he remained until 1878, when the natives suddenly formed a dislike for him and confined him in a mud house to fatten. One day they took him out to exercise, and he began amusing the two guards by playing tricks. He snatched the club of one and brained them both, and again eluded the soup. Afterward he engaged in exploring and establishing missions on the Congo River. He speaks thirty-six of the languages of that country, and he claims to have had a personal acquaintance with David Livingston. He was born in Tankatango, in the southern part of Congo, and was raised principally on Lake Moroseo.

His story is credited, as there are people in Dallas, among whom are Dr. S. A. Hayden, editor of the *Texas Baptist and Herald*, who are acquainted with his Mississippi connections.

The Russian Crown Prince, who is just twenty-two years old, is a highly educated young man. He is particularly well up in science, and possesses an accurate knowledge of the geography of his native land.

The best known pearl necklace in London is that of the Countess Tolstoi. The stones are not only large and perfect in shape, but nearly black in colour, a peculiarity which, though some will think it does not add to beauty, is, by reason of its rarity, exceptionally valuable. The Baroness Henry de Worms, wife of the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, also has a notable necklace—of diamonds. There will presently be in the field a new competitor, the consent being the more interesting since the new comer is a connection by marriage of the Baroness de Worms. The necklace is not new, though it has not been seen in London drawing-rooms for some years. It was the property of the late Countess of Orkney, and was a present to her from her first husband, Baron de Samuel, a peer of Portugal. The necklace is in three rows, and contains in all 190 pearls, many of large size. The Countess left the necklace to her son, Mr. Arthur De Vahl, and Mrs. De Vahl will, in the coming season, be the envied wearer of the priceless "rope."

How the Prince Fell in Love.

Two stories are related, on creditable authority, of the manner in which the Heir Apparent to the throne of England first heard of the charms of the Prince of Denmark's daughter, and both of them form pretty incidents in the prologue of what is regarded as the most charming royal romance in modern times.

Albert Edward chanced, so it is said, to be whiling away part of a long Summer afternoon with two or three congenial spirits, young men of rank and position near enough to his own to make even discussions on domestic questions possible, and the matrimonial outlook for one of the party was brought up. A certain colonel drew from his pocket the photograph, as he supposed, of his fiancee, to show it proudly to his companions. But instead of Lady Maud's likeness there appeared a rather poorly taken carte de visite of the most charming girl the Prince's eyes had ever rested upon, a girl wearing a simple little white gown and loose white jacket, with a black velvet ribbon circling her throat, and her hair smoothed back from her brow, leaving the beautiful young face to be admired for itself alone.

The eyes and lips seemed to be smiling at the Prince, who gazed at the picture, demanding to know who in the world this lovely "country girl" might be.

"The daughter of the Prince of Denmark," was the answer, and, naturally enough, the carte de visite changed owners.

H. R. H. showed it that evening to a confidential friend—one who knew of the matrimonial designs of the Queen for the Prince of Wales, a bride from one of the well-known German houses having been selected. The quaint little photograph had not left the Prince's keeping when a few days later he again, and quite by chance, encountered at the house of a certain duchess the same noble young face, this time exquisitely painted in minature, the property of a lady who had just returned from Denmark.

However the matter was contrived I cannot say, but certain it is that the German alliance was frowned down, and the Prince's confidential friend was dispatched to Denmark to report fully on the Prince's daughter. The confidential messenger had his credentials for the Court of Denmark, but there was nothing about him to suggest his peculiar and romantic mission. He found at Copenhagen the simplest sort of a royal family—a prince who lived in a very plain sort of dwelling on an income which was less than that of many country gentlemen in England.

On being invited to dine at the modest little "palace," the English courtier was presented to the most beautiful girl in Europe, who wore her gown of simple white muslin and a wreath of flowers as royally as though they were the velvet and the crown which later would be hers, yet who was as simple in manner as though she had indeed been the little "country girl" for whom the Prince had first taken her.

An English exchange is angry because la grippe has not been placed within the reach of the Infectious Diseases Notification Act by local authorities. In the House of Commons the president of the Local Government Board recently made the statement that influenza comes within the meaning of the Act, being distinctly infectious. That, no doubt, is a fact. At all events, one effect of action on the part of local authorities would be to limit the reports of influenza epidemics. It would dissolve the fashionable glamor which hangs around the disease.

A fine diamond, weighing nearly four carats, now in New York, has a remarkable history. It was found in the gold district of Brazil by a native, who did not know its value, but kept it as a "luck" stone. One day, while journeying to a camp of traders with his gold dust, he was bitten by a serpent. Applying the antidote known to the people of that country he proceeded on his way, but had not gone far when he was again bitten. He treated himself for the second wound and continued on his journey. While stooping to drink from a brook the fangs of a snake were fastened in the bag which contained the stone. On reaching the camp he was found to be succumbing rapidly to the effects of the venom, and when questioned by the camp surgeon told how the snake had seized the bag at his throat. The surgeon was permitted to see the stone, and, suspecting its real character, he told the native that it was extremely dangerous to have it about him, as it attracted venomous reptiles, and advised him to sink it in a neighboring brook. The superstitious finder of the diamond acted upon the suggestion, and the covetous surgeon, having watched the proceeding, availed himself of the first opportunity to fish the gem from its hiding-place.

Volcanoes in Alaska.

Much is heard of the stately Mount St. Elias, in southern Alaska, which towers 19,500 feet above the sea level, because of its being the highest mountain in America, but this mountain with its smoking crater, though probably the grandest, is not the most interesting one of the north by any means. The volcanoes Umnak, Bogosloff, Programnia, Akutan, Shishaldin, and Pavloff, all located in the Aleutian Islands, 1,300 miles from Sitka, are probably the most interesting mountains in the world. All six volcanoes are in active operation, and are located within a radius of 100 miles of Oonalaska. From the Pacific Ocean all the mountains, with the exception of Pavloff, which is hidden from view behind another mount, can be seen at once, with the smoke and steam rolling upward from their craters. More is not told the world of these splendid mountains because they are seldom visited. Tourists do not go within 1,300 miles of them, for there is no regularly established line of steamers running further north than Sitka. The far-off land favored with the presence of these smoking mounts, which should prove the life study of a geological student, is visited only by an occasional whaler or a revenue cutter.

The revenue cutter Bear, which returned from the Aleutian Islands last week, and which is now on her return north, brought down a great deal of information concerning the volcanoes. Lieut. D. H. Jarvis of the Bear, who has taken especial notice of the six volcanoes in this group of islands, has made several cruises north, having been in both the Bear and Rush, Government cutters, and upon each cruise he embraced every opportunity to learn more of them. Several of them he has visited; he has climbed to their summit and acquainted himself with their peculiarities.

He spent much time examining Bogosloff, which he soon found to be the most interesting mountain of the group. Speaking of Alaska and volcanoes, the Lieutenant says: "From the mainland to Attu, a distance of 1,000 miles, are hundreds of islands. The map will show that they are chained along, Attu being the westward island of the group that composes the Alaska peninsula. The islands are all of volcanic origin. Oonalaska, or Oonalaska Island, is east to the centre of the group by several hundred miles, and is in the centre of the Aleutian Islands. Oonalaska Island, which is about eighty miles long, is the largest. The other islands, of which there are numbers vary in size from this down to a mere reef or rock projecting out of the sea."

The Lieutenant found Bogosloff an especially fascinating study. One hundred years ago Bogosloff did not exist. The island on which the volcano is situated lay at the bottom of the sea. Just about 100 years ago there were continuous jarrings in the Aleutian group, and the several volcanoes smoked and belched forth lava, showing that an internal war was in progress in the bowels of the earth. One morning, during a heavy disturbance, the natives of Oonalaska saw an immense object rise up out of the sea, about sixty miles to the northward. Great volumes of smoke and showers of ashes and running lava came out of the object. After many days the disturbance subsided, and the natives could see that a new island had come to join the group and they called the new arrival Bogosloff. The island was about half a mile long, and was 350 feet high. The island in reality was nothing but the volcano, for from the water line it towered from all sides up to the summit. A peculiar feature of the mount was that it had no well-defined crater. From many fissures which cut across the sides of the mountain and around the top huge volumes of smoke came, but at the top there was no hole. Still notwithstanding this deformity, Bogosloff was very lively, and made more fuss than all the rest of the larger volcanoes.

About eight years ago, during a violent eruption, another island came up out of the sea and joining Bogosloff became one island. During the summer of 1889, while in the Government service, Lieut. Jarvis visited Bogosloff for the first time. He walked all over the mountain whose entire sides were rent with huge fissures out of which came hot, stifling smoke, odorous with sulphur. So much smoke came out of the fissures that it was simply impossible to go close to them much less look down into them. There was no crater or fissures directly at the summit, as was found by examination. Again, last summer, the Lieutenant went to Alaska, this time in the revenue cutter Rush.

When the cutter made land at Oonalaska the natives told the officers of the steamer that a few months before there were eruptions among the volcanoes and that Bogosloff was especialy angry; that the island gave out great showers of hot ashes and steam and black smoke. The Rush made the run of sixty miles to the island, and long before she hove to those on board could see that the whole top of the volcano had fallen in, forming an immense crater, from out of which the smoke not only rolled, but puffed like the exhaust of an enormous engine. Those who went on shore did not dare go near the summit because of the intense heat. By the top falling in the height of the mountain was reduced full 150 feet, leaving only 200 feet above the sea level.

Clear days are almost unknown in this land of ice and volcanoes. When it is not raining in summer it is foggy, and when it is not snowing in winter the wind is fierce and howling. Once in a while, in the early spring, mariners are favored with a few clear days. The wind lies down, the sky is free of clouds, and the deep blue azure of space looks down upon the trembling ocean with a cold, unfeeling gaze. At this time of the year the country is covered with ice and snow, the land being distinguishable from the sea because of its whiteness. The scenery from the deck of a cutter or whaler on such a day is enchanting, and the view remains indelible upon the memory. During the latter part of April last, while the Bear was en route from the Pribylov Islands to Oonalaska, such a day as described was enjoyed. Morning broke while the Bear was forty miles from Bogosloff, and Umnak, Makushin, Progamnia, Akutan, and Shishaldin came out in bold relief to the southwest. All were in active operation, and Bogosloff, not content with merely smoking like the rest of the mounts, was puffing savagely.

Umnak, which is 8,000 feet high, lies the furthest to the westward of the group, and Pavloff, also 8,000 feet high, lies the furthest to the eastward. Between these two are ranged in order, from west to east, the other four mounts—Bogosloff, Makushin, Programnia, Akutan, and Shishaldin. The latter is a big round mount 9,000 feet high, and is by far the grandest of the group. He is always grumbling, and a steady volume of smoke continually wreathes from the summit. Programnia is 5,500 feet high, and Akutan towers up 4,000 feet. Makushin is 5,500 feet high. The grandest view of the volcanoes can be had from the Pacific Ocean side.

A Balloon Without Passengers.

To cross the Atlantic is the enterprising mission upon which a balloon will start from Germantown within the next week or two. The balloon will not carry any passengers, but it is intended to pilot the way for a monster airship that will carry at least two voyagers. The inventor of this new airship is Charles P. Fest of Germantown.

Mr. Fest has been working on the problem of aerial navigation for the past fifty years, and is now convinced that he has solved it. He is an eminently practical business man and works at his invention at odd hours. He has tried every scheme of aerial navigation that has been suggested in the past decade and a half, and has reached the conclusion that all schemes of propulsion by machinery are impraticable. The air currents, in his opinion, form the only motive power that can be relied on. The balloon which Mr. Fest has now projected is on the old principle of the hot-air ship.

The experimental machine that will be started across the Atlantic is completed, and is an exact model of the larger one that is expected to later carry over the inventor. The hot gas that will inflate the bag will be generated from gasoline, which is chosen on account of its enormous volatile proportions and great lifting power.

In the completed machine the gasoline will be carried in a rectangular tin can holding exactly ten gallons. A small tube runs from the can to an upright brass pipe about three inches in diameter and about six feet long. This pipe is lined within and without with asbestos. It passes up into the gas bag, while the tin receptacle remains below. The gasoline is ignited at the tube that passes into the pipe near the bottom, and the flame shoots up the pipe to the top where it is arrested by a cap.

The bag is made of a preparation of paper and is rigged so that it cannot sway and come in contact with the flame. This name will be constant, and experience shows that the ten gallons will last just forty hours, or ten hours longer, according to Mr. Fest's calculations, than will be necessary to carry the air ship across the Atlantic. Mr. Fest believes that the balloon will make the passage in thirty hours.

That your dress waists hold their shape better if folded away in a drawer, and are delicious to wear if they are wrapped in perfumed covers.

The Doctor's Ghost Story.

About the most exciting story I ever heard from the Doctor's lips he told several of the boys one night when we were spending the evening over at his hospital home, and the earnest and impressive way in which he related it made us involuntarily glance round into the dark corners of the room, and marred, to a certain extent, the pleasure of our ride home.

When he was a young man, the Doctor said, he took charge of one of his father's plantations in California. There was no other white man on the place, and the negro quarter was about half a mile away from the old two-story dwelling in which the overseer had been accustomed to stay. The house was in a lonely place, and many were the stories told by those who had successfully attempted to live in it of the strange, mysterious, unseen beings who would come and hold high carnival there in the deep, still hours of the night. In other words, the house was said to be haunted.

There was an ancient and gloomy air about the place, such as usually gives rise to rumors of supernatural visitants, and to this the Doctor said, together with its loneliness and the excited imaginations, perhaps, of those who stayed there, he attributed all the uncanny things he had heard.

Anyhow he had never known yet what it was to be afraid, and as he had come there for the purpose of making a crop he intended, no matter who else might dwell there in the midnight hours to live in the house that year.

The day he moved in the former overseer and his family were taking away the last of their household goods. The Doctor began to locate himself in a large room that opened on the piazza down stairs. But the overseer told him it was no use to do that, as he would be compelled to move. "For," said he, "they won't let you have any peace down here."

The Doctor laughed and told him he didn't care a snap about "they," and as that room was the most convenient for his business he was going to occupy it. The man said he thought the same thing when he came there, but after the first night he and all his family moved up stairs and stayed there the rest of the time.

The Doctor laughed again and fixed himself all comfortably in the large room.

That night he read for an hour or two after he had finished his supper, and then went to bed with his pistol and a box of matches within easy reach of his hand. He had been asleep he knew not how long, when he was suddenly awakened by a most terrific clashing sound, as if the whole house was falling in on him. Then, right in the room where he was, the chairs were taken up and thrown furiously against the wall, the table was overturned with fearful violence and the noise was deafening and terrific. Over him and around him, everywhere in the room, up against the ceiling and then down, as if it would go through the very floor itself, was the terrible banging and crashing of furniture.

When he first awoke so suddenly he had half raised himself in bed to listen, but he now found himself crouching down to escape, if possible, the awful havoc that was going on around him. It seemed as if twenty men were in the room tearing everything to pieces. For the first time in his life the Doctor said he was scared. His hair even began to play fantastic tricks. But finally, the noise continuing with tenfold fury, he reached out easily and found the box of matches. Taking one out, he struck it, expecting to see—he knew not what.

As the light flashed up he looked, and lo! everything was in its place in the room—chairs, tables, and furniture—just as he had left it. The noise had suddenly ceased when he struck the match and it was now still; the air was so thick with silence that it was absolutely frightening.

He heard no more of it that night nor the next, but the third night he suddenly awoke as before with the furious noises in his ears. Again the chairs were seemingly thrown by giant hands against the wall and broken to pieces. Again it seemed as if the whole army of men were in the room knocking it asunder. And again he struck a match and found everything in its place and the silence of the grave.

In a week or two, the Doctor said, he became accustomed to these strange things, and they did not affect him other than to rouse him up and keep him awake until they stopped, which was generally in a few minutes. Sometimes he would not hear it for a week, and again it would come several nights in succession.

As to what it was he was unable to say. He could not account for it in any way in the world. He examined the house and premises thoroughly, but could get no clue to the mysterious visitor. Once, and once only, he heard the noise up stairs, or at least he heard it going up the steps. It sounded like some one walking heavily with chains dragging around him. Jumping from his bed, he struck a light, and thought that at least he would find out who his midnight intruder was. At the foot of the stairs there was a door, which he closed and locked, so that whatever it was it might not escape that way. Hurrying up the steps whither the noise had immediately preceded him, he searched quickly in both the rooms and found nothing.

All during the year the same thing continued. One night his cousin came over and slept with him, and was nearly frightened to death when he awoke and heard the fearful noise. Immediately they got up and together examined the whole house and place, but saw or heard nothing that would tend to explain the mystery. The doctor said from that time he could never venture in there after dark.

Quick Passage to Queenstown.

There is little doubt in the minds of men who have studied the figures on the subject attentively that the five-day boat will be plying between New York and either Queenstown or Southampton before the end of five years.

These prophets base their roseate expectation on the records of the immediate past and the present. They do not venture to say whether it will be a British ship that will accomplish the long-dreamed-of result, or a marvellous product of the startling genius that turned out the Fuerst Bismarck, the Hamburg American line's flyer. They ask what the best run of the City of Paris indicates, and then they begin their calculations, which it does not require the learning of a Chinese philosopher to understand. Over a course of 2,783 miles, the City of Paris made the trip in five days nineteen hours and eighteen minutes, or at an average speed of 20,057 knots an hour. Let us, suppose that she makes a trip in very pleasant weather when the ice is in high latitudes, and covers a course (which she has covered) of 2,757 miles. She would then do it in about two hours less. Let us say that she maintains the same rate of speed for an entire trip that she developed in her unexcelled single-day run of 515 knots. As she was then coming to the westward, this run was really made in about 24 hours and 50 minutes. This means an average hourly speed of 20.73. Capt. Watkins says he is going to make this before the end of the autumn, and if he does the City of Paris will be able to cover the short course from Queenstown in about five days and a half.

Meanwhile the Hamburg-American line thinks that the Fuerst Bismarck will not be lagging, while the Inman ship is moving up the Queenstown record a notch or two. If the new German ship shows by her runs from Southampton that she can make better time than has ever been made by a twin-screw ship, it is not at all unlikely that she will be sent around to Queenstown to make an actual record over the course. The Captains of both the English and the German ships feel pretty confident that they will be able to keep up a speed of 21 knots all the way across the ocean. This would mean that they could cover the short course in five days and a little more than eleven hours. An average hourly speed of 22.97 knots would take a steamship over this course in exactly five days, and an average daily speed of 23½ knots would enable her to make the usual course of about 2,775 knots in the same period. It is impossible for any ship now afloat to ever make such time as this. But there are two steamships projected by the Cunard line, whose tonnage and horse power are as yet a mystery, that may astonish the world as did that old-time Cunard racer, the Etruria, when she credited the six-day record six years ago.

Dr. Koch, the celebrated scientist, is said to be a large consumer of soda water.

The five colossal statues which were discovered two or three years ago, near the small town of Bamian, in Afghanistan, at the foot of the Hindoo Koosh chain of mountains, and which are cut out of the solid rock, are the largest in the world. The tallest is no less than 173 feet. When it is remembered that Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty in New York harbour is but 127 feet high, the immense proportions of these remarkable works of antiquity will be better appreciated. The general appearance of these statues indicates that they were the work of Buddhist monks, and probably date from the commencement of the Christian era. The largest of the five is supposed to be a representation of Buddha.

THE TERRIBLE INDIAN MUTINY.

A True Story.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

One fine evening in September, 1856, young Mr. Kidson entered Escobel Castle by the great front door, and was hurrying across the hall on his way to the passage leading to his own apartments, when his worthy old mother, who had seen from her parlor window her son approach the house, ran out into the hall to meet him in a state of great agitation. It was little wonder that the aspect the young man presented excited the good creature's maternal emotion. The region around his right optic was so puffed and inflamed as to give the surest promise of a black eye of the first magnitude in the course of a few hours; to say that his nose was simply "lashed" is very inadequately to describe the condition of that feature; his lower lip was split and streaming with blood, and he carried in his left hand a couple of front teeth which had been forcibly dislodged from their normal position in his upper jaw. He was bare-headed, and he carried on his clothes enough red clay to constitute him an eligible investment on the part of an enterprising brickmaker. "Guid be here, my ain laddie!" wailed the poor mother in her unmitigated Glasgow Doric, "what's come tae you? Wha has massacred my son this fearsome bloodthirsy gait?" "Oh, hang it!" was the genial youth's sole acknowledgment of the maternal grief and sympathy, as, dodging her outstretched arms he slunk to his rooms and rang vehemently for hot water and a raw beefsteak.

Young Mr. Kidson's parents were brand new rich Glasgow folks, who in their old age of vast wealth had recently bought the Highland estate of Escobel, in the hope to gratify Mr. Kidson, senior's, ambition to gain social recognition as a country gentleman and to become the founder of a family, an aspiration in which he received but feeble assistance from his simple old wife, who had a tender corner in her memory for the Guse Dubs in which she was born. Their only son the hero of the puffed eye and the "lashed" nose, had been ignominiously sent down from Oxford while yet a freshman. At present he was supposed to be doing a little desultory reading in view of entering the army; in reality he was spending most of his time in boozing with grooms and gamekeepers in a low shebeen. A downright bad lot, this young Mr. Kidson, of whom, in the nature of things, nothing but evil could come.

While he was skulking into the privacy of his "den," an extremely pretty girl was sobbing convulsively on the breast of a stalwart, fair haired young fellow, whose eyes were flashing wrath, whose face still had an angry flush, and the knuckles of whose right hand were cut open, the blood trickling unheeded down the wrapping girl's white dress. She, Mary Fraser, was the daughter of the clergyman of the parish; the young man, by name Sholto Mackenzie, was the orphan nephew of the old laird of Knospiel, a small hill property on the mountain slope. The two were sweethearts, and small chance was there of their ever being anything more. For Kinspiel was strictly entailed and the old laird, who was so ill that he might die any day, had a son who had sons of his own, and was in no position, if he had the will, to help on his dead sister's man child. Mary Fraser and Sholto Mackenzie had trysted to meet this evening in the accustomed pine glade on the edge of the heather. The girl was there before the time. Young Mr. Kidson, listlessly smoking as he lounged on a turf bank, caught a glimpse of her dress through the trees, and promptly bore down on her. There was a slight acquaintance, and she returned his greeting, supposing that he would pass on. But he did not—on the contrary, he waxed fluent in coarse flatteries, and suddenly grasping the girl in his arms was making strenuous efforts to snatch kisses from her, undeterred by her struggles and shrieks. At this crisis Sholto Mackenzie, hearing the cries, came running up at the top of his speed. Young Mr. Kidson, fancying himself a bit as a man who could use his fists, had not the poor grace to run away. While the girl leant half fainting against a tree there was a brief pugilistic encounter between the young men, as the issue of which Mr. Kidson was disabused of a misconception, and presented the show which a few minutes later brought tribulation to his mother. As he carried himself and his damages off he muttered through his pulped lips with a fierce oath that the day would come when his antagonist should rue the evening's work. Whereat the antagonist laughed contemptuously, and addressed himself to the pleasant task of calming and consoling his agitated sweetheart.

Before the grouse season closed the old laird of Kinspiel was a dead man, and there was no longer a home for Sholto Mackenzie in the quaint, old, crow-stepped house in the upland glen among the bracken. What career was open to the penniless young fellow? He had no interest for a cadetship, and that Indian service in which so many men of his race have earned name and fame was not for him. In those days there was no Manitoba, no ranching in Texas or Wyoming; the Cape gave no opportunities, the Argentine was not yet a resort for English youth of enterprise, and he had not money enough to take him to the Australian gold diggings or to the sheep runs of New Zealand. He saw no resource but to offer himself to the Queen's service in the capacity of a private soldier, in the hope that education, good conduct, and fervent zeal would bring him promotion and perhaps distinction. By the advice of a local pensioner he journeyed to London and betook himself to the metropolitan recruiting centre in Clarles street, Westminster. No Sergeants Kite now patrol that thoroughfare in quest of lawful prey; nay, the little street with its twin public house headquarters, is itself a thing of the past. About the centre of the long wooden shanty recently built for the purposes of the census stood the old "Hampshire Hog," with its villainous rendezvous in the rear; nearer the park on the opposite side, just where is now the door of the Indian Office, the "Chesshire Cheese" reared its frowsy front. In the days I am writing of recruits accepted or had foisted on them the "Queen's Shilling," received a bounty, gave themselves for twenty-four years' service, and were escorted by a staff Sergeant to their respective regiments. Now there is neither Queen's shilling nor bounty, and the recruit, furnished with a travelling warrant, is his own escort to Ballincollig or Fort George. What scenes had dingy Charles street witnessed in its day! How much sin and sorrow; too late remorse, too late forgiveness! In many a British household has Charles street been cursed with bitter curses; yet has it not been, in a sense, the cradle of heroes? It sent to battle the men whose blood dyed the sward of the Balaclava valley; it fed the trenches of Sebastopol; it was the sieve through whose meshes passed the stanch warriors who stormed Delhi and who defended Lucknow, who bled and conquered at Sobraon and Gujerat.

Sholto Mackenzie had eaten Queen Victoria's rations for some six months, had been dismissed recruits' drill and become a duty soldier, when the order issued that the depot of the Scarlet Hussars, the regiment into which he had enlisted, was to despatch a draft to the regiment at Bangalore, and in this draft he was included. Those were the days before big Indian troop ships and the Suez Canal: reenforcements for India went out in small chartered vessels round the Cape. Sholto's draft was accompanied by two married women of the regiment whose husbands were already in India. Nowadays the soldier's wife adorns her room in the married quarters with cheap Liberty hangings and walks out in French boot and kid gloves. Mrs. Macgregor and Mrs. Malony lived each her married life and reared her family in a bunk in the corner of the troop room of which she had the "looking after." Such a life seems one of sheer abomination and barbarism, does it not? Yet the arrangement had the surprising effect, in most instances, of bringing about a certain decency, self-restraint, and genuinely human feeling alike in the men and the married women of the room. Neither Mrs. Macgregor nor Mrs. Malony had ever been abroad before; and both evinced a strong propensity to take with them copious mementoes of their native land. Mrs. Macgregor, honest woman, had manifested that concentrativeness which is a feature in the character of the nation to which, as her name indicated, she belonged. She had packed into a great piece of canvas sheeting a certain feather bed, which, as an heirloom from her remote ancestors, she was fond of boasting of when the other matrons were fain to sew together a couple of regimental palliasse covers, and stuff the same with straw. In the capacious bosom of this family relic she had stowed a variety of minor articles, among which were a washhand jug of some primeval earthenware, a hoary whiskey decanter, which, trust Mrs. Macgregor, was quite empty, a cradle, sundry volumes of Gaelic literature, and a small assortment of cooking utensils. Over those collected properties stood grimly watchful the tall, gaunt woman with the gray eye, the Roman nose, and the cautious taciturnity. Of another stamp was Mrs. Malony, a little, slatternly, pock-marked Irish woman. Her normal condition was that of a nursing mother—nobody could remember the time when Biddy Malony had not a brat hanging at that bosom of hers which she was wont partially to conceal by an old red woollen kerchief. Biddy was a merry soul, spite of many a trial and many a cross—always ready with a flash of Irish humor, just as ready as she always was for a glass of gin. She had not attempted the methodical packing of her goods and chattels, but had bundled them together anyhow in a chaotic state. Her great difficulty was her inability to perform the difficult operation of carrying her belongings "in her head," and after she had pitchforked into the baggage van a quantity of incongruous debris, she was still in a bewildered way questing after a wicker birdcage and "a few other little throifles."

Embarking in the last boat load and reaching the main deck of the Lady Olivia, Sholto found the two ladies already there—Mrs. Macgregor grimly defiant, not to say fierce, in consequence of a request just made to her by a sailor for a glass of grog—Mrs. Maloney in a semi-hysterical state, having lost a shoe, a washtub, and, she much feared, one of the young Malonys. Matters were improved, however, when Sholto found the young bog-trotter snugly squatted in the cows' manger. The shoe was gone hopelessly, having fallen into the water when its wearer was mounting the gangway; and Mrs. Malony happily remembered that she had made a present of the missing washtub to a "green-grosher's lady" in the depot town.

Sholto had been made lance corporal soon after the troop ship sailed, and served in that rank during the long voyage with so much credit that when the drafts reached Bangalore the Colonel of the Scarlet Hussars gave him the second stripe, so that he was full corporal in less than a year after he had enlisted. During a turn of guard duty about three months after he joined at Bangalore, he happened to hear it mentioned in the guard room that a new officer, a cornet, had arrived that day, and had been posted to the vacancy in the troop to which Sholto belonged. The newcomer's name was not stated, and beyond a cursory hope that he would turn out a good and smart officer, Corporal Mackenzie gave no further heed to the matter. Late the same night he was relieving the sentry on the mess-house post when the merry party of officers broke up. Laughing and chatting they came out under the veranda, a little more noisy than usual, no doubt because of the customary "footing" in champagne paid by the new arrival. As they passed Sholto a voice caught his ear, an unfamiliar voice, yet that stirred in him an angry memory; and as the officers lounged past him in the moonlight he gazed into the group with earnest inquisitiveness. Arm and arm between two subalterns, his face inflamed with drink, his mouth full of slang, rolled the man he had thrashed among the Scottish pines. As he grinned his horse-laugh, Sholto discerned the vacuum in his upper teeth which his fist had made that evening; and now this man was his officer. The eyes of the two met, and Kidson gave a sudden start and seemed about to speak, but, controlling the impulse, he smiled a silent smile the triumphant insolence of which stung Sholto bitterly. Verily his enemy was his master; and Sholto read the man's nature too truly to be sure that he would forego no jot of the sweet revenge of humiliation.

Very soon the orderly sergeant of the troop fell unwell, and Sholto had to take up his duty, one detail of which was to carry the order book round to the bungalows of the troop officers for their information. This duty entailed on Sholto the disagreeable necessity of a daily interview with Mr. Kidson. That officer took the opportunity of throwing every imaginable slight on the corporal, but was careful not to give warrant for any specific complaint. But it was very bitter to be kept standing at attention for some ten minutes at a time, orderly book in hand, until Mr. Kidson thought fit to lay aside his book, or to desist from pulling his terrier's ears. Often the cornet was in his bedroom; and while waiting for his appearance Sholto noticed how ostentatiously careless his officer was as to his valuables—a handful of money, or a gold watch and chain left lying on the table amid spurs and gloves and soda water bottles.

The morning after an exceptionally long wait for Mr. Kidson's emergence from his bedroom Sholto was returning from the horse lines when the regimental Sergeant-Major met him and ordered him to his room under arrest. In utter bewilderment he begged for some explanation, but without success. When hereached his cot he casually noticed that his box was open and the lock damaged, but he was too disturbed to give heed to this circumstance. Presently a Sergeant came and escorted him to the orderly room. Here he found the Colonel sitting in the Windsor armchair with the discipline book open before him, the Adjutant standing behind him, and on the flank Mr. Kidson and the Sergeant-Major of his own troop. The Colonel, if a stern, was a just man; and in a grave tone he expressed his concern that so heinous a charge should come against a young soldier of character so creditable. Sholto replied that he had not the remotest idea what the nature of the charge was. The old chief shot a keen glance at him as he spoke:

"Corporal Mackenzie, you are accused of stealing a gold watch and chain, the property of Mr. Kidson. What have you to say to this charge?"

The lad's head swam, and for a moment he thought he was going to faint. Then the blood came back to his heart and flushed up into his face as he looked the Colonel straight between the eyes, and answered:

"It is a wicked falsehood, sir!"

"Then of course you deny it?"

"I do, sir, if it were the last word I had to say on earth!"

"Mr. Kidson," said the old soldier in a dry business tone, "will you state what you know about this matter?"

Thus adjured, Kidson briefly and with a certain nervous gibness, stated that, after Corporal Mackenzie had left his quarters on the previous afternoon, he had missed his watch and chain. That morning he had renewed the search unsuccessfully. He had previous suspicions of Corporal Mackenize having from time to time stolen money from off his table. He had reported the matter to his troop Sergeant-Major, who had at once searched Corporal Mackenzie's kit, with what result the Sergeant-Major would himself state.

The Sergeant-Major for his part had only to testify that, having been spoken to by Mr. Kidson on the subject of his loss, he had taken another Sergeant-Major with him and searched Corporal Mackenzie's box, where he had found the missing watch and chain, which he had at once handed to the Adjutant, who now held it.

The evidence was strong enough to hang a man.

"Corporal Mackenzie," said the Colonel with some concern, "the case seems very clear. What you have to say, if anything, you must say elsewhere. It is my duty to send you back for a district court martial."

Sholto lay in a room adjacent to the quarter guard for a few days, when he was brought before the court martial, which heard the evidence against the prisoner, to whom then was given the opportunity to cross-examine the witnesses. But the President would not allow interrogations tending to establish animus on Mr. Kidson's part against the prisoner, and finally poor Sholto lost his temper and exclaimed with passion:

"Your permission to cross-examine is nothing better than a farce?"

"Perhaps," retorted the President with a grim smile, "perhaps you may not think the punishment which will probably befall you a farce!"

Sholto's defence was in a sentence, the assertion of his complete innocence. He had known Mr. Kidson in other days, he said, when as yet both were civilians, and they had parted in hot blood.

A member of the court demanded that Mr. Kidson should have the opportunity of contradicting this assertion, if in his power to do so; whereupon that officer emphatically swore that to his knowledge he had never seen Corporal Mackenzie in his life before he joined the Scarlet Hussars there in Bangalore. So Sholto was put back to wait for many days while the finding of the court-martial was being submitted to the Commander-in-Chief.

One evening Mick Sullivan, his comrade, brought him his tea as usual—the good fellow never would let the mat-boy carry his chum his meals. He stood looking at Sholto for a while with a strange concern in his honest face, and then he broke silence.

"Sholto, me lad, it's me heart is sore for you this day. Yer coort-martial will be read out to-morrow morning! Aye, and—and"—his voice sank into a whisper—"the farrier-major has got the ordhers to rig the thriangles. It's to be flogged ye are, my poor fellow!"

Sholto sent his chum away abruptly; he could not talk—could hardly think; all he could do was to wish himself dead and spared this unutterable shame. Death came not, but instead the morning. And with the morning came Mick and a copious dose of brandy, which he entreated his comrade to drink, for it would "stun the pain." "Every fellow," he argued, "primed himself so before a flogging, and why shouldn't he?"

But Sholto refused to fortify himself with Dutch courage; and then poor Mick produced his last evidence of affection in the

shape of a leaden bullet which he had beaten flat, and which held tight between the teeth, he knew from personal experience, was a great help in enabling a fellow to resist "hollerin' out."

Presently the escort fell in and marched the prisoner to the riding school. Sholto found there two troops of the regiment drawn up, in front of them a knot of officers among whom he noticed Mr. Kidson, and in front of them again the Colonel, with the court-martial documents in his hand. The lad's eye took in the doctor, the farriers—each with his cat—and the triangle rigged against the wall under the gallery. The sergeant of the escort ordered him to take two paces to the front, take off his cap, and stand at attention. And so he stood, outwardly calm, waiting for his sentence.

"Proceedings of a district court-martial," the Colonel began, reading in a loud voice from the scroll in his hand. To Sholto the document seemed interminable. At last the end came: "The Court, having considered the evidence brought before it, finds the prisoner, No. 420, Corporal Sholto Mackenzie, F troop, Scarlet Hussars, guilty of the said charge of theft, and does hereby sentence the said prisoner to be reduced to the rank and pay of a private hussar"—here the Colonel paused for a moment and then added: "and further, to undergo the punishment of fifty lashes."

The regimental Sergeant-Major strode up to Sholto, with a penknife ripped the gold lace corporal strips from the arm of his jacket and threw him down on the tan. Then the Colonel's stern cold voice uttered the word "strip." There was a little momentary bustle and then Sholto was half hanging, half standing, lashed by the wrists and ankles to the triangles, while the farrier-major stood measuring his distance, fingering the whipcords of his "cat," and waiting for the word "Begin!"

Suddenly a wild shriek pealed through the great building from the gallery above the head of the man fastened up there to be flogged.

"Arrah musha, Colouel, dear!" followed in shrill accents, "for the love of the Holy Jesus and the blessed Vargin, hould your hand, and spare an innocent man! I tell ye he's as innocent as the babe unborn, an' it's meself, Bridget Malony, an honest married woman on the strength, that can prove that same! Ochone, Colonel, dear, listen to me, won't yez?"

All eyes were concentrated on the little gallery. It was a sort of gazebo, built out from the wall at the height of about ten feet, and the only access to it was from outside. Bending eagerly over the rail, attired in nothing but a petticoat and a chemise, her hair streaming wildly over her shoulders, and with a round bare place like a tonsure on the crown of her head, which gave her an extraordinary appearance, was Mrs. Malony. She had been struck down by a sunstroke the day Sholto was put under arrest, and had been in hospital ever since.

The general opinion was that the good woman was crazy; but Mrs. Malony knew her own mind—she had something to say, and she determined to say it. She had just finished her wild appeal to the Colonel when she cast a hurried glance over her shoulder, and then, indifferently clad as she was, nimbly climbed over the rail and dropped upon the tan. At that moment a couple of nurses rushed into the balcony, but they were too late. Mrs. Malony had got the "flure;" straight up to the Colonel she ran on her bare feet, and broke out again into vehement speech.

"I swear to yer honner the corporal is innocent as my little Terence, what should be at his mother's breasht this moment. He is, so help me God! There is the rapscallion uv a conspirator," she yelled, pointing a long, bare, skinny arm at Mr. Kidson; "there is his white-livered tool!" and up went the other arm like a danger signal pointing to the Sergeant Major. "Hear me sphake, sor," cried the woman, "and sure am I ye'll belave me!"

"Nonsense," said the chief, "you are mad or drunk, woman! Here, take her away!" and he beckoned to the nurses.

But the major, a Scotsman, intervened.

"At least hear her story," he argued; "there must be some reason in all this fervor of hers. I know the woman; she is no liar."

"Well, what have you to say, Mrs. Malony?" said the Colonel.

"One moment, sir!" interposed the Major, and there passed a few words in an undertone between him and the Colonel—then the latter spoke aloud.

"Mr. James," said he to the adjutant, "take Mr. Kidson outside and remain there with him, and you, Sergeant-Major Norris, take charge of Sergeant-Major Hope. Mr. James, you will see that the two are kept apart."

And then Mrs. Maloney gained her point and was allowed to tell her story. She had been "doing for" Mr. Kidson, she said, ever since he joined. The day before Sholto was put under arrest, when she was in the lumber room of Mr. Kidson's bungalow, she overheard the plot concocted between him and the Sergeant-Major. Early next morning when the regiment was out at "watering order," she had watched Sergeant-Major Hope go to Corporal Mackenzie's cot, pick the lock of his trunk, take out his holdall, and therein place Mr. Kidson's watch and chain. An hour later, when she was on her way to the bungalow of the "Praste" to ask "his riverence's" advice as to what she should do she received a sunstroke and was insensible for several days. When she recovered consciousness she had forgotten everything that happened for a day or more before her accident until that morning, when she happened to hear the attendants gossiping among themselves that Corporal Mackenzie was to be flogged that day for stealing Mr. Kidson's watch and chain. Then everything flashed vividly back into her memory, and she had made her escape from the hospital and reached the scene just in time.

Mrs. Malony spoke with amazing volubility and the telling of her story did not occupy more time than a few minutes. When she was done, and stood silent, panting and weeping, the Colonel turned to the sergeant of the guard and ordered the prisoner to be unfastened and marched back to the guard-room. While Mrs. Malony had been speaking nobody had noticed Sholto, and when they went to cut him loose they found that he had fainted. The parade was dismissed, and the Colonel, the Major and the Adjutant adjourned to the orderly room. Mr. Kidson was ordered to be brought in. He met Mrs. Malony's accusation with a flat and contemptuous denial, desiring with some insolence in his tone to know whether the Colonel could think it proper to take the word of a crazy Irish barrack room slut before that of an officer and a gentleman? "That depends on circumstances, and whether I happen to accept your identifications," was the Colonel's dry comment, as he formally put Mr. Kidson under arrest, and having ordered him to his quarter, called for the Sergeant-Major to be brought in. This man was a poor faint-hearted rascal. He was ghastly pale, and his knees trembled as he flinched under the Colonel's searching eye. On cross-examination he broke down altogether, and at length, with many protestations of remorse, confessed the whole truth, and that Mr. Kidson had bribed him to cooperate in the scheme to ruin Corporal Mackenzie. This wretched accomplice was in his turn sent away into close arrest, and Mr. Kidson was resummoned into the orderly room and informed that his Sergeant-Mayor had confessed.

The two field officers were fain to avert from the regiment the horrible scandal, even at the cost of some frustration of justice. The option was given to Kidson of standing a court-martial, or of sending in the resignation of his commission within an hour and of quitting the station before the day was out. Then and there the shameless blackguard wrote out the document, made an insolent sweeping salaam all round, mounted his tat, and rode off to his bungalow. As he was crossing the parade ground he encountered Sholto Mackenzie, who had just been released by the Colonel's orders, leaving the guardroom a free man and surrounded by a knot of troopmates, conspicuous among whom was Mick Sullivan, half mad with delight. As Kidson passed the group with a baleful scowl the trammels of discipline snapped for once, and a burst of groans and hooting made him quicken his pace lest worse things should befall. In two hours more the disgraced man was clear of the cantonment.

Some of my reader may remember that not very long ago the present writer told how in the early days of the great mutiny Mick Sullivan and his comrade were transmogrified from cavalrymen into members of that gallant regiment the Ross-shire Buffs—the old Seventy-eighth Highlanders; and did good service in the "little fighting column" at the head of which Havelock fought his way up country from Allahabad to Cawnpore. It was on the afternoon of Havelock's first fight, the sharp action of Futtehpore, that Sholto Mackenzie and Mick Sullivan were lying down in the shade of a tree waiting for the baggage to come up. Futtehpore town had seen some hand to-hand fighting in the streets—for the mutinied Sepoys dodged about among the houses and had to be driven out. There was a delay in following up the fugitives; for a wagon load of rupees had been upset in the principal street and the temptation of the silver caused the soldiers to dally, and others straggled in search of food and drink. Meanwhile the mutineer cavalry rallied beyond the town. Palliser's Irregulars were sent forward to disperse the formation, followed by such men of our infantry as could hastily be mustered. Among those who went forward was Sholto Mackenzie. Palliser's native troopers were half-hearted and hung back when their chief charged the Sepoy horse, with the result that Palliser was dashed from his horse, and would have been cut to pieces but for the devotion of his ressaldar, who lost his own life in saving that of his leader.

"Did you notice," said Sholto to his comrade as they rested, "the squadron leader of the Pandy Cavalry that handled Palliser's fellows so roughly out yonder?"

"Bedad, an' I did not!" replied Sullivan. "Every divil av them was uglier than the other, an' it's their own mothers should be ashamed to own the biling av thim!"

"Look here, Mick," said Sholto, "I'll take my oath I saw that dog Kidson, to-day, in command of the Pandy squadron!"

"Kidson!" ejaculated Sullivan, in the wildest astonishment, "It's dhramin' ye are! Sure, Kidson must be either prowlin' somewhere in Madras, or else on his road home to England!"

"I tell you I am as sure I saw him to-day as I am that I see you now. It was he who dismounted Palliser and cut down the ressalder. I am convinced that it was he and none other!"

Just then Barrow came galloping up at the head of his handful of horsemen, and besought the chief to let him go at the mutineer sowars. But Havelock shook his head, for Barrow's strength all told was but eighteen sabres. But a little later Beatson, the Adjutant-General, who, stricken with cholera and unable to sit his horse, had come up to the front on a gun carriage, saw an opportunity after the General had ridden away, and took it on himself to give Barrow leave to attack. The flank of the grenadier company of the Highlanders, where Sholto stood, was close to Beatson's gun carriage, in rear of which his horse was led, and a sudden thought struck the young fellow. Stepping with carried rifle, he told Capt. Beatson that he was a cavalry soldier, and noticing the led horse, volunteered eagerly to join the charge for which the volunteer cavalry were preparing.

"Up with you, my man!" said poor dying Beatson. "Here, you shall have my sword, and I don't want it back clean, remember!"

Sholto was in the saddle with a spring, and made the nineteenth man under Barrow's command; a mixed lot, but full of pluck to a man. As he formed up on the flank there reached his ears honest Mick's cheery advice:

"Now, Sholto, my dear lad keep yer sword-hand up and yer bridle hand down, an' remember ye represint the honor an' glory of the ould Scarlet Hussars!"

Barrow threw away his cigar, gathered up his reins, and with a shout of charge!" that might have given the word of command to a brigade, rammed his spurs into his horse's flank and went off at score, his little band close on his heels. Hard on the Captain's flank galloped Sholto Mackenzie, a red spot on each cheek, the the teeth hard set, his blazing eyes never swerving from the face of one man of that seething mass on which they were riding. "Give 'em the point lads!" roared Barrow, as he skewered a havildar and drove right in among them. The whitefaced man with the black moustache who was Sholto's mark, rather shirked out of the melee when he saw it was to be close quarter; but Mackenzie, looking neither to the right nor to the left, with his bridle hand well down, and Beatson's sword in full play, cut his way at length within weapon's length of the other.

"Now, liar and perjurer!" he hissed from between his teeth. "If you are not coward as well, stand up to me and let us fight it out!"

Kidson's answer was a lurid scowl and a pistol bullet, which just grazed Sholto's temple. Lifting his horse with his bridle hand, and striking its flanks with his spurless heels, the latter sent his sword point straight at Kidson's throat. The thrust would have gone through and out at the further side, but that the sword point struck some concealed protection and was shivered up to the hilt. The renegrade Briton smiled a baleful smile as he brought his weapon from guard to point, as if the other was at his mercy. But this was not so; with a shout Sholto tightened the curb-rein till his horse reared straight on end, striking it as it reared with the shattered sword hilt. The maddened animal plunged forward, receiving in his chest the point of Kidson's sword; and Sholto on the instant bending forward fastened a deadly grip on the other's throat. The impetus hurled both of them to the ground and now, down among the horses feet, the close locked strife swaying and churning above them, their struggle unto the death was wrought out. Kidson struggled like a madman, he bit, he kicked, he fought with an almost superhuman fury; but the staunch grip of the avenger never slackened on his throat. Sholto held on with his right hand, groping about with his left for some weapon wherewith to end the contest. At length his hand closed on the half of a dropped sword, and a moment later it was all over with the man whom the survivors of Havelock's Ironsides speak of with scorn and disgust to this day by the name of "Nana Sahib's Englishman."

Marvellous Invention.

The "Kinetograph" is the name that Edison has given to his latest invention, an instrument combining electricity and photography and intended to reproduce motion and sound. If his other works were ingenious even to wonderful, and earned for him the epithet wizard, this is doubly so. Hear what Edison himself has to say of it:

"If it is desired to reproduce an opera or a play I will get the company to give a dress rehearsal for me. I place back of the orchestra on a table a compound machine consisting of a phonograph and a kinetograph, with a capacity of 30 minutes' continuous work. The orchestra plays, the curtain rises, and the opera begins. Both machines work simultaneously, one recording sound and the other taking photographs, recording motion at the rate of 46 photographs per second. Afterward the photographic strip is developed and replaced in the machine, a projecting lens is substituted for the photographic lens, and the reproducing part of the phonograph is adjusted. Then, by means of a calcium light, the effect is reproduced life-size on a white curtain, reproducing to the audience the original scene with all its sounds and all the motions of the actors exactly as in the original scene."

Who can estimate the possibilities of this little instrument, or who can predict what effect it will have upon the attendance at all places where men and women congregate to see and hear? By means of the Kinetograph plays and operas may be reproduced in private parlors, sermons repeated, funny speeches and antics of children brought back, and—well who can say what it may or may not effect? Perhaps it will be well for the public not to place its expectations too high, notwithstanding the confident assurances of the inventor.

An Aerial Top.

Zip! up, up, she goes! "There! she's out of sight!" An instant of silence. "There she comes! down, down, down, there she is across the street." In the lively scramble a lucky youngster grabs it, and hastening to the vender, says, "Here she is, mister." "All right," says the vender. "I give you a penny every time you catch the aerial top."

This is a New York street scene: "Here is your aerial top a regular sky skimmer. You can see it go out of sight. Only ten cents." Meanwhile, in the intervals of the jangle, the vender with his bird warbler imitated the canary, mocking bird, various animals, the Punch and Judy. A new comer says, "I'd like to see it go up," and up she goes, down she comes, and another gamin gets his penny for securing the sky skimmer, while an occasional passer-by invests a dime in the interesting toy.

The object of so much interest was a simple three-armed wheel punched out of tin, with its arms widened at their outer ends and all inclined in the same direction, a little spool with prongs at one end which enter corresponding holes in the central portion of the wheel, a wire supporting the whole, and a string wound around the spool for giving the flier its impulse. The string is quickly pulled, and the rapid rotation of this aerial screw propeller causes it to leave its prime mover and fly skyward out of sight.

About the end of March last a pair of storks took up their abode on the roof of a schoolhouse in the village of Pappenhofen. One of the birds appeared to be exhausted by its long journey and the bad weather it had gone through. On the morning after its arrival the bird was found by the schoolmaster lying on the schoolhouse door. The man, who, like all Germans, considered it a piece of good luck to have the storks' nest on his house, picked up the bird and took it indoors. He nursed it carefully, and when it was convalescent used every morning to carry it to the fields a short distance from the house, where its mate appeared regularly at the same hour to supply it with food. The stork is now cured, but is still faithful to its preserver. Every evening it flies down from the roof, and gravely walks by the side of its friend from the schoolhouse to the meadows, accompanied by a wondering crowd of village children.

Lieutenant Peary's Wife.

Columns has been written on the North Greenland expedition which goes out under the auspices of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, and is commanded by Civil Engineer R. E. Peary. Mr. Peary's plan is an entirely new one, which he fixed upon after his reconnoissance of the Greenland ice in 1886. He means to reach the northern terminus of Greenland by way of the inland ice instead of following the coast line, which has been the way of all other expeditions thus far. His experience taught him that the interior ice plateau is a smooth surface over which he can advance as fast as he can travel on snow shoes. Whale Sound, the center of an Arctic region noted for its abundance of animal life, has been selected by him as his headquarters on account of its accessibility and the facilities it offers for an exploring party to be self-supporting.

The Dundee steam whalers pass within a short distance of it every year on their whaling voyage to Lancaster Sound, and no steam vessel has ever failed in its effort to reach that locality. Hans Hendrick, the Esquimau who accompanied Drs. Kane and Hayes, and who is now living in Godthaven, Greenland, has told Mr. Peary that the waters of Whale Sound are the great seal hunting grounds of the Arctic Highlanders who inhabit that region.

Though the expedition will be absent about sixteen months the time covered by the sledge journey for attaining the main object of the expedition, the northern terminus of Greenland, will probably not exceed three months of next spring and early summer; the remainder of the time will be spent in the vicinity of Whale Sound collecting scientific material.

If it were possible to reach Whale Sound so that the journey over the inland ice could be commenced early in May the expedition would not have to be absent more than one season. Some of the details of the expedition by a woman who will accompany it may be of interest.

WOMEN AS EXPLORERS.

A woman as a member of an Arctic expedition seems at first blush something of an anomaly, and yet well informed persons will perceive that it may not seem preposterous under favoring conditions. Women have in more than one instance shown themselves possessed of qualities which carried them successfully through privations and hardships in the exploration of regions more infested with dangers and annoyances than the Arctics. Lady Baker and Mrs. Holub are but two among several women who have passed, not months, but years in the unknown interior of Africa.

In the Arctic regions, in more than one instance, the wife of an English whaling captain has wintered in her husband's vessel in Arctic waters. On the west coast of Greenland, from Cape Farewell to Upernavik, are stationed Danish officers with their wives and families, living year after year in comfort and contentment, their chief hardship being their isolation. They have their schools and churches, and young lady governesses go out from Denmark to educate and bring up the children of the superior officers.

After careful consideration it was decided that the writer should accompany the North Greenland expedition of 1891-92. Most of our lady readers will probably exclaim in one breath, as have most of my girl friends, "What on earth can induce you to sacrifice yourself in this way, and what are you going to wear?"

My answers to the first have been:—It is no sacrifice. A natural inclination to outdoor life and the gratification of woman's natural prerogative, curiosity, an interest in the work not difficult to understand, and deepened by the work of devising and supervising the making of many special articles of apparel, and the pleasure of knowing that I am helping my husband in the work to which he devotes himself.

Then, too, why should I not go? I am strong and healthy, considered a good walker, and enjoy "roughing it." There are no real dangers, only discomforts. In the tropics there are fevers, wild animals, venomous reptiles and poisonous insects, while in the Arctic regions we have none of these: cold is the only discomfort which we shall have to endure.

Here my friends may exclaim, "Don't you call starving real danger? What more real do you want?"

Yes, but there isn't the slightest danger of our doing either. As for "starving," if you could see the boxes and boxes and barrels and barrels of provisions that are being stowed aboard the Kite for us, you might think we were going to Greenland for a three years' feast.

NO END OF DELICACIES.

Besides the regular provisions, including evaporated vegetables of all kinds, condensed soups and evaporated fruits, there are boxes of extra nice canned fruits for birthdays, Christmas and other holidays. We have some cans of plum pudding for Christmas and Thanksgiving and many other nice things, even candy and nuts.

Since Mr. Peary's trip to Greenland in 1886 he has made a very careful study of the provisions and equipment necessary to keep an exploring party comfortable. During his sojourn in that country he said there were just two things he wanted and did not have—one was a corkscrew, the other a spade. They head the list this time.

The question of clothing for the entire party, particularly for those making the long sledge journey next spring, has been one of much consultation of Arctic books, of ransacking stores for materials, of constructing patterns and making experimental suits in woollen goods. The evolution of a suit which, it is believed, after some possible modifications suggested by the short sledge journeys which the members of the party will undertake this season, will combine the elements of strength, warmth and lightness.

My own costumes are not direct from Worth, and yet I think they will create more excitement among the ladies of Whale Sound than the handsomest Parisian costume ever did among our ladies.

The summer tramping or skier running suit consists of a heavy woollen, double-breasted combination suit, long sleeves and high neck. Over this is worn its duplicate, made of red blanketing. Then over this a timuk or loose coat, made of red blanketing, reaching just below the knee and forming a short skirt. This has no opening except at the neck, and is put on in the same way that the boys put on their sweaters. A hood is sewed to the neck, which fits closely about the face, leaving only the eyes, nose and lips to be seen. This hood is edged with fur, as are the sleeves, making airtight joints.

WHAT HER OCCUPATIONS WILL BE.

Well, what are you going to do with yourself in that horribly lonesome place? is another question I am being continually asked. During the summer, you know, it will be light all the time, the sun never going below the horizon. I shall spend my time out of doors as much as possible. I shall botanize, sketch, take photographs of all the curious and pretty scenes and expect to do considerable gunning. There are quantities of loons, eider-ducks, ptarmigan and various kinds of sea birds. Then, too, there will be a daily romp with my two jet black Newfoundland dogs, which were brought direct from St. Johns, N. F., for me by Captain Pike, and I will practise snowshoeing and skier running.

During the three months when we will have continuous night I shall keep myself busy mounting my botanical specimens, reading and looking after such things as belong to woman's department. Besides, we take with us many games, including chess, checkers, dominos, parchesi, backgammon and cards. We will also have occasional musicales, each member of the party playing a different musical instrument. We propose to be a jolly party.

In addition to Mr. Peary's exploring party there will be gentlemen from the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences on board who will see us safely established at our headquarters and then return, stopping at places of interest along the Greenland shore. They will reach New York about the middle of September.

The longest sleeping-car run in the world is doubtless that on the Canadian Pacific railway, from Montreal to Vancouver, 2,905 miles. This is nearly 200 miles longer than the run from St. Louis to the City of Mexico.

During the past few days a Prince of the Reigning House of Japan, accompanied by a suite of court officials, has (according to the London correspondent of the *Birmingham Post*) taken up his quarters at West-End hotel, Prince Kan-In is one of the many Japanese who have sought the advantages of a Western education during the last decade. He received a military training in the School of St. Cloud at Paris, and was regarded as a promising officer. He at present holds a command in the Japanese Army, and is in Europe on leave of absence. He comes to London form the Hague. His Highness is travelling incognito; and will, therefore, receive none of the official honors due to his rank from the English Government. Facilities have, however, been afforded the party visiting the various places of interest in the Metropolis.

Sister Barbara.

Sister Barbara Ubryk, the Carmelite nun, who in the year 1869 was the innocent cause of the riots at Cracow, has just died in the lunatic asylum of that city, where she spent the last twenty-two years of her unhappy life. Sister Barbara belonged to a noble family who had forced her to enter religious orders, for the purpose of preventing her from marrying a young officer of Lancers with whom she was violently in love, but who unfortunately had neither rank, title or fortune. On entering the grim old convent of Cracow she ceased all communications with her family—by her express desire, as it was believed at the time—and it was not until more than twenty years had elapsed that one of her brothers, inquiring from the religious authorities what had become of his beautiful sister, was given to understand that she was no longer on the list of the living. Struck by the shiftiness of the answer, he proceeded to the Archbishop of Cracow Palace, and throwing himself at the venerable prelate's feet, entreated him to find out if Sister Barbara were really dead. The Archbishop immediately took steps to discover the truth, but the Abbess of the Carmelite Convent in which Sister Barbara was supposed to have died not only refused to answer any questions about the matter, but, availing herself of the

INVIOLABILITY OF CONVENTS,

absolutely declined to allow any Government official to pass the portals thereof. Archbishop Dalecke, who was a just and enlightened man, thereupon secured the assistance of the police, and, surrounded by a battalion of gendarmes commanded by Count Spaur, forced an entrance into the convent, in spite of the desperate resistance and invectives of the infuriated nuns. The latter actually went so far as to arm themselves with stones, and the military narrowly escaped being ignominiously repulsed by these holy women, against whom they dared not draw swords.

After a long search the Archbishop and his party descended into the dungeons, fifteen feet under the ground, where they heard low groans and moans which sounded more bestial than human proceeding from a half-bricked-up cell in a narrow stone passage. In this living tomb, seven paces long by six paces wide, they discovered by the light of the torches they carried a naked woman, with long dishevelled hair, crouching in a corner of her filthy prison. At the unaccustomed sight of light the unfortunate creature began to

SCREAM WITH TERROR,

and springing to her feet tore at the granite walls with her talon-like nails. With much trouble the bricks, which more than half closed up the entrance, were removed, and the raving inmate of the cell was approached. It was found that her feet and hands were loosely bound with steel chains so as to avoid the remotest possibility of escape on her part, and that her whole body was covered with ulcers, whilst her tangled tresses were simply alive with vermin. This was Sister Barbara Ubryk, insane and having lost the power of speech in consequence of her incarceration of over nineteen years in this chamber of physical and mental torture! The Archbishop, horrified beyond measure, had the Abbess brought before him and frightened her into confessing to him that this barbarous deed had been prepetrated by her orders, and in punishment of what she called a crime committed by sister Barbara. The "crime" consisted in her having during the first year of her convent life kept up a correspondence with her former lover, and of her having consented by letter to elope with him. This infraction of convent rules was brought to the notice of the Abbess by a nun whom poor Barbara had been forced to take into her confidence, and who was glad to ingratiate herself with her Mother Superior by betraying

HER MISERABLE COMPANION.

With the help of this nun the Abbess conducted Sister Barbara to the underground dungeon at the dead of night, bound her with chains, and with their own delicate hands the two women built up the entrance of the narrow prison with bricks, leaving only a square opening through which bread and water were handed to her three times a week. No one else was let into the dismal secret, and as the dungeon was supposed to be haunted, the moans and cries of the prisoner, if ever heard by the community, were attributed to supernatural visitors, and not one of the nuns ever dared to approach the steps leading down to the subterranean part of the great building. Archbishop Galecke, whose indignation knew no bounds, placed the Abbess, together with her accomplice, under arrest in a cell guarded by sentries until he could refer the matter to His Holiness the Pope, and then took Sister Barbara, who meanwhile had been clothed and fed, to the City Lunatic Asylum. When the story became known to the people of Cracow they collected around the convent where the Abbess was imprisoned and threatened to burn it down, as well as all the other convents with which the town abounds. The military had to be called out, and

THE TERRIBLE RIOTS

which ensued lasted long and caused much bloodshed. Subsequently the Abbess and the nun who had been her confidante and helpmate, are said to have been severely punished by the Pope, although nothing was known for certain about it.

In the year 1876, whilst on a visit to Cracow, the writer was taken to see the lunatic asylum where Sister Barbara had been placed. The director of the asylum asked me whether I should like to see the heroine of the riots of 1869. To this I readily acquiesced, and I was soon ushered into a large, sunny room, brightened by flowers and daintily furnished. Near the window, sitting in a large chintz-covered armchair was Sister Barbara, her hands crossed in her lap and her large blue eyes staring vacantly at a cage full of canaries which stood on the window sill. Could this placid, white-haired, aristocratic-looking woman be the same who had but seven years before been rescued from an awful martyrdom, and who had been then more like a wild creature than a human being? It was so. Gentle treatment and good care had restored her health, but neither her reason nor the power of speech. Her attendants told me that she seemed to have forgotten all her past tortures. She was now ever quiet, and apparently, incapable of feeling any kind of emotion. Birds and flowers arrested her eye and sometimes brought a faint smile to her still beautiful lips, but otherwise she was absolutely oblivious of her surroundings. I spoke to her, but she took no notice of what I said, and after a few minutes I left her still gazing at the little imprisoned songsters, who, perchance, reminded her of the time when she also was a captive, though in a far more dreadful cage.

Grip of a New Idea.

A silversmith in New York, who has a very original mind, has just perfected an idea that will be greeted joyfully by many hostesses. He has put upon the market what he calls the "souvenir" spoon. His first spoon has in relief on the handle a head of the late General Sherman. It is not difficult to prophesy what will happen. The literary woman will have a set of spoons on which will appear the heads of her favorite authors, while the artistic woman will preserve in her silver spoons the heads of her favorite artists, and the woman of affairs will have a collection of the heads of statesmen and warriors who have made the world's history: and now when we sit at the table we shall have beauty and utility combined as suggestions for conversation.

The above was written about a week, when the magazines of the month appeared. Spoons, spoons, spoons! on almost every advertising page of the magazines appeared cuts and text describing special spoons designed by special houses—historical, artistic, military events, epochs, persons, made immortal on the handle of a spoon!

He was a very interesting and entertaining talker, and when in a reminiscent mood it was a treat to hear him tell of his experiences in war and of many hairbreadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach.

An artificial ice-rink has been prepared for the amusement of the Emperor William's sons in the garden attached to Schloss Bellevue, in the Thiergarten. The young Crown Prince and Prince Fritz are good skaters.

The supply of human hair sent from China to Europe amounted to £30,000 during 1890. It was exported from Canton, and if Consul Alabaster may be credited, most of it came from the heads of "beggars, criminals, and dead persons." The hair used in London chiefly comes, it is said, from South Germany and the Pyrenees. Little is produced by London hospitals.

A small collection of walking-sticks, formerly the property of George III. and George IV., fetched astonishing prices at a recent sale. An ebony walking stick with gold top, engraved "G. R." and crown, containing the hair of the Princesses Augusta Elizabeth, Mary Sophia and Amelia, and inscribed "The gift of the Princess Mary, 1804," sold for £18; an ivory walking stick, with engraved top, £11; a Malacca cane, with gold top, £8; a bamboo cane, with bloodstone top, inlaid with gold, and a hazel walking stick

Some Ghost Stories.

Are there such things as ghosts?

Half the civilized world turns up its nose and sneers at the suggestion. Just the same ninety-nine hundredths of half the world, if placed on the inquisitional rack of cross-questioning would hesitatingly admit that, while they didn't fully believe in such mediæval nonsense, yet they weren't quite sure that there might not be such things as mysterious warnings, wierd appearances and unaccountable happenings.

Our belief in the mysterious and supernatural is a legacy descended to us from our remote forefathers. If there is a strain of Irish blood in our veins it is freighted with a lingering trace of the wild old stories of the wail of the Banshee; if English, the cry of Gabriel's hounds in the midnight darkness; if Scotch, the uncanny Highland legends told around blazing fires while the storm raged round Ben Nevis and Ben Lomond; if German, then the tales of the Black Forests and the Hartz Mountains, that had been told in song and story for centuries.

The general diffusion of knowledge and the progress of civilization has in a measure destroyed many of the older and cruder illusions that have haunted the oral history of our forefathers. But while these have faded away in the light of intelligent scientific latter-day investigation, there have arisen new classes of so-called supernatural manifestations which are—in a measure—as much of a mystery to intelligent nineteenth century men and women as were the crude pranks of Salem witches to the man and woman hunters of Cotton Mathers' day.

Ghosts, whether or not they may have existed or do exist, have received distinguished consideration at the hands of theologians in all ages of the Church. Even such distinguished figures in history as Machiavelli, Boccaccio, Thomasius and Kant had discussed the grizzly theme and announced their belief in supernatural appearances. Tertullian, St. Augustine and Thomas de Aquinas state distinctly as a dogma that the souls of the departed can leave their home, though not at will, but only by special permission of the Almighty.

Whatever may be the primal or contributing causes for weird manifestations of occult power, their certainly is an innumerable number of good stories told under this head. In the city of Washington to-day there are not less than a dozen houses empty and tenantless because of the strange inexplicable noises and occurrences that happen within their walls.

One of the most remarkable modern instances of this kind occurred in the home of Rev. Dr. Phelps, of Stratford, Conn. Upon returning from church one day he found that all the doors of his house, which he had carefully locked on his departure, were wide open, and the contents of the rooms on the first floor in the wildest confusion. Nothing had been stolen. In a room in the upper story, however, eight forms were found, each one with an open Bible held close to its face. On examination these were found to be bundles of clothes, cunningly any very skillfully arranged to represent living beings. Everything was cleared away and the room locked, but within five minutes the same scene was repeated, although the clothing had been carefully put away.

For seven months the house was disturbed by extraordinary phenomena. The most unearthly noises were heard day and night. Furniture and kitchen utensils were mysteriously moved. Glassware and window-panes were broken by unseen hands before the startled inmates, and once the 11-year-old son of the Doctor was lifted bodily and carried some distance. The most diligent research discovered nothing, and not until he applied to some spiritualists in Boston did the disturbances cease.

This case has been fully authenticated, and it is cited by Professor Schele de Vere as one of the mysterious instances of the manifestation of occult power.

Perhaps the best authentic instance of ghostly visitation is connected with Dr. Kerner's so called Seeress of Provost. Dr. Kerner for many years conducted an asylum for the insane at Weinsburg, in Southern Germany. There came to him for treatment a Mrs. Hauffe, a lady in delicate health, of great nervous irritability and with a mind which was, to say the least, not too well balanced. Wherever this afflicted woman went, and Dr. Justinus Kerner is authority, she was pursued by a variety of strange noises. Chinaware and glassware, tables and chairs, were mysteriously moved in the presence of witnesses. A medicine phial rose slowly into the air and had to be brought back by one of the bystanders. On several occasions an easy chair was lifted up to the ceiling by unseen power and then returned slowly to the floor. On one occasion the great skeptic, Dr. Strausz, was one of her visitors, and during his stay Mrs. Hauffe fell asleep on her sofa when there immediately arose long, fearful groanings close by the Doctor's side and in the vicinity of his amiable but remarkable hostess. This strange-suffering woman was the only one who knew the cause of these phenomena. She ascribed them all to a dark spirit who appeared to her as a black column of smoke with a hideous head, who e unseen approach oppressed even the bystanders.

Dr. Kerner relates countless mysterious phenonema which occurred in this patient's bedroom. He behold Mrs. Hauffe's shoes pulled off by invisible hands while she was lying almost inanimate in a trance on her bed. She revealed secrets which, upon writing to utterly unknown persons at a great distance, Dr. Kerner proved to be correctly stated.

One of the evidences of supernatural appearances is the ineffable dread which is apt to oppress the heart and to cause intense suffering to the beholder. A famous case, which set all Frence talking at the time, was that of the Marquis of Rambouillet and the Marquis of Preci. They were intimate friends and bound themselves by an oath to inform each other of their fate after death. The Marquis Rambouillet was ordered to the army in Flanders while the other remained in the Capital. Here the latter was taken ill with the fever several weeks after his friend's departure. One morning about 6 o'clock as he was lying in bed awake, the curtains were suddenly drawn aside and his friend, dressed in uniform, booted and spurred stood befre him. Overjoyed he was about to embrace him but his friend drew back and said that he had come only to keep his promise after having been killed in a skirmish the day before, and added that Preci also would share the same fate in the first battle in which he should be engaged. The fever-stricken Marquis thought his friend was joking, and springing from his bed endeavored to seize him—instead his arm passed through the form which was composed of naught but empty air. As Preci fell back upon the bed, the shadowy shape of Rambouillet showed him a bleeding and fatal wound in his side from which the blood seemed flowing; then the apparition vanished.

The cries of Preci summoned his valet, who aroused the house and searched every nook and corner, but nothing was found, and the whole vision was attributed to a delerium of fever. A few days later the mail from Flanders arrived, bringing the news that the Marquis of Rambouillet had fallen in a skirmish and died from a wound in the thigh. The prediction of his friend's ghost concerning Preci was fulfilled very soon after, for the Marquis was killed in his first fight near St. Antoine.

There lived in Allegheny City at the breaking out of the rebellion, a widow by the name of MacDowell. She had one son, John by name, who lived with his mother in a two-story frame house on Robinson Street. The widow and her son were devotedly attached to each other and when he came home one night and told her that he had enlisted at one of the recruiting booths on Federal Street, she was inconsolable. After he had been absent at the front about nine months with his regiment, Mrs. MacDowell became bedfast with pulmonary trouble which was aggravated by anxiety for her son. The widow frequently remarked to the kind hearted neighbors who shared the duty of looking after her during illness, she being too poor to hire an attendant, that in the event of anything happening her beloved son she felt sure that a warning of the event would be conveyed to her. As she was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church these expressions were regarded as being peculiar by some, while others attributed it to her Scotch life and training.

On the afternoon of April 6, 1862, Mrs. MacDowell sat in an easy chair at the second-story window of her home. It was the first day she had felt strong enough to leave her bed. It was warm and the sun shining brightly. As she sat alone with her wan cheek resting against the pillows she heard a heavy step on the narrow stairway. She described the succeeding events to the first neighbor woman who reached her side as follows: "The instant I heard the step I knew it was John. As he reached the head of the stairs I turned toward the door and tried to rise and meet him, but I was too faint and besides there was something in his face that drove all the blood from my heart. He was dressed in his uniform and was carrying a big sword in his hand. He stopped in the middle of the room and I saw under his cap, which was pushed back, a broad bandage strained with blood around his forehead. Suddenly he waved his sword and I saw an awful look, such as I had never seen before, come into my boy's eyes, he waved his sword three times looking backward over his shoulders as he did so. I saw the sword fall from his grasp, but it made no noise on the floor, he reached both hands to me and the fierce expression died out of his eyes as he cried out, 'oh mother,' and then before I could say a word he was gone."

A week from that day the widow MacDowell was buried in the Hilldale Cemetery. On the afternoon of April 6, the day when the apparition of her boy appeared to her in the sick room, he was killed while repulsing a Confederate charge at Pittsburg Landing. He was struck by a spent ball upon the forehead early in the day, but tying a handkerchief around his forehead he remained in the fight. All the officers in his company had been killed or wounded, and he was leading his company with the sword of a dead Confederate in his hand when he was pierced by a bullet. His last utterance as he fell was the pathetic cry, "Oh, mother!"

A "double" is another phase of mysterious appearance, and while not a ghost comes under the same general category. There have been some remarkable and, it may be said, historical instances of the latter kind. The most noted is that of the Empress Elizabeth, of Russia, who was seen seated in full regalia on her throne in the throne room, while she was fast asleep, in her bed room. The vision was so distinct and the terror of the beholders so great that the Empress was awakened and informed of what had occurred by her lady-in-waiting, who had herself witnessed the whole scene.

The dauntless Empress did not falter for an instant, but dressing hastily went to the throne room where, when the doors were thrown open, she saw herself as the others had seen her. So far was she from being terrified, as were her servants, that she ordered the imperial guard to fire at the apparition. When the smoke had cleared away the hall was empty, weired shape had disappeared, but the Empress died a few months later.

Counting-Out Rhymes.

Onery, twoery, dickery davy,
Hallabone, crackabone, tenery navy,
Discum, dandum, merry come tine,
Humbledy, bumbledy, twenty-nine.
O-U-T, out!

Somewhere about 100 different variations and versions of this rhyme alone are given. The following is one of the several versions from Aberdeen, Scotland:

Enery, twaery, tuckery, tayven,
Halalu, crackery, ten or elayven,
Peen, pan, musky dan,
Feedelam, fadelam, twenty-one.

From a work on the Gypsies, by Mr. Chas. G. Leland, we have a specimen of a Gypsy magic spell; it is as follows:

Ekkeri, akairi, you kair-an,
Fulsin fallisin, Nicholas ja'n.
Stini, stani, buck

This, on comparison, will be found to be almost identical with the first examples we have given of a counting out rhyme; "ekkeri akairi" being the equivalent in Romany for "onery, twoery." Another very familiar form is that commencing "eney meeny," etc. This is a great favorite among American children, the commonest version being:

Eney, meeny, miny mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe:
If he hollers, let him go;
Eney, meeny, miny mo,

This example gives evident proof of adaptation to American ideas; but the preliminary and concluding "eney, meeny" are of obvious German and Dutch origin; such as:

Ene, tene, mony mei,
Pastor, lone, bone strei,
Ene, fune, herke, berke,
Wer? Wie? Wo? Was?

Prince George of Greece has arrived at San Francisco.

To render it perfectly digestible, milk should always be well shaken before taken.

Major McShane presided on Saturday at the opening of the new Baron de Hirsch Institute in Montreal. The institute arose out of a gift of 20,000 made by the famous Hebrew philanthropist to the Young Men's Hebrew Society of the city.

G. W. Rowdon, the ex-amateur champion high jumper of Great Britain, is doing some wonderful jumping in a London music hall. One of his noted feats is jumping over six men seated in chairs ranged in a row. He also goes over three men standing close together in Indian file, the tallest of whom cannot be far short of six feet high. Finally, off a man's back, he clears a horizontal bar nine feet high.

Hood's
Hood's
Hood's
Hood's
Hood's
Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Summer Smiles.

Nothing to speak of—a cipher.

The murderer's version of it—no noose is good noose.

A spiritualistic seance is at best a medium performance.

The girl who hasn't yet "come out"
Her bathing suit begins to trim,
And though she's young, without a doubt,
She'll soon be in the swim.

"My daughter, did John propose last night?" "No, mother, but I thought I detected an engagement ring in his voice as he bade me good night."

Fair Customer—"You say you trained that dog yourself. Can he understand me if I call him in English?" Dealer—"Yah. Off you whistle to him."

Miss Lovering—"But if you did not love him, why, oh, why, did you marry him?" Lady Bankrupt—"Well my dear, he was going at such a bargain I couldn't resist.'

Edith (soliloquizing)—"I'm so glad he proposes by letter. No fuss—no helping him on—and plenty of time to run down to papa's office and look him up in Bradstreet's before I give him an answer.

Miss De Pink—"Did you hear about Miss Bullion's engagement to a foreign nobleman?" Mr. Goocello—"Yes, everybody is talking of it." "Isn't it remarkable—they say she is really marrying him for love."

Clarice—"And so your engagement with Maitland is really off?" Isabel—"Yes, I got tired of machine-made love." Clarice—"Machine-made love? What do you mean?' Isabel—"He wrote all his letters on a typewriter."

First Clerk—"I've had this office coat four years." Second Clerk—"You don't say so? Why, it looks as good as new. How do you account for it lasting so long?" First Clerk—"I don't know, unless it's because I never wear it out."

Reporter—"How did your banquet go off, Banklurk?" Banklurk—"Not as well as it might, you know. The toastmaster called on a gentleman who had lost an eye, an ear, and a leg to answer to the toast, 'Our Absent Members.'

"Did you see old Skinflint?" "Yes I told him I had come to ask of him the greatest blessing a man could seek—his daughter's hand." "And what did he say?" "He seemed very much pleased. Said he was afraid at first I wanted to borrow five dollars."

How to Have an Easy Wash.

Here is a nice easy way to do your washing. Take one ounce of ammonia, one ounce salts of tartar, and one box of concentrated lye. Mix it in a jar, and pour over it one gallon of boiling water. Stand as far away from the jar as you can while pouring in the water, and do not breathe. Put this fluid away where the children can not reach it. On wash day put half a cupful of it to the water in which you boil your clothes, with half a bar of soap which has been dissolved in hot water. Put your dirty clothes directly into the boiler and let them boil about twenty minutes; then put them through clear water, rubbing out the dirty spots if any remain, after which they must be rinsed and blued.

I have large washings but I usually do them in about three hours. The ingredients of the fluid cost twenty-five cents, but it lasts six or seven months. If the washing is very large and the water in the boiler get low, replenish it from the sudsing water, instead of using more fluid and clear water.

The Bonnet With the Red Rose.

Years ago, when the Canadian village of Chester was yet in its infancy, and Indians often visited it, sometimes with kindly intentions, and sometimes to steal from the inhabitants, on one cold winter day there was an unusual stir in the place, and old Auntie Simpson—the oldest of all the women there was going from cabin to cabin telling some good ews And this was the news: A number of kind ladies, in a far-away city, had sent a box filled with warm clothing and other presents to these poor people.

The village across the river had received such a box every year for several years, and now Chester's turn had come at last.

A messenger had brought word that the box was at the station, twenty miles away, and that the following day three men would start for the village with it. These men worked up the river and came home once a week by way of a track on the ice, which was a shorter way by two or three miles than by the bush-path and, in winter, a much better one.

"Oh! I *do* hope there will be a wax doll for me, just like the one father saw when he went to the city," said little Amy Stewart, while Jessie Martin wished for a book full of fairy stories, and Auntie Simpson for a warm, gay-colored shawl, and all the other women and children for something especially dear to their hearts.

Late in the afternoon of the day on which the box was expected, the sled was seen rapidly approaching, being drawn by two stout horses (lent for the purpose by the foreman of the lumber camp) and Joe Martin was dancing a jig on the precious box.

When the sled arrived at the stopping-place the box was lifted off and carried into the old school-house, for, as yet, Chester could not boast of a meeting-house. It was very large and heavy and, evidently, had lots of things in it. After much talking about and wondering over it the crowd left the school-house, for the box was not to be opened until evening, when the minister from the adjacent village was to be present and officiate on the great occasion.

As soon as the work for the day was over the people began to flock (Auntie Simpson being the first one to arrive there) to the school-house, and the light of the sputtering tallow candles lit up many expectant faces, both young and old.

The warm gray-colored shawl was found directly the box was opened, and immediately given, to her intense deliget, to the old lady who had so earnestly desired it. Amy got her doll, and Jessie her book, and twenty other books and many pretty dresses, strong shoes and stockings, and thick coats and trousers and snug caps were distributed among the fifty other children. The fathers and mothers and all the older folks fared just as well, and everybody was contented and happy. The last thing the minister (who, by the by, had a handsome new overcoat for his present) lifted out, was a small wooden box which held a green velvet bonnet, one side of which was ornamented by a large crimson rose.

"And to whom shall we give this?" said he.

"Oh, I wish I could have it!" exclaimed Auntie Simpson. "it would go so nicely with my shawl."

There was a burst of laughter at this, followed by an unanimous vote in favor of granting the old woman's wish.

So she placed the bonnet on her gray, or more correctly speaking, white hair, and wrapping the shawl about her, paraded around the room prouder than she had ever been in all her long life before Soon after the distribution, the meeting broke up and the people went as gaily home through the biting cold as though it had been a pleasant summer night, Auntie Simpson wearing the bonnet instead of the woolen hood in spite of the twinges of rheumatism in her neck and the back of her head. She was to stay that night with the Martins, who lived near the school-house in a two-roomed log cabin that had a large window and was considered the finest house in Chester. On the way home Jessie talked the whole time about her book and as soon as she was in the house and the tallow dip was lighted, she began to look over it. But her mother bade her go to bed to Auntie Simpson's great satisfaction, for the old woman was tired out besides which she was not used to staying up as late as 9 o'clock. She folded her new shawl and laid it on the broad wind-sill and placed the precious bonnet upon it. Then the door was barred and soon the Martins and their guests were sleeping soundly. About an hour after, a pair of moccasined feet crept up to the window outside, a dark face peeped in—the smoldering fire on the hearth dimly lighted the room—and then the sash was softly raised and a big brown hand seized shawl and bonnet and, in a flash, they disappeared.

You can imagine auntie's rage next morning when she looked at the empty window sill. Jessie ran out and spied the print of the feet. "He wore moccasins," she cried, "so it must have been an Indian."

Then auntie sank into a chair, and with the tears running down her wrinkled cheeks, exclaimed: "I shall never see them again—I shall never see them again!"

"Don't feel so badly, auntie," said Mr. Martin. "After breakfast I'll get some of the neighbors and we'll track the thief and see if we can't make him give up his plunder."

And so he did. And what's more he was successful in his undertaking, and brought back the stolen treasures and placed them in Auntie Simpson's arms that very afternoon. The shawl was all right, but the bonnet! The velvet and ribbon were spotted and torn, the frame was bent out of shape, and the lovely rose was gone.

But when Mr. Martin described the appearance of the Indian when he and his friends discovered him, even Auntie Simpson had to laugh, it was so ludicrous.

He was seated by a fire which he had made and was apparently taking a good rest. The shawl was folded blanket-fashion around him, the red rose was firmly fastened in his scalp-lock, and by his side on the snow lay the green velvet bonnet.

He was soon persuaded to hand over shawl and bonnet, but the rose he refused to part with, and that rose Auntie Simpson never ceased to regret.

Contagiousness of Diseases.

Among the practical questions connected with the subject of contagious diseases is one which relates to the length of the period of special exposure. The Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* says that the contagiousness of measles, mumps and whooping-cough disappears with the patient's recovery; that there is probably no danger of his conveying the disease to others for about a week after he himself was exposed to it—that is to say, during the so-called period of incubation; and that the contagiousness of measles does not extend beyond a fortnight.

Some authorities affirm that the contagiousness of whooping cough ceases after six weeks, however long the coughing may continue; others think it prudent to isolate the patient until the paroxysms are over.

In scarlet fever and diphtheria the period of incubation is brief, a few days only; and during this period there is no contagion. It is very important to know that in scarlet fever the period of greatest danger is after the disappearance of the fever, the period of desquamation or peeling. From ignorance of this fact many lives have been lost. Persons have gone into society before the peeling was completed, and almost of course have communicated the disease. The fact is that every particle of the scales contains thousands of microbes.

A lady who was recovering from scarlet fever wrote a letter to a distant friend. As she wrote she blew from the paper the "dust" which peeled from her hand. The letter conveyed the disease to the friend and her little daughter, and the daughter died.

A servant nursed a scarlet fever patient and on leaving the place put her clothing into a trunk. A year afterward she unpacked the trunk, and a little girl who stood by took the disease.

In diphtheria the virus resides in the false membrane, and for that reason is less likely to be carried to a distance; but the particles long retain their power of infection. The contagiousness of consumption lies in the patient's expectorations and discharges. If these are carefully received in a disinfecting fluid, there is almost no danger to attendants and friends.

Her Weakness.

O woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
Then none so cheaply pleased as thou!
We've only to submit to take
Hot rhubarb tea and anti ache.
And gizzard oil and ipecac,
And porous plasters on the back,
A flaxseed poultice, catnip tea,
And Quackom's pet discovery,
Hot-water bags, and sweats beside,
And camphor nasally applied,
And castor oil and vaseline,
And coals with feathers burnt between,
And soothing syrup, paregoric,
Cold-water cloths, and drinks caloric,
And all the housewife's category—
'Tis then we see her in her glory,
Nesting, to make her bliss complete,
But mustard plasters on our feet.

FOR THE WEARY

And worn mothers and wives—how many such there are! Not worn with age—few of them have reached middle life—but with exhausting work and worry. For the majority, it is impossible to escape these hard conditions; but the means of successfully facing them are within the reach of every one. To sharpen the appetite, aid digestion, enrich and purify the blood, build up the system, and make the weak strong, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best of all medicines. Mary Henrickon, Park street, Ware, Mass., testifies: "For over twelve months I was afflicted with general debility, headache, and loss of appetite, followed by chills. I was scarcely able to drag myself about the house, and no medicine helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Since taking this remedy I have entirely recovered my health and strength."

"I was sick for nine months, and finding the doctors were unable to help me, I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills. The result has been a rapid and complete restoration of all my bodily powers."—Mrs. Lydia Randal, Morris, W. Va.

"I use Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great satisfaction in my family, and can recommend it to all who have the care of young and delicate children."—Mrs. Joseph McComber, Elton st., near Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures Others, Will Cure You

Gambling in England.

The facts elicited in connection with the notorious baccarat scandal case, which has just been reviewed in the London courts are not calculated to give a very exalted impression of the manner in which members of the "upper" classes occupy their time when they meet on social occasions. To end a day which had been passed on the race course by gathering around the baccarat table in a mutual friend's drawing-room and spending hours in playing for stakes, as is done in any ordinary casino, is not what might have been expected of persons so distinguished as were several of those who made up the party on the memorable night in question. Henceforth quiet people, not abreast with the age, and who have been wont to imagine that when eminent men and distinguished ladies meet in social intercourse they are accustomed to spend the days in profitable and ennobling employment and to devote the long evenings, to refined amusements and to brilliant conversations wherein statesmen lay aside the burden of office and august personages tho still weightier burdens of rank, will to conjure up a different picture, the picture of a gaining table surrounded by ladies and gentlemen who worship the Goddess of Chance with an earnestness and devotion which no professional gambler can surpass. For that the gambling habit during the last few years has made enormous advances among the English "upper" classes is a fact too patent to be denied. And not only has this unhealthy habit been growing, but according to the London *Standard*, a journal of unquestionable repute, it is being pursued with an openness which is nothing short of shameless. Says the *Standard*:

"There is no concealment about it. The man who wants a game of baccarat, or who desires to risk his money at *rouge-et-noir* is under no necessity to dive into some furtive and half illicit private 'hell.' He can gamble to his heart's content in the drawing-rooms of some of the stateliest country houses in England and some of the noblest town mansions in London; and the number of these private *casinos* is increasing rapidly. Gambling is becoming the favorite after dinner amusement of certain influential sets, and if we can believe the stories that are told, vast sums are won and lost with a frequency and freedom that recall the old days of Crockford's. Then, too, we have adopted an innovation unknown to our great grandfathers. In their time, if men sat up till daylight gaming and drinking it was in the company of men. In our modern gambling *coterics* women are free of the guild. The ladies are not expected to withdraw when their male friends call for a pack of cards and express a desire for cigars and 'long drinks.' In the game which ensues the charming and graceful hostess takes a hand; she can put her money on the red or the black with coolness and judgment; she is acquainted with the inner mysteries of poker, and can 'bluff' an opponent in that fascinating game with the skill and pertinacity of a veteran player in a Texas bar-room."

This is not a delightful picture surely, nor one to be contemplated with equanimity by those Englishmen who are solicitous for the moral well-being of their fellow-countrymen. It is to be hoped that His Royal Highness, whose experiences in connection with the recent trial have been so humiliating will henceforth consent to lend the weight of his powerful influence in discountenancing a practice so universally condemned by moralists as tending to subvert the best interests of the people.

Fruit Canning.

RASPBERRIES—Have ready a pan of very cold water, ice if possible. Look over the berries, and throw one quart at a time into the water. With a wire skimmer; dip them carefully into a granite iron kettle. For every three quarts allow one large cupful of sugar. Let them stand till there is enough juice to cook without burning. Simmer slowly, being careful not to break the fruit. When thoroughly heated, fill cans, screw on the top, shake down, open and fill again, sealing quickly, and stand in a dark, cool place. They may be put up in the same manner as pineapple, if preferred but we think this less trouble and know they are nice. Black-caps require some water as they are much dryer than the red berries.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Weigh the fruit and allow three-fourths pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Wash, skim out and mash with the sugar. Let it stand a few hours or over night in the cellar or ice-box. Drain off the juice and when boiling hot add the berries. Set back and simmer until as thick as desired. Pour into jelly tumblers or bowls, and when cold cover with buttered paper.

RASPBERRY JELLY.—We prefer to use red currants with red raspberries for jelly, as it will be firmer and the flavor is very delicate. Take equal parts of berries and currants. After washing, mash and place them in the oven that is just hot enough to extract the juice. Stir well and drain through a colander; then strain through a jelly-bag. Be sure not to squeeze, as it will ruin your jelly to get in any of the pulp. For every pint of juice add one pound of sugar and boil twenty minutes hard. Try, and if done dip into tumblers. If the currants are very ripe, it will need a few minutes longer cooking. Seal when cold, the same as jam. Currant jelly is made in the same way.

Those who dislike currants on account of the seeds will find that straining through a fine colander and adding the juice to raspberries, either red or black, is an improvement to both.

A Feathered Alarmist.

"Mr. Carter, I'm 'most afeard we won't wake up at four in the mornin,' so I've had Kitridge bring up our old rooster t' tie t' the leg o' yer bed. He ginerally begins t crow 'bout that time in the mornin',an's purty sure t' wake up folks wot hain't used t' hearin' 'im."

Notwithstanding the fact that the whiskey trust has secured control of the Schufeldt nd Calumet distilleries, its troubles have not ceased. A syndicate with $250,000 capital has perfected plans for the construction of a mammoth anti-trust distillery at Pekin.

Alaskan Wonders.

Besides the tranquil landscapes, the archipelago, with its countless and multiform islands, the gray crag-bordered fjords, the Pacific expanses and coniferous forests, the snow-capped fifteen-thousand-feet mountains, with glaciers broad enough and long enough to cover a national territory, besides the icebergs, there is another marvel in Alaska. It is color,—color such as the artist can never find on his palette in which to dabble his impotent brush. Nature here is the all-powerful colorist, and she ravishes the beholder. The greens, the blues, the browns, of Alaskan waters,—who can describe them, or the shades of coloring in these same forests, grays and greens in multitudinous varieties? A walk through one of these forests varnished with dew reveals a tangle of greens with bushes adorned with vivid coral berries strung in rosaries or massed in bunches. No tropical forest could exceed the coloring here shown. Every gray that eye could see or the imagination conceive is displayed in the beetling crags and cliffs, and these dusky colors change from moment to moment, and when the sun casts its last or its earliest rays upon them, enveloping them in a roseate hue, you think a miracle has been wrought, and you are transfixed by the transfiguration which has taken place. The sky—the Alaskan sky—is a revelation of color. Let it be sullen with foggy grays, let it be clear with sapphire calmness, so clear that a mountain miles and miles away looks so near that it would seem that you would only have to stretch out your hand to touch it,—let it be painted with the sunset colors, gorgeous in the pomp of purple and red and gold, fading, fading in the long lingering summer twilight,—fading into the most entrancing shades of primrose sulphur and greenish yellow, and then almost to white, which deepens and deepens until the jeweled stars look out and the Aurora flashes her electric streamers in pulsating bands of light, which, reaching far up toward the zenith, change to delicate hues of pink and weird unearthly blues. And you will say each is more remarkable than the other, and there are no words, no adjectives, left to describe it all; and, drunken to intoxication with this unparalleled display of color, you will say, Alaska is worth visiting.

You go to Alaska for scenery and for coloring. You have also a pleasurable sensation in the gratification of your love for adventure; but, after all, in the ordinary excursion, in the comfortable boat which steams from Tacoma, Seattle and Port Townsend and is your hotel during your two or three weeks' journey to the tiny fragment of Alaskan territory which you visit, you have a feeling that you are not much of an explorer after all, and you look with envy on the Indian who, squatting in his dugout canoe and paddling in unison with his family, has started out for a thousand-mile voyage in any direction which his search for salmon or pursuit of game may take him; and you only appease that aroused inward consciousness which is telling you that you are an ordinary traveler, and not seeing much, after all, by promising yourself that *next time* you come to Alaska you will not be of the vulgar herd of idle tourists going about seeing things from a steamer's deck, or making an hour's visit at an Indian village, or investigating a salmon-cannery. No, you will come out among the Indians, and in their canoes, with them for guides, you will explore the Stikine, go up the Youkon and Copper Rivers far into the interior, and perhaps push on the three or four thousand miles to the seal-fisheries of Behring's Sea. You will prospect for gold and other minerals about which you hear fabulous stories. You will measure the glaciers' flow and propound a theory or two of your own in regard to them and the icebergs. You will ascend Mounts St. Elias, Crillon, and Fairweather, and name some mountain-peaks, legions of which, lofty and snow-capped, await the honor of your christening. You will also determine their altitudes and confound the calculations, hasty and ill considered, which the few preceding explorers have made. You will hunt the bear, capture the shy mountain-sheep in their fastness, catch salmon and trout, shoot plover and wild duck, and hobnob with the eagle in his eyry. All this you will do.—[Lippincott's.

Alloy in Coins.—Americans use an alloy of one-tenth copper in making coins—to harden them. The English use less—one-twelfth. Some time ago the English Government filled two spinning cylinders, one with English coin and one with American, and set them both revolving. The former wore away much more under the shaking than the American did, but we were too conservative to change the standard.

Home Talk.

Let us have a confidential talk this afternoon.

You are asking what you shall tell your children concerning wife and parenthood, and how. If you are not on terms of loving, subtle intimacy with your sons and daughters, this will indeed be a difficult task, and one you may be obliged to delegate to some suitable book.

Perhaps you lost this magical "key" to their inner natures when you rudely closed the door of truth against their first peering questions concerning the mysteries of life, "mamma, where did the baby come from?" Instead of wisely seizing this God-given moment to bind their little hearts to yours with this holy, this beautiful secret, you gave them what, in very short, they learned from their "wiser" playmates was a "lie."

From the same unhallowed source, when the loving but careless mother believed them too young and innocent, to know aught of the more sacred things of life, they learned them in such a low, debasing way, that a lifetime of counter training of thought will not suffice to restore them to their God-intended purity and sacredness.

Many a mother who has thus lost the "key," often does not find it again until her daughter (she never does her son) is herself a mother—sometimes not then. This is indeed very, very sad, and should make all young mothers doubly watchful, but it doesn't relieve this class of their responsibility, because they can't "talk with their children."

Fortunately, there are many chaste and beautifully-written books and pamphlets that will partially atone for the lack of your personal, loving instruction. And as many an overburdened mother finds little time to look into these things, and does not know what book to get or where to obtain it, I will mention some that I consider most excellent.

"Tokology," by Mrs. Dr. Stockman; "True Manhood," and "For Girls," by Shepard. Then there are two valuable leaflets for boys and girls: "A Fathers' Advice to his Son," and "An Old Womans' Letter to Young Women."

Don't place these books in the hands of your children until you have studiously read them yourselves; you will doubtless find much in them that is new and that will better fit you for your duties; but if not new or of special practical value, bear in mind that intelligence is always desirable. Then, too, it may be that you can talk over the book with your son or daughter.

To the mothers of the "wee ones" feeling the importance of these questions, but dreading them, let me first of all beg of you to keep close to your little ones' hearts, be sympathetic with them in all their trials and sorrows, invite their confidence by giving yours: They feel "very important" when in partnership with mamma in a "secret." By wise means find out the trend of their thoughts, what their little playmates say to them, and what is the nature of their "plays" when together. All these things will help you to speak a word instant in season. To still better prepare you for this most delicate and important task, read the tracts and leaflets for "Mothers' Meetings," published by the Woman's Temperance Publication Association, 161 La Salle St., Chicago.

I never found just the help that seems needed, until I heard Mrs. C. T. Cole, a W. C. T. U. lecturer, on social purity. In a mother's meeting that she conducted she told us just what to say to the child's first questionings concerning his existence; also to his second, concerning the relations of the sexes. Such chaste, ennobling answers as she found in animal life and in the lovely flowers, I shall never forget, though I cannot reproduce them. I have never read anything just like it, so if you ever have the opportunity, don't fail to hear this woman.

I well recall the Sabbath I heard her, one of pouring rain and deep mud. But as it was only a few days later that my little daughter came to me with these same delicate moral life questions, I felt repaid a hundred-fold for the effort.

I wish you might have seen the child as I repeated this beautiful allegory, then so fresh in my mind. Her face fairly glowed with a holy light and her little soul was baptized into a new life. I am sure that hour will be among the most cherished of my life, and of imperishable memory and good to my child.

AUNT CHATTY.

A pneumatic chisel has been introduced into a stone-cutting establishment in Germany. It resembles in appearance a syringe, which the operator holds with both hands, and as he lets it slide over the surface of the stone or metal, the chisel chips off splinters and particles. Compressed air, acting on a piston, imparts a rotation of from 10,000 to 12,000 revolutions per minute.

Seemed a Long Tunnel.

A thrilling experience, although not ending fatally, was had by a railway mail clerk who acted as a distributor on a local train. He had a car to himself, and at one station up in the Alleghany Mountains had left his car for a minute or two to run forward to the engine, which was taking water. The water tank was directly west of the great tunnel, and when the tender was filled and the train started the clerk sprang for his car. The entrance to the car was on the side and a solitary handle was grasped whereby the clerk pulled himself up to the door. To his horror he found the door had been jarred shut and could not be opened from the outside and the second he discovered this fact the train shot into the tunnel. With a desperation born of a terrible death staring him in the face the clerk hammered and kicked on the door and shrieked aloud for help but the noise of the train drowned his cries and with both hands grasping the handle his feet on the iron-step and his body glued to the side of the car for fear of being dashed off by the jagged sides he was carried through the tunnel.

As the tunnel is a mile long and the atmosphere therein is almost stifling this luckless mail clerk's experience can be better imagined than described. When the train shot into daylight again the engineer looked back, as is the custom to see if his train was following all right, and discovered the clerk in his harrowing position. Quickly stopping his engine the engineer ran back, and with the assistance of the conductor, helped the almost demented man to the ground, where he utterly collapsed, the strain upon his nerves being so great. For six months he was under a physician's care, and after he had become a well man again, said: "I thought that tunnel was ten miles long, and my head, I imagined, was hollow, with the dense smoke rushing in my mouth and nostrils and coming out of my ears like steam pipes. Whenever I think of that ride my brain reels and I feel myself crouching as I did upon the outside of the car during that horrifying experience."

Mrs. Summerton (to her coachman)—"Dennis, get your things together. We start for Niagara to-morrow. Have you ever been there?" Dennis—"Yis, mum. Many years ago I had a back at it."

Nature, it is said, sometimes attempts to do this by a fit of sneezing; the nerve centres are aroused from their collapse by the explosive influence of the sneeze. This is sometimes brought about by a pinch of snuff; "the sneezing sufferer to recover the nervous system quickly from its depression." A little brisk exercise will sometimes speedily restore the embarrassed circulation. Some have great faith in a full dose of quinine, ten grains; others advise salicin in pretty large doses, twenty grains every two hours. The best thing to be done, in many cases, when, following the exposure, there are chilly sensations, sneezing, stillness in the nostrils, general malaise, and feverishness, is to give up and go to bed, take a cup of hot ginger tea, and try to promote free perspiration.

The Story of Consumption.

Its true theory now established.
Its treatment through the stomach.
Its treatment through the skin.
Its treatment through the lungs the only treatment.
Criticism on Dr. Koch.
Sanitary residence and winter palace for pulmonary diseases by Robert Hunter, M. D., New York; can be had free upon application at 101 Bay St., Toronto.

Toronto, July 2, '91.

Save Paying Doctors' Bills

BY USING

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

THEY are the Remedy that the bounteous hand of nature has provided for all diseases arising from IMPURE BLOOD.

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Morse's Pills are a sure cure for BILLOUSNESS, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, Etc., Etc.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

W. H. COMSTOCK,

BROCKVILLE, ONT. MORRISTOWN, N.Y.

Tomatoes.

Following are a few tried receipts for cooking tomatoes which some of our readers may be glad to get.

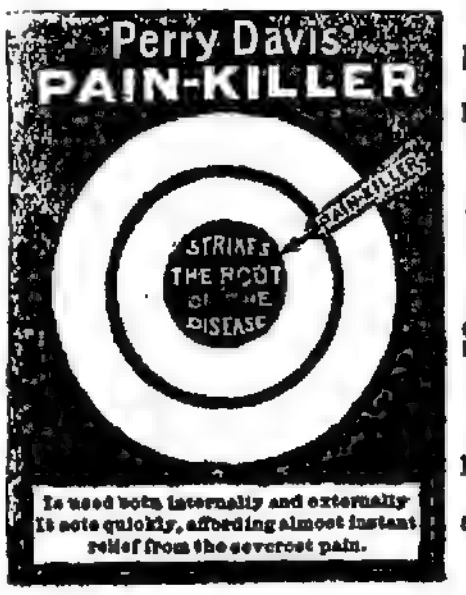
BAKED TOMATOES.—Take smooth, sound, ripe tomatoes of a uniform size. At the stem end cut off a small slice and scoop out about a teaspoonful of the meat; fill this with salt, pepper, and bits of crumbs. Place in a baking-pan or dish and bake three-quarters of an hour. If there be room in the dish, the part of the tomato which is removed to make room for the bread, etc., may be placed in it together with the proper seasoning. A little sugar added to tomatoes greatly improves them.

SLICED TOMATOES.—Peel and slice ripe tomatoes, add salt, pepper, and sugar if desired, and cover with vinegar. Let them set a few minutes and serve.

FRIED TOMATOES.—Slice green tomatoes; dust with flour and fry brown in butter, turning, that both sides may be brown.

STEWED TOMATOES.—Pare and slice ripe tomatoes put in a stew-pan, not an iron one as iron spoils the flavor; add a very little water and cook fifteen or twenty minutes. Then add salt, pepper, butter half the size of an egg, nearly one half a cup cream, and one pint of fine bread crumbs, or instead of the bread crumbs stir one tablespoonful of flour in the cream and put in while boiling. To this can be added a few, say three or four very thin slices of stale bread. After the dressing is added cook three or four minutes. Canned tomatoes are to be cooked in the same way only they will need to cook five or ten minutes before the dressing is added.

He (suddenly)—"Do you think the minister will want to kiss you, dear?" She (pleadingly)—"Let him if he wants to, Harry. He's just grown a beautiful mustache."



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INSTANTANEOUS IN ITS ACTION.

For CRAMPS, CHILLS, COLIC, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, and all BOWEL COMPLAINTS,

NO REMEDY EQUALS

THE PAIN-KILLER.

In Canadian Cholera and Bowel Complaints its effect is magical. It cures in a very short time.

THE BEST FAMILY REMEDY FOR

BURNS, BRUISES, SPRAINS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA and TOOTHACHE.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c. A BOTTLE.

☞ Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations.

Cliff-Climbing in Labrador.

Two brothers, George and Frank Blackburn, lived with their father in one of the largest settlements on the Labrador coast. George was 17, and Frank 15, and both the boys in summer ranged the coast in a small skiff, collecting birds' eggs and other specimens. George owned a pet raven, which he had trained to follow him, carry small parcels in its mouth, and do many other intelligent things, and the bird was exceedingly attached to him. Whenever George went into the woods or among the hills, Jack, which was the raven's name, followed him cawing and chattering, sometimes walking, sometimes fluttering, and frequently darting far ahead with loud delighted screams. He liked also to go with his young master in the boat, but this he was seldom permitted to do.

One lovely June morning the two boys and their cousin, Ned Bradshaw, put out from the little wild dock in an open skiff with two tanned sails, to make an excursion to Cormorant Island, about three leagues down the coast. Jack came hopping and flying down the rocks appealing piteously, with loud cawing, to be taken on board. George raised his hand and shouted, "No, Jack; can't come. Home Jack," and then the skiff was pushed off, while the poor lonesome bird stood on a rock close by the water's edge. Then he raised his wings, flew out over the water and circled over the boat, cawing and looking over at George as if begging him to relent and take him on board. But George arose in the boat and, in a stern, angry voice, ordered him to go home. The disappointed bird turned and flew quietly ashore, perching on the edge of a narrow strip of meadow, looking disconsolately after the fast disappearing boat.

The object of the visit to Cormorant Island was to get some of the eggs of the cormorant, which are rather difficult to obtain. The boys had not told their parents where they were going, but they had decided upon nothing less than the ascent of the island, the sides of which rose almost perpendicularly out of the sea to a height of nearly 400 feet. The island had three sides, and on one of these sides was a series of rocky shelves resembling a stairway, but some of them were so narrow that it was impossible to get a steady foothold upon them.

When the coast fishermen passed the island they shuddered, because so many tragic events were connected with its name. Five or six adventurous persons had scaled its shelvy sides, and got up among the multitude of birds, but not a man of them had ever been able to make the descent. As a cliff climber of considerable experience myself, I may tell my young readers that a precipice which you may climb with safety may, in the descent, defy the skill of any human being. The boys very well knew the history of the island and its dangers, but George had for more than two years been studying the problem of how to get up and down in safety, had examined every rock-shelf on the side through a glass, tracing the same on paper, and had talked with every fisherman on the coast who knew anything about the place, and obtained his opinion as to the safest ways of descending.

So he had quietly provided himself with two short hand-gaffs, with stout wooden handles, having on one end a running loop of cord to be fastened around each waist, and on the other end a strong steel hook. These were designed for getting a hold in cracks and fissures in the face of the cliff where it would be impossible to draw one's self up by means of the fingers, for George knew that the most daring and expert climbers had used gaffs with success.

The coast was bald and desolate, and contained no human habitation between the dock from which the skiff had set out and the island, or for several leagues beyond. When they reached the base of the island which stood close to the mainland they pulled their skiff upon a small platform or rock, got out their guns and began shooting the birds that circle around the island and nested on the terraces. Then George told that he was going up. They knew how expert he was, and remembered all the dangerous places that he had climbed before, but their faces grew white with fear as they looked at the four hundred feet of somber rocky wall that towered above them.

"Now, boys," said George, as he threw off his coat and tightened his belt, "Don't be a bit frightened about me; with these gaffs I can climb up there without any trouble and I can come back too with the greatest safety. I'll take your bag, Frank, for the eggs, only put plenty of oakum in it so they won't break when I am coming down." Frank brought him the bag and his hand trembled as he put it around his brother's neck, but neither of the boys seemed to know what to say.

"Now, good-bye, boys, for the present; I'll be through in twenty minutes; these cormorants defend their nests so that I may be able to gaff some of them. Look out for them as I throw them over."

Then seizing his gaffs tightly in his hand he sprang toward the cliff, running nimbly up a half-dozen paces almost as light-footed as a weasel. The two boys looked at him in speechless terror, but they had great faith in his skill and courage. He found little difficulty in passing the first dozen ledges or so, for he could easily reach them, and they gave sure footing. Every minute or so he stopped to consult his drawing, which was a complete chart of the face of the cliff. After a third of the ascent was made he paused, and, as the boys could see from below, looked somewhat nervously about him and again carefully studied his drawing. It was plain that the path which he had traced out for himself in a dotted line was an impossible one. Nevertheless, he turned his hand behind him and waved a signal of encouragement, but he never once looked back or down. Then he seemed to gather resolution; stuck fast one gaff, and then another, into two tiny rifts in the cliff and drew himself up over a space of seven or eight feet to the ledge above. Then, for the first time he turned and looked down. These rifts ran obliquely, and from his gestures it seemed only too plain that he doubted if he could get back. But his courage did not fail him and after half a minute's rest he assumed his perilous journey, sometimes being suspended in the air by both arms, sometimes by one with no place to put his toe; yet it was marvelous to see the progress he made in the iron-stained face of the steep wall. Whenever he reached a terrace that he could stand upon, he rested a few seconds, hitched up his trousers, and began the ascent again.

Near the top the cliff beetled out above his head, and he crept along the ledge, first to one side then to another, looking for some part of the rock above him where he could get a hold for his steel hooks. He tried one place and another, but was afraid to trust himself, and at last discovered a small rift through which a tiny stream of water trickled, and into that he thrust both his gaffs, lifting himself lightly upward. This was the most perilous spot of all, for above him was a stretch of about fifteen feet of bald cliff; below him lay an abyss nearly four hundred feet deep with surging sea and cruel rocks at the bottom. To turn his head and look down would be terror and immediate destruction, so he climbed on and on, shifting his gaffs from one holding point to another, sticking his knees hard against the cliff and hardly ever finding a spot to place his foot. Then the summit was reached and he sprang lightly upon the rim of guano-burned sod.

The two breathless watchers below pulled off their caps and hurrahed, but he stood silently at the dizzy top till the echoes of their voices in the cliffs had died. Raising his hand to get their attention he shouted in a strong, mournful tone, "I can never go back. Don't wait for me, but try if you can, get help." Then he sat down upon a rock, exhausted from a desperate climb.

The top of the island was about three acres in area, and was inhabited by more than five thousand birds. It would be almost impossible to take a step in any direction without treading into a nest, and the mothers became infuriated as George walked about, and rose with shrill cries, brushing his face with their wings and pecking savagely at him. The wings of the other birds hovering about and flying across the island fairly darkened the ground and there were tumult and anger among all the cormorants at the intrusion upon their abode. George struck several of the birds with one of his gaffs and, after killing them by pounding their heads against a rock, threw them over the precipice to the boys below, for he knew they would linger about the base of the island for a while before returning home.

Then with despair in his heart, he sat upon the sod near the verge of the cliff and watched for the departure of the skiff. The air was filled with the harsh cries of the birds, and the echoes in the cliffs turned the place into an utter Babel. He sat there for half an hour and by that time the sun sank in the far western waters. Now he noticed the sails of the skiff and the brisk breeze carried her swiftly around the nearest headland and left him there with the gloomy shadows creeping upon the island, leagues from everything human and surrounded by screaming, angry birds, whose eyes gleamed in his face as they brushed past in the gathering dusk.

Night very soon fell upon sea and land; the birds ceased their tumult and settled among the rocks and upon the ledges, but the wind freshened and whistled about his ears, while the restless, moaning cry of the sea came to him from below. Not a star was to be seen, but huge, black clouds came trooping out of the South filling the heavens to leeward. It was not long before the night was suddenly riven with flame—awful thunders bellowed across the heavens, seeming to shake the island and the cliffs about it; then torrents of rain were loosened, drenching to the skin the poor boy as he lay there upon the bleak sod.

George had a brave heart, but he felt that his chances of escape were very slim. Down the island wall he could not go, and in what other way could he leave the place? Then arose in his heart a feeling of remorse that he had concealed from his parents his intention of climbing the island, and far more bitter to him than his own misery was the thought how his mother would feel when his brother and cousin reached home without him. He knew they had been crying out some words to him before they left, but the noise of the water, disturbed by the freshening breeze, had prevented him from hearing what they said.

So he sat there through the pitchy dark, hour after hour, terrified by the blinding lightning and deafening thunder and deluged by the pitiless rain. The great black birds everywhere about him crouched close upon their nests and huddled behind the rocks for shelter. Not once through that long and terrible night did he close his eyes in sleep, and when the gray dawn appeared in the east a great throb of hope went through his heart.

The clouds had rolled away and the sun burned upon the edge of the sea like a large scarlet furnace. And with the rising of the sun came the voices of his parents and friends from the main land asking him how he had fared during the night, and telling him to keep up his spirits. He could see his mother in the group, and he saw that she was weeping; her voice came distinctly from among all the rest, telling him that God was good and that he would be in some way rescued. Then some of them tried to throw across food made up in tins and little parcels, but they all fell short and dropped into the gulf below. He was now tortured with hunger, and on the advice of his mother, who stood in the front of the assemblage on the main land, he built a fire out of the decayed grasses and weeds, the dry bones of birds and nest materials, and roasted a half-dozen eggs selecting the fresh ones when cooked and eating them.

So far no one could devise any means of reaching him. It was impossible to stretch a ladder across, access from below was equally impossible. A number of fishermen had gathered around the base of the island in their boats but they were nonplused like those on land. His father and several of the fishermen tried for hours to fling a rope across the chasm, but fell short fully forty feet from the brink of the island. The group stood there in mute sorrow, the mother constantly shouting across words of encouragement.

Hour after hour passed till the sun had passed the meridian, then the party on the mainland heard a wild cawing close beside them, and, turning, saw that Jack, poor George's raven, had joined them. Evidently the bird had followed the party at a safe distance, remaining all these hours in the background, but had at last ventured to show himself. No sooner did George see him than an idea flashed through his mind and raising his voice he cried:—

"Catch Jack and fasten the smallest rope you have to his leg and I will get him to bring it across." Fortunately one of the party had brought along a reel of cod line, so the bird was captured and the line fastened to his leg, after which it was placed in a loose coil by the brink of the mainland cliff.

"Come, Jack, come," shouted George, and immediately upon the bird being released he plunged out into the air across the gulf with exultant chattering, dragging the line, and made straight for George, perching at his feet and looking at him with wide curious eyes. The party on the mainland understood the expedient and immediately fastened the end of one of the heavy coils of rope to the small line and then fastened carefully together all the heavy coils.

Taking the small line in his hand George drew across the heavy coil, and when he got hold of the end of it dragged it to a perpendicular rock and carefully fastened it around it. The men on the main land then threw the joined cable over into the gulf, and it went with a swash down into the sea, George next unfastened the line from Jack's leg, then saying a few cheery words to his mother, got upon the rope and descended swiftly down over the precipice and was received below by a boat which lay by the lower end of the rope. A wild hurrah went up from his delighted friends, but no one made a louder demonstration of joy than Jack, who went screaming down the abyss and perched in the boat beside his beloved master. The mainland party returned home by the marshes and reached the dock just as George arrived there by the fishermen's skiff.

TO any Mother sending us her name and address on a postal card, we will send two sample tins of Nestlé's Milk Food, sufficient for four meals. Nestlé's Food requires the addition of water only in its preparation. The best and safest diet to protect infants against Summer Complaints.

Talk with your physician about it.

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The Domestic Doctor.

The juice of half a lemon in a teacup of strong black coffee, without sugar will often cure a sick headache.

The skin of a boiled egg is the best remedy for a boil. Carefully peel it, wet, and apply to the boil; it draws out the matter and relieves soreness.

For simple hoarseness take a fresh egg, beat it and thicken with pulverized sugar. Eat freely of it and the hoarseness will soon be relieved.

When your face and ears burn so terribly bathe them in very hot water—as hot as you can bear. This will be more apt to cool them than any cold application.

Castor oil may be comfortably taken in hot milk, in a half-wineglass of weak punch in hot water sweetened and highly flavored with essence of peppermint or wintergreen.

A sure cure for inflammatory rheumatism is made by taking one ounce pulverized saltpeter and putting it into a pint of sweet oil. Bathe the parts affected and a sound cure will speedily be made.

Neuralgia in the face has been cured by applying a mustard plaster to the elbow. For neuralgia in the head, apply the plaster to the back of the neck. The reason for this is that mustard is said to touch the nerves the moment it begins to draw or burn, and to be of most use must be applied to the nerve centres, or directly over the place where it will touch the affected nerve most quickly.

Dr. Richardson in a lecture on "Disease and How to Combat It," speaks of the custom which, in spite of modern sanitary teaching, still prevails of keeping the occupant of a sick-room at all hours in a darkened room. There is nothing, he says, so bad as a dark sickroom; it is as if the attendants were anticipating the death of the patient; and, if the reason is asked for, it is inconsistent as the act. The reason usually offered is that the patient cannot bear the light—as though the light could not be cut off from the patient by a curtain or screen, and as though, to darken one part of the room, it were necessary to darken the whole of it. The real reason is an old superstitious practice connected with small-pox and other terrible diseases which involved the exclusion of light. A more injurious practice really could not be maintained than that of darkness in the sick room. It is not only that dirt and disorder are the results of darkness—a great remedy is lost. Sunlight is the remedy lost, and the loss is momentous. Sunlight diffuses through a room and warms and clarifies the air. It has a direct influence on the minute organic poisons—a distinctive influence that is most precious—and it has a cheerful effect upon the mind. The sick should never be gloomy, and, in the presence of the light, the shadows of gloom fly away. Happily this fact is now recognized in hospital practice, and it should be equally so in private practice.

A foreign watchmaker has patented a device by which, an hour or two before a clock runs down, the word "Wind" will appear at an opening in the dial.

Padro Blanco.

A recent visitor to the Gallinas River, on the west coast of Africa, just north of Liberia, says a great many traces yet exist of the large establishments maintained by Pedro Blanco, when he was making his enormous fortune in the slave trade, fifty years ago. The story of Pedro Blanco is a remarkable one. Of the hundreds of men who for three centuries engaged in the African slave trade, the Spaniard, Pedro Blanco, towered above them all in the extent and success of his operations.

Pedro Blanco was a man of education. He was born at Malaga, Spain, of good family, and had excellent advantages in his youth. He chose, however, to embark in a disreputable business, because he saw in it the prospects of a great fortune. At first he commanded a slave ship running from West Africa to the West Indies, where he sold his slaves. After a few years he established himself in Africa, at the mouth of the Gallinas River, for the purpose of accumulating the cargoes there which his

FLEET OF SLAVE VESSELS

were to carry to all parts of the West Indies and the South American coast. In 1836 Captain Canot visited Pedro Blanco and wrote the best description of his establishment that we have. It was written, however, in the blunt style of a sailor, and undoubtedly he omitted a great many interesting details.

He said as he entered the river, and pushed upward among the many islands, he was astonished at the great pains the Spaniard had taken to avoid being surprised by cruisers, which were constantly on the alert to capture slaving vessels. He saw at least 20 watch towers made of high piles, protected against sun and rain and enabling the watchmen to observe the sea at a height of from 60 to 100 feet above the ground. A number of these watch towers were fixed in lofty trees. Each watchman had a powerful spyglass, with which he was continually sweeping the horizon. Then there were other towers extending into the interior, within signalling distance of one another. Upon the appearance in the offing of a hostile sail, the news was telegraphed by signals in a few minutes from the coast for miles into the interior, and thus Pedro Blanco and his agents were instantly informed that there was danger in the air. Then there was a great hustling of the hundreds of slaves who filled the great traders' baracoons, or slave sheds, into the mangrove swamps, or

OFF INTO THE JUNGLE,

where there was not one chance in a hundred of their presence being detected. If the vessels sent a few boat loads of men ashore they found nothing in the sheds except bales of harmless merchandise, and Pedro Blanco was ready to receive them with the blandest of smiles and an apparently very hearty welcome, assuring them that he was glad to receive visits from people of his own color, that he had quit slaving for a living, and was now in legitimate commerce, and he hoped that they would come to see him often. At that very time he would probably have 2,000 or 3,000 slaves out in the swamps. The slave chasers could find no proof of his nefarious business, and off they would go to seek their prey in other directions.

In a similar way the news was communicated from post to post of Blanco's establishment whenever one of his little vessels returned from the Western world for a fresh cargo. It would lie at anchor off the coast, take on a little India-rubber, cocoanut oil, and other little articles of legitimate commerce, and wait for some dark night when nothing had been seen or heard of any cruiser, and then it would rapidly fill its hold with the poor wretches, who were tied together in the barracoons, and off it would start for America. Pedro Blanco was extremely fortunate. Now and then he lost a slave vessel, but the most of his cargoes of black people reached the Western world in safety and were sold at great profit to the traders there. He could afford to lose an occasional vessel, for the profits on a single cargo that safely reached America amounted to a small fortune.

Each of his slave depots on the islands was in charge of an agent. Upon one of these islands near the mouth of the river, Blanco had his business headquarters, but he resided miles up the river upon another island, where, for a long time, his sister shared with him business cares. There he lived in

ALL THE LUXURY

of a semi-barbaric prince. Further up the river, upon another island, was his seraglio, in which were his wives, who, after the custom of the tribes in that neighborhood, had each a separate dwelling. He built on the islands twelve large slave barracks or barracoons, each of which generally contained from 100 to 500 slaves. The walls of these barracks were made of a double row of thick piles driven five feet into the ground and fastened together with strap iron. The roofs were of poles, with palm leaf thatch, which kept the barracks comparatively dry and cool. Each of the barracoons was guarded by three or four Spaniards or Portuguese.

Capt. Canot described Pedro Blanco as a sunburned little man, who for fifteen years, had not left the mouth of the Gallinas River, and received with the most bounteous hospitality every white man who came his way. In 1839 Pedro Blanco gave up the business, and retired to Havana with his fortune, said to have amounted to several millions of francs.

This famous slave dealer was known for a long time as the Rothschild of West Africa and his paper was current and accepted in the money marts of Europe. The king of the slave traders lived many years to enjoy his ill-gotten gains. At last the business that had enriched him was completely suppressed and there is little now to remind the world that Pedro Blanco ever lived except the ruins of his slave barracoons and of the little palace he built for himself on the island in the Gallinas River.

Origin of Meteorites.

In former times it was thought that meteorites were of terrestrial origin, thrown out by volcanoes, or condensed vapors, or else that they hailed from the moon.

These suppositions do not hold good when we consider the enormous initial velocity, the great number, direction and periodical recurrences of these phenomena. For the same reasons, is it impossible that they should be fragments of a destroyed satellite—a second moon—supposed to have revolved around our planet in past ages, or yet that they are diminutive, independent planets of our solar system.

The hypothesis that they are identical with shooting stars and comets is the one accepted almost universally by scientific men.

Most important discoveries tending to prove this assumption were made by Schiaparelli, showing that shooting stars, as well as meteorites, are solid bodies, which enter the atmosphere of our earth with an immense velocity and become luminous because of the resistance offered by the air.

It has been calculated that they usually appear at a height of about seventy miles above the earth and disappear at a height of fifty miles. The cause of their disappearance or extinguishing is to be looked for either in their once more leaving our atmosphere, or that they are atomized by the fierce heat generated by their extremely rapid flight and the great resistance offered by the atmosphere. The latter assumption would account for the continuous fall of cosmic dust upon the surface of our globe.

The velocity with which they enter and pass through our atmosphere is enormous. It is many times faster than sound, the flight of a cannon ball, and even the planets revolving around the sun.

The earth travels through space at the rate of 19 miles per second. Mercury, the fastest planet, covers 29·87 miles per second, while a meteorite which fell at Pultusk, Russia, had a velocity of 33·78 miles per second, although it had to overcome the resistance of the air. In space, consequently, it must have traveled still faster.

To clearly understand the high degree of velocity implied by these figures, it is well to add that the fastest cyclone scarcely reaches 150 feet per second, at which rate it exerts a pressure of about fifty pounds per square foot.

It now remains to explain the assumption that meteorites and shooting stars are identical, and to quote the facts upon which this assumption is based.

We know that both are solid bodies which enter our atmosphere from without, and that they become luminous for the same reason. Furthermore, the cosmic iron dust observed in localities where its origin could not be doubted has been found to have the same chemical composition as larger pieces of meteoric iron seen to fall by unimpeachable witnesses.

It cannot be denied that there is a very great contrast between the little star that silently glides through space and noiselessly disappears and the terrifying appearance of a ball of fire, that, approaching with deafening detonations, sends on us a hail of stones.

Both spectacles, however, are but the extremes of a chain of closely connected phenomena. Considering with what extreme velocity these bodies pass through the atmosphere, it is not difficult to comprehend that particles, and those having the greatest momentum, are destroyed long before they reach the earth, and at such a height that the noise of their passage and disintegration becomes inaudible to us here below.

We find a further confirmation for the belief that both of these phenomena have the same source in the well established fact, proved in many instances, that the direction of the meteorites corresponds to that of shooting stars observed at the same time, and points to a common point of radiation.

The detonations accompanying the fall of a meteorite have three distinct causes: The whizzing is caused by its rapid passage through the air; the crackling, by the combustion of the materials composing it; and the thundering, by columns of air rushing into the vacuum which it leaves behind.

Thermometer Suggestions.

The thermometer is an invaluable aid in diagnosis and prognosis, giving exact information that cannot be obtained in any other way. The axilla is generally the best part for examination of temperature; when this is not practicable, the mouth will do. In the axilla, place the thermometer in its centre and hold the arm snugly against the side of the chest, drawing it somewhat across the front of chest. When the temperature is increased beyond 98.5° it merely shows that the individual is ill.

A temperature of from 101-103° shows a more or less severe fever, in accordance with the following points: a temperature above 105° indicates impending danger; 108-109°, a fatal issue may without doubt be expected in a comparatively short time. There are some recorded exceptions to this rule, but of a doubtful nature. With the above points appreciated, let us try to get the application in practice. Degrees marked in fahrenheit scale.

A person yesterday felt well, who shows this morning a temperature above 104°, is almost certainly the subject of an attack of ephemeral fever or ague—it cannot be typhoid fever. A patient shows the general signs of pneumonia, and the temperature never reaches 101,7, we may conclude that no soft, infiltrating exudation is present in the lung. A high temperature in a case of measles or scarlet fever after the eruption has faded, indicates that some complicating disturbance is present in typhoid fever, when the evening temperature does not exceed 103.5°, we have probably a mild form of the trouble. A temperature in typhoid of 104° in the morning or 105° in the evening shows danger in the third week. In pneumonia a temperature of 104° and upward indicates a severe attack. In acute rheumatism a temperature of 104° is always an alarming symptom, foreshadowing some complication such as pericarditis. A jaundice mild in appearance becomes pernicious if a rise in temperature occurs. In a puerperal female an elevation of temperature shows approaching pelvic inflammation. In phthisis, an increasing temperature shows that the disease is advancing, or that complications are setting in. A fever temperature of 104° to 105° in any disease indicates that its progress is not checked, and complications may still occur. In continued fevers, the temperature is generally less high in the morning than in the evening. Stability of temperature from morning to evening is a good sign; conversely, stability of temperature from evening to morning is a sign that the patient is getting or will get worse. A falling temperature from evening to morning is a sure sign of improvement, but a rising temperature from evening to morning is a sign of his getting worse. Convalescence from disease does not begin until the normal temperature of the body returns and maintains itself unchanged through all periods of the day and night.

IT IS NEWS TO MANY WOMEN

WHAT IS?

THE "SURPRISE WAY" of washing clothes with "SURPRISE SOAP" without boiling or scalding a single piece—snowy white linens and cottons—colored goods brighter, woollen softer and a saving of half the hard work. A great many women wash this way with these results—you can too. "SURPRISE" is not a high priced Soap. Ask your grocer.

READ the Directions on the Wrapper.

"SURPRISE SOAP" can be used for any and every purpose a Soap is used.

Have You Learned to Walk?

Americans are bad walkers, says a writer in the New York *World*. It is rare to find an exception, even in our army. Among Europeans, and the aborigines of our own continent, a noble mien is not uncommon. I understand the causes of this ugly defect among our people, and my present purpose is to call attention to it, and to point out the remedy.

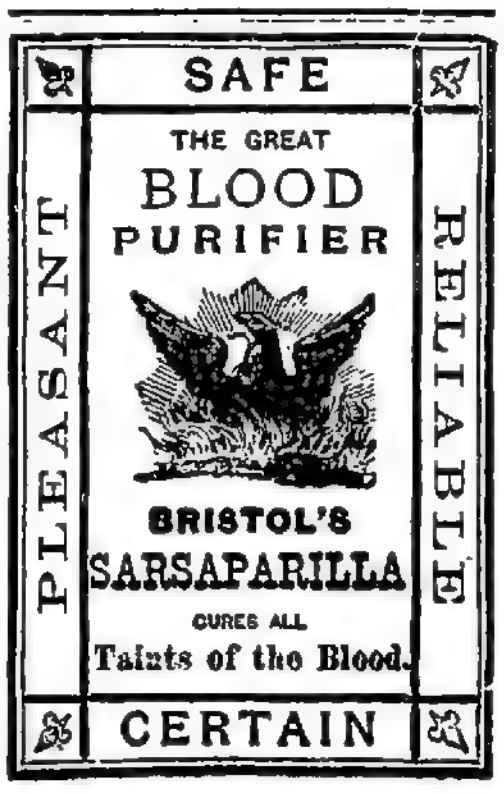
In English and French books on the military drill and physical training whole chapters discuss the subject of walking. We are told that this or that part of the foot must touch the ground first—that the angles must be so and so, etc. I will not say this advice is not right, but I will say that very few have been helped by it.

Look at a good walker. Shoulders, head and hips drawn well back and the chest thrown forward. What a firm, vigorous tread! Such a walk may easily be secured by carrying a weight upon the head. An iron crown has been devised for this purpose. It consists of three crowns one within the other, each weighing about nine pounds. One or all three may be worn at a time.

The water-carriers of Southern Europe, although belonging to the lowest class, have a noble bearing. Certain negroes in the South, who "tote" burdens upon the head as a business, can readily be pointed out in a crowd. The effort required to keep the burden directly over the spine so develops the muscles of the back and neck that in the absence of the burden, the head is carried in a noble, erect attitude.

By carrying one of these crowns upon the head half an hour two or three times a day while walking in the garden or through the halls of the house, one may soon become a fine walker. One-tenth of the time occupied in learning a few tunes on the piano, given to this exercise, would insure any girl a noble carriage. The crown is not necessary. Any weight which does not press upon the very crown of the head, but about it, will answer the purpose equally well.

Fifty farm houses were swept away by a tornado in Southern Kentucky and crops were much damaged.



Blind Death.

We were hunting among the Black Hills soon after the first rush of homesteaders and speculators in that direction, and one day I left camp on my own hook and wandered away for three or four miles. As I stood resting beside a tree a deer broke cover in front of me and only pistol-shot away. It was a fine buck, and he walked into the open as cool and unconcerned as if no one had ever thirsted for his life.

I ought to have dropped him dead at that distance, but he fell at my fire to get up and limp away, and knowing him to be mortally wounded I followed on after. The ground was very rough and covered with cedar thickets, and being a bit excited I pushed ahead as fast as possible and paid little heed to what was under foot. Of a sudden I found myself falling, and as I went down I dropped my gun to clutch at the branches. I went down ten or twelve feet over rocks, struck on my feet, and then plunged forward and brought up beside a big detached rock with a smash severe enough to have killed one outright. I did break two ribs and terribly bruise my hip, and fainted dead away with the pain.

When I came to I was lying on my right side, facing the jumble of rocks over which I had fallen, and I realized at once that I was badly hurt. Just how badly I hesitated to find out, remembering that I was miles from camp and could expect no help. I lay quiet hoping the pains would sooner go away, when I got such a shock as nearly put my wits to sleep again. Almost in front of me and only about 25 feet away was the mouth of a den in the face of the cliff, and out of this den stalked the largest panther I had ever seen. He stood snuffing the air and looking full at me, and when I realized how helpless I was to even utter a call for aid things turned dark and I almost lost consciousness.

The wind was blowing pretty freely, and, luckily for me, it blew towards me. At first this was not of the slightest importance to my mind, as the beast could reach me with one spring, but I soon had reason to conclude that he was a queer animal. He turned to the left and trotted along over the ground a distance of about fifty feet. Then he wheeled and passed the den about the same distance. When he had gone over his beat two or three times I discovered what was the matter. As he came towards me the sun shone full in his face, and I saw that he was stone blind. There was a white film over each eye, and he could not have seen a tree in his path.

A blind panther out for exercise—blind death trotting along in front of a man so helpless that he could not have made his voice heard twenty feet away!

You have seen the beast confined in a cage—his limbs stiffened, his teeth broken and his savage nature toned down by imprisonment and the sight of humanity until he will scarcely snarl at the cane thrust in to stir him up. This one was lithe, supple, vigilant— a combination of strength and fierceness not possessed even by the tiger. Disease or accident had blinded him, but he possessed every other power Nature gives to the dreaded beast. Instinct taught him the lay of the ground. He may have passed over it a thousand times.

Just so far to the east.

Just so far to the west.

A large stone is passed to the right.

A large tree is passed to the left.

Down by a ledge of rocks and wheel about, east to where the thicket begins, and then wheel again.

Grace—litheness—strength—death! The lower jaw is down, and I have a fine view of the fangs which would rend the hide of a horse. At every footstep the terrible claws clutch and grate—claws which would sink to the bone of a man's leg and then strip the quivering flesh off in bloody fragments.

There is a curious fascination in watching the beast as he takes his promenade. I forget my pains as I rejoice over his blindness. Had he been possessed of his erstwhile vision—aye, could he but see ever so little, he would spring upon me, fasten those long, yellow fangs into my throat, and in thirty seconds all would be over. But he is blind. He cannot discover my presence if I remain quiet.

Heaven save me!

A shift of the wind, which here circles and eddies about, has carried him the scent. He stops midway in his promenade, rears up and sniffs the air with savage growl, and my heart beats so that it seems as if he must surely hear it and follow the sound until his hot breath is on my face!

Sniff! Sniff! Growl! To the right—to the left—straight ahead!

There! He's lost it as the wind eddies about, and now he stands stock still and utters a continuous growl as he waits to catch it again. No, not like a statue. His long tail sweeps the ground in a half circle and his ears work swiftly back and forth. Blind death waiting to rend and bite and tear and kill!

The scent again! He rears up, whirls about three or four times as if on a pivot, and now he points full at me! A tapeline fifteen feet long would cover the ground between us—between where I lie helpless and he crouches down for a spring. If those sightless eyes could be restored, how they would glint and glitter and blaze!

"Growl! Growl! U-r-r-r-r-r!"

There's something in the sound which chills my blood—a menace—a warning of what is to come which bids me shut my eyes and utter a last prayer. Why does he hesitate? What delays his spring? Ah! the wind has shifted again, and now his infirmity reasons against his natural ferocity. He has been blind for a year or two perhaps. He has never left the cave except to move up and down over that one route. If he leaves it—if he springs at me—he may fall over a cliff for all he can tell. Had the scent held a moment longer he might have attacked, but now the breeze freshens up, the leaves around him are blown hither and yon, and seeming to argue that his quarry had passed on and was out of his reach. Blind Death crept back to his cave and entered it with mutterings of savage disappointment.

Well for me that his mate was not at home and he did not return until I had managed to drag myself out of the neighborhood and secure assistance to reach the camp. Had there been eyes to see me Blind Death might now be flinging my cracked and whitened bones about his dark den as he rolls himself in sportive mood.

An Essay on Flies.

The fly has some advantage over the man. For instance, he has a pair of double compound eyes, and with them he can see in any direction or in all directions at once without for an instant turning his head.

These eyes have 4,000 distinct facts, and all of them have direct communication with the brain, so that if a man comes along—on one side of him and a lump of sugar on the other, he will be able to watch both of them and stay for the sugar so long as it is safe on account of the man.

When he sees he can get one and dodge the other, that is exactly what he does, and he does not have to twist his neck in two trying to keep track of the opposite object.

The fly is particular about the air he breathes. He hasn't a very big mouth and his lungs are small in proportion to his body, but he is particular what he puts into them.

Good green tea, such as the best of the grocers sell for a dollar steeped pretty strong and well sweetened, will kill as many flies as drink of it. And they will drink of it as readily as a "coon" will play craps. It is estimated that a pound of tea and two pounds of sugar will rid a room of flies within two days—that is, a small room.

Flies are voracious eaters. They do not care so much what they eat as when they eat it. They are particular about regular meals. They do not eat long at a time nor much at a time, but they eat often.

Careful observers have stated that a common house fly will eat 42,200 square meals in twelve hours. One female fly will produce 20,000 young ones in a single day, and they will develop so rapidly as to increase two hundred fold in weight in twenty-four hours.

Scientists have never been able to tell how a fly walks on the ceiling, or, rather, they have never been able to agree about it. All of them have told, but no two are alike in their explanation. Some say the fly has an air pump in each of its numerous feet, and that he walks up there by creating a vacuum in his instep and allowing the pressure of the air to sustain him.

Others think he carries a minute bottle of mucilage around with him and lubricates his hoofs with it, so that he can stay as long as he wants to on any surface, no matter what the attraction of gravity may have to say about it. Between these two schools of thought you may take your choice.

Germany's squadron of evolution will be sent out in two divisions of three battle ships, a dispatch boat, and seven torpedo boats each. They will be manned by 250 officers and 5,600 seamen.

The calendar of the English Court of Divorce contains no fewer than 189 cases for hearing during the approaching term. The principals in the suits are drawn from all classes and conditions of society, and range all the way from an earl and a countess down to a pair of ill-mated and dissatisfied ballet-dancers.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

About Diamonds.

"Women exhibit a much more refined taste in the wearing of jewelry than they did a few years ago," remarked a well-known jeweller, "but the dear things cost just as much to ornament as ever.

"Diamonds, for instance, are now within the reach of almost everybody who is comfortably fixed. A small diamond of the purest water can be purchased for $5. A diamond is like a man. Let them rise to whatever proud heights they may, and let the whole world gaze enraptured upon their dazzling brilliancy, they must both return and begin a new life in a simple casket.

"Here is a jewel that illustrates my point exactly. Twenty-three years ago last February, as I was about to close up one terrible stormy night, a shabby young man entered my shop and offered to sell me a gold ring containing this stone surrounded by a ring of small sparklers. He asked $150 for the ring, saying it was all he had in the world. Ordinarily I would have flatly refused to deal with such a person, fearing to buy stolen property, and, indeed, I put him off that night with a lame excuse, although I admitted the value of the stone, and asked him to call around the next day. He declared that he must dispose of it that night, and his anxiety made me more fearful, and at last I firmly refused to have anything further to do with him until the next day. On the morrow he came to me, saying he had pawned the ring for a trifling sum, as he was forced to do so to get accommodations for the night, but desired me to go with him to the pawnbroker's shop and examine the stone more closely. I did so and struck a bargain with him, and paying him the difference between my price and the pawn debt, carried off the jewel. I was strictly a business man then and asked no questions, although the fellow could probably have told an interesting story about the stone.

"Well, I reset the stone in a lady's ring and a month later it was carried off by an exultant lover, and it sparkled on the hand of a blushing bride in high life soon after. We jewellers keep track of a fine stone for years, for we realize the ups and downs of fortune. Well, to give you the facts of the case without the romance, ten years later I paid a half-starved, shivering woman exactly what her lover had paid me for the ring a week before her marriage, and as she led away her golden-haired girl she felt that she was rich with what she would have thrown aside a decade before.

"The next purchaser was a portly old gentleman, who gave it to his young wife, whom he had taken from her school books to assume the management of a grand old mansion. It was just two years ago that the old gentleman, still hale and hearty, entered my shop, leading by the hand a bright-eyed little fellow whom he introduced as his son and heir. Then he stated the object of the visit. He said the ring reminded him too much and too painfully of the fair young mother who never saw the face of her baby boy. He offered it to me at a bargain, and now for two years it has lain in this simple casket waiting for another adventure."

Japanese Jealousy.

A correspondent who has lived long in Japan, and who has but recently returned, invites our attention to some of the conditions—political and social—prevailing in that interesting country.

Foreign residents in Japan are still under what is known as Consular jurisdiction, but the Japanese are moving heaven and earth to get the powers to sign the revised treaties, the object of which is to make all foreigners directly amenable to the native authorities, nor will they tolerate the proposal that, for the first few years at least, a foreign Judge shall occupy a seat in their higher courts.

Pursuing a policy of gradual weeding out of all foreigners employed under government, their latest step has been the dismissal of seven well-known gentlemen employed respectively in the telegraph and postal services, each of whom has been in the country a great number of years.

Another matter which has evoked a good deal of comment is the action of the Yokohama native merchants in refusing to take delivery of goods for months, frequently a twelvemonth, should the markets be unfavorable to them or they themselves be short.

During this time it is the foreign merchant who has imported these goods to order, who has to pay warehouse or go-down charges and fire insurance, in addition to losing the interest on his money.

Youth needs no flowers of speech.

The Italian Premier has been decorated with the Order of the Black Eagle by the German Emperor.

"German Syrup"

For Coughs & Colds

John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

B. W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone for these troubles.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure. ©

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Eight million marks is to be raised by lottery in Germany for East African exploration.

Children always Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk.

A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER

It is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

BURDOCK

Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

BLOOD

CURES

DYSPEPSIA. BILIOUSNESS
CONSTIPATION. HEADACHE
SALT RHEUM. SCROFULA
HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH
DIZZINESS. DROPSY.
RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES

BITTERS

THE BOWSERS.

"I'd like to get my hands on the chap who made this shirt for about a minute!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser the other morning as he shoved away from the breakfast table.

"Anything wrong?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"Anything wrong? Would I complain if there wasn't something wrong? Does any husband ever complain until the last straw breaks the camel's back? It's all hunches and bunches and bundles!"

"But it was only yesterday you were saying what an elegant fit this last lot were."

"Never said anything of the sort! Fact is I never had a shirt which fitted me within forty rods, and never expect to have, and it's the same with collars."

"There is surely something wrong this morning," she said, as she made a closer inspection. "Let me get you another collar."

"It would only be the same. I suppose it's my fate to go through life with a shirt all hunched up between my shoulders and a collar sawing my ears off. I suppose there are wives who pay some little attention to their husbands' comforts, but"—

"Mr. Bowser, you ordered those shirts yourself!" she interrupted.

"Certainly."

"You were satisfied with them!"

"Yes."

"They set perfectly lovely!"

"Well?"

"Then what have I to do with it?"

"Mrs. Bowser," he calmly observed, as he arose and assumed his favorite pose, "there are such things as button-holes in shirts. There are bands and yokes and seams. A shirt may go into the bureau folded in an intelligent manner, or it may be ruffled and crumpled and spoiled. A wifely wife looks out for these things. A wife who doesn't care two cents for her husband's comfort doesn't concern herself about such trifles. Good morning, Mrs. Bowser!"

He hadn't been gone half an hour, when Mrs. Bowser was looking high and low for his nightshirt. It couldn't be found. It had disappeared off the face of the earth, leaving not even a button behind. When he came up to lunch she said:

"Mr. Bowser, I can't find your nightshirt."

"I presume not!" he calmly replied, "some houses have a head and a system, and the nightshirt don't get mixed up with the potatoes down cellar!"

"But I don't believe you took it off this morning. You put your day shirt on over it, and that's the reason you had such trouble."

"Mrs. Bowser, if you wish to infer that I'm an idiot, just speak right out in plain language!" roared Mr. Bowser across the table.

"But you might do such a thing."

"So the Hudson River might run into Lake Erie! It's far more likely that you carried that shirt up in the garret or down cellar. I shouldn't be surprised to find the girl using it for a dust-rag in the kitchen!"

"Mr. Bowser, you've got that shirt on! I know it! I'll dare you to remove your collar!" she exclaimed.

"I have said that this house had no system," he slowly replied as he rose from the table. "To prove that I am right I will take off my collar and unbutton the band of my shirt. Now, then, are you satisfied that it is owing to your want of attention"—

"You've got it on!" she interrupted, as she pulled at the band of his night shirt.

"It can't be!"

"But here it is! You forgot to take it off!" Mr. Bowser turned pale and walked off up-stairs. Ten minutes later he came down and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, don't ever play another such trick on me!"

"Why, what had I to do with it?" she asked.

"Never you mind about that, but don't attempt anything more of the kind! I have already stood far more than most husbands would!"

Regularly every morning at a certain hour Mr. Bowser goes upstairs to dress himself. Five minutes after he has disappeared his voice is heard calling over the bannister:

"Mrs. Bowser, do you pretend to run this house, or are you a lady boarder with a cartload of novels for baggage?"

"What's the matter, dear?"

"Don't dear me! I'd either have a system or acknowledge that I was a failure!"

"But what is it?"

"Look here!"

He holds a clean shirt in his left hand, and with his right he points to it in a dramatic way and hoarsely whispers:

"Buttons, Mrs. Bowser—buttons!"

"What about buttons?" she asks.

"Not a button on this shirt—not a one! Four buttonholes, but not a button! All been washed off, and not one replaced!"

"Mr. Bowser, you haven't had a shirt-button on your shirts since we were married! You use the removable metal buttons; there they are just as you took them out of your other shirt!"

He is caught. He realizes it, but after gasping once or twice he braces up and replies:

"Very well, Mrs. Bowser! Next time I go home I'll take my shirts along and see if mother can't possibly find time to sew some buttons! I've had to use these because I had no others!"

The other awfully hot day he came limping home and fell into a chair and groaned:

"I'll be hanged if I don't hire a blind woman to come here and look after my things! My feet are all cut to pieces by these infernal old socks!"

"Old socks! Why, I bought 'em new for you only three days ago!"

"Holes in both of 'em, but I might have expected that. Look there!"

He pulled off his shoes and displayed a pair of all-wool socks with a hole in the heel of each.

"What on earth are you doing with those socks on?" she exclaimed. "I told you last night where to find six new pairs of Summer socks!"

"They weren't there."

"But they were, and you went into the clothes-press and dug these out of the bottom of the trunk!"

"Mrs. Bowser, you said I'd find socks in the bottom drawer of the bureau."

"Yes"

"Well, there isn't a sock there. There isn't the slightest reason to believe you ever put a sock there. I'll bet a million dollars to a cent there are no socks there!"

"Come upstairs!"

He followed her up, and she went to the bureau, pulled out the drawer and pointed to the six pairs of socks resting there.

"Yes, I see!" he observed, as he backed off, "But where were they last night when I wanted them?"

"Right there!"

"Um! Mrs. Bowser, I don't want to criticize your way of keeping house. No husband ever finds fault with his wife when it is possible to avoid it, and he is always willing to suffer and endure. But, Mrs. Bowser, I feel it my duty to sit down and have a long talk with you, and speak to you very plainly. We must have a system here or it will be better for you to go back to your mother. You can get four trains out of here a day for Detroit, Mrs. Bowser—four trains a day—and your mother would meet you at the depot there. Socks! Yes! I see them now; but where were they last night, Mrs. Bowser?"

M. QUAD.

Jewels in the Grave.

The largest amount of jewelry known to be in a single grave is said to have been buried several years ago in Brooklyn Cemetery, in Brooklyn, N. Y. The undertaker who had charge of the funeral protested against it, but was severely snubbed for his interference. The family had its way, and in that grave are fully $5000 worth of diamonds, with which the body was decked when prepared for burial.

Sometimes families who desire to bury their dead in the clothing worn in life—in evening or wedding dresses, for instance—substitute less costly imitations for the jewelry worn in life, partly from motives of thrift and partly from a superstitious fear that anything taken off a body when it is ready for the tomb will bring ill-luck to future wearers.—*Jewellers' Weekly.*

Facts About Yourself.

The weight of the circulating blood is 29 pounds.

The average weight of an adult is 150 pounds 6 ounces.

The brain of a man exceeds twice that of any other animal.

A man breathes about 20 times a minute or 1,200 an hour.

The average weight of a man's brain is 3½ pounds; of a woman 2 pounds 11 ounces.

Five hundred and forty pounds or 1 hogshead and 1½ pints of blood pass through the heart in one hour.

The heart sends nearly 10 pounds of blood through the veins and arteries each beat and makes four beats while we breathe once.

One hundred and seventy-five million cells are in the lungs, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute, in manhood 80, at 60 years 60. The pulse of females is more rapid than that of males.

Useful Recipes.

COCOANUT CANDY.—Take one large grated cocoanut and one and one-half pounds granulated sugar. Put the milk of the cocoanut together with the sugar into a basin (adding a little water if the milk be scant) and beat slowly until the sugar is melted. Now, boil for five minutes, then add the cocoanut, which has been finely grated, and boil ten minutes longer, stirring the candy constantly to keep from scorching. Pour on buttered plates and cut in squares when done and allow it to dry and harden for a couple of days.

BUTTER SCONES.—Dissolve one pound of sugar in one-half pint of cold water. Rub one pound of butter into three pounds of flour, mix with the sugar and water and add one teaspoonful of dissolved soda and three eggs. Roll out, cut in small cakes and bake.

CORN CAKE.—Sift two cups of corn meal, one cup of wheat flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. With milk dissolve one teaspoonful of soda, and add this together with two well beaten eggs. Make just thin enough with milk to pour into well greased pans, and bake in a pretty brisk oven.

BUNS.—Break one egg into a cup and fill up with sweet milk. Add one-half cup of yeast, one-fourth of a cup of butter, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, and flour enough to make a soft dough; let rise until light; mould into biscuits, let rise a second time: then bake.

COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three eggs, not quite a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of water; nutmeg to taste, and flour enough to roll out soft. Cut into cakes and bake in a moderately hot oven.

RUSKS.—Mix with two-thirds of a pint of milk half a pound of melted butter, and flour enough to make a thick batter. Add three tablespoonfuls of yeast, and set in a warm place to rise. When light beat two eggs with half a pound of rolled sugar, add one teaspoonful of salt, one of cinnamon, and enough flour to mold out. Let them rise and bake in about quarter of an hour.

BEEF SOUP.—Take four pounds of the skin of beef, four quarts of water, six onions, four carrots, two turnips, all chopped fine. Pepper and salt to taste. Put the meat to boil, and at the end of four hours add the vegetables and cook for one hour longer.

BAKED CODFISH.—Boil the fish in clear water until tender. Add to it an equal quantity of mashed potatoes, one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, pepper and salt. Put it in a baking dish, brush over with beaten egg and bake a light brown.

LEMON SAUCE FOR STEAMED PUDDINGS.—Boil one cup of sugar in two cups of hot water for five minutes; add three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch set in a little cold water. Boil all for ten minutes, then add the juice and grated rind of one lemon and one tablespoonful of butter. Stir until the butter is melted and serve at once.

RICE WAFFLES.—One cup of boiled rice, one pint of milk, two eggs, butter the size of a walnut, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of salt, flour sufficient to make a thin batter. Bake in waffle irons.

COCOANUT CAKES.—Two eggs, one cup of white sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, quarter of a cup of butter, one and a half cups of flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a moderate oven in pans about one inch deep. To prepare the dessicated cocoanut, beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add one cup of pulverized sugar and the cocoanut after soaking it in boiling milk. Spread the mixture between the layers of the cake and over the top.

CREAM BISCUIT.—Two cups of cream (sour), one teaspoonful of saleratus, pinch of salt and pinch of sugar, flour enough to mix quite soft.

An instrument called the "hematokrit" has been invented by Herr von Hedin. It is for determining the volume of corpuscles present in blood, and is based on centrifugal action. As described in London "Nature," a volume of blood and one of Muller's liquid (which prevents coagulation) are mixed together, and the mixture is poured into small, thick walled glass tubes, graduated in fifty parts. The tubes rest on a brass holder which is fixed on the axis of a rotation-apparatus. After some eight thousand rotations, in five to seven minutes, the process is complete. The separation between the corpuscles and the salt-plasma is more distinct, in that a narrow band of leucocytes appears between them. The instrument is useful in comparing the blood of different individuals. With a little practice the total error is not more than one volume per cent.

A Generous Reward.

There are few persons so absolutely and wholly bad that there is not a single spark or trace of good remaining. Latterly so much has been said concerning the Czars wanton cruelty to the poor Jews that one is in danger of concluding that this modern autocrat and despot is utterly incapable of any feeling of pity or of gratitude. This would be a mistaken inference, however, as his action in rewarding the two Japanese who risked their lives for the sake of his son sufficiently shows. It will be remembered that a few weeks ago the Czarewitch when on a visit to Kiote was attacked by a Japanese policeman who had it not been for the two Jinrikisha men in question rushing to the prince's assistance, would no doubt have executed his murderous purpose. For their daring and presence of mind Russia has munificently rewarded them by presenting each with a gold medal and a gift of $2,500 in cash; besides settling on each of them a pension of $1,000 a year. Referring to her generous act the New York *Tribune* remarks: "The impression which this liberality is certain to make on the minds of the Japanese in general and of the Jinrikisha guild in particular will be realized when it is stated that the annuity which the Mikado had previously granted to them for the same cause did not exceed $36 a year."

Twynn—"What makes the wealthy people in the boxes chatter so noisily?" Triplett—"Money talks, you know."

The political parade is productive of much enthusiasm, but the weekly pay raid is more profitable.

The Good Old Times.

"Then times were good,
Merchants cared not a rush
For any other fare,
Than Johnny cake and mush."

But now times have changed, and the plain and simple fare of the forefathers is done away with. Patent flour, and high seasoned food, and strong drinks, have taken its place, and, as a result, dyspepsia, impure blood, and diseases of the stomach, liver and lungs are numerous. This great change has led one of the most skillful physicians of the age to study out a remedy for these modern diseases, which he has named his "Golden Medical Discovery." Dr. Pierce in this remedy has found a cure for Dyspepsia, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, in its early stages, and "Liver Complaints."

She (at the base ball game—"But do tell me, George, what does that man wear a mask over his face for?" George—"To keep the flies off."

A Hundred Years to Come.

Wouldn't you like to live until the year A. D. 2000, just to see the people and the world generally? Who knows but you might, if you observe the laws of health, and keep the Stomach, Liver and Bowels in full action. The best means now known for this is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are small, sugar-coated granules, but powerful to cure; produce no nausea or griping; easy to take, and a sure cure for biliousness, constipation, headache, and diseases produced by an inactive liver. A convenient vest-pocket remedy.

"What are you reading, dear?" "A letter from mother, John." "What does she say?" "Oh, nothing!" "That isn' like your mother, is it?"

How a Beautiful Flower was Named.

An old legend tells of two lovers, walking by the river Rhine. The lady begged her suitor to pluck a little pale-blue flower, growing on the bank. In doing so, he fell into the water, and was drowned; but, while sinking, he threw the flower to her, and cried: "Forget me not!" Thousands of women will never forget what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done for them. It is prepared specially to cure those diseases from which they alone suffer, and often in silence, rather than consult a physician—as periodical pains, weak back, prolapsus, and all uterine troubles. Purely vegetable, and *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded.

Some men live to eat and some eat to live or, in other words, some live for grub and others grub for a living.

What's the Reason?

The causes of summer complaint, diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera morbus, etc., are the excessive heat, eating green fruit, overexertion, impure water and sudden chill. Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry is an infallible and prompt cure for all bowel complaints from whatever cause.

A Phaeton to Go by Steam.

The latest attempt to substitute steam power for horses in the propelling of carriages is by a Frenchman. M. Serpollet's new steam phaeton, exhibited yesterday afternoon, for the first time in this country, inside the grounds of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, in the old Kent road, is in appearance very much like an ordinary phaeton, with this difference, that in the place in front, where the shafts should be, there is a small steering wheel as in a tricycle. The driver sits in front at a handle-bar rising at an angle from this small wheel, and has absolute control over the movements of the vehicle. But what about the smoke and steam, and the noise of an ordinary steam engine? It may be asked. To this it may be replied at once that Mr Serpollet has succeeded in concealing in the interior of the framework of his carriage an engine that to all intents and purposes is smokeless and noiseless, and that does not give off waste steam. To all intents and purposes, that is, for of course there must be waste steam, although this is conveyed into the atmosphere in an invisible form through an aperture like a tiny foghorn. Scientific readers do not need to be informed that steam is a colorless vapor, and that it is only when in a state of partial condensation as it issues from ordinary waste pipes that it appears white to the eye. In this ingenious apparatus it is not allowed to condense, for it is superheated before being released. The absence of smoke is accounted for by the fact that coke and not coal is the fuel consumed. These initial difficulties of smoke and steam, then, being got over, it remained to construct an engine small enough to be packed away in a space little larger than an ordinary travelling trunk, powerful enough to drive a heavy vehicle and sufficiently adaptable to enable the pressure to be readily increased or decreased at the will of the driver according to the nature of the roads, a greater power naturally being required to drive up hills than along a level service. M. Serpollet's ingenuity has been equal to this problem.

A representative of the *Daily News* had the privilege yesterday of riding round and round a track encircling a cricket field belonging to the South Metropolitan Gas Company. The track is similar to that kind of bicycle track commonly called a cinder path, although, unlike a bicycle track, it is loose and lumpy in parts. The passengers being seated, M. Pierson, the representative in England and America of the company engaged in the manufacture of the new steam coach, took his seat at the steering bar. First he gave a twist to a little rod, then he caught hold of an iron handle in front of him, a handle very similar to the brake lever of an ordinary heavy vehicle. This handle he pulled gently backward and forward half a dozen times, and slowly the heavy wooden wheels began to revolve. There was a slight but almost inaudible puffing of the engine but this soon died away as the vehicle began to get up speed. Faster and faster it went, rounding the corners of the track with the utmost ease, until it must have been going fully at the rate of thirteen or fourteen miles an hour. The sensation of riding upon a phaeton propelled by this mysterious agency was a very strange one, the movement was so smooth and silent. Even the heat of the furnace did not make itself felt through the heavily padded seats, although there is little doubt that the place at the back intended for the tiger would prove more comfortable in winter than in summer. According to M. Pierson a similar vehicle, weighing like this one about one and one-quarter tons, has accomplished twenty miles in an hour on French roads and one of them is being driven constantly in and around Paris, where no difficulty is found in getting it right over the heights of Montmartre, or in the midst the traffic of the great boulevards. Quite recently seven persons went for a long tour on one from Paris to Lille, Roubaix, and Rheims and back. M. Pierson is an enthusiast, and believes that the new invention is going to do away altogether with carriage horses. The cost, he says, is very small. The vehicle itself, it is true, is expensive at present, costing, as it does, from £200 to £300, but then the item for maintenance is a mere trifle, in proof of which he cites the before-mentioned journey from Paris to the north of France and back, when, on a distance of 220 miles, the cost of fuel was only about ten shillings. And in France, he is careful to add, coal is at least 20 per cent. dearer than in England.

Health cannot be maintained without good digestion. Try Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum as an effectual remedy for indigestion. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners 5 cents.

Will Soon be at an End.

On the 16th of April, 1892, the great gambling establishment at Monaco will close its doors forever. On that day the agreement between the government of the principality and the world-famed hell of Monte Carlo expires, and there is not the remotest chance of its being renewed. It was the knowledge of the present ruler's determined attitude in the matter which has alone prevented the French government from availing itself of its position as suzerain power to take immediate steps toward the suppression of this plague-spot of Europe—steps which both President Grevy and President Carnot have repeatedly been urged to adopt, not only by popular sentiment, but also by nearly every one of the great monarchies of the Old World. Russia, Germany, Italy, and Great Britain have been particularly pressing in their applications to the Paris government to put a stop to the scandal; and it may safely be averred that Queen Victoria would never have condescended to pay such marked and gracious attention during her recent stay at Grasse to the Prince and Princess of Monaco had she not received satisfactory assurance concerning the approaching close of the gambling palace at Monte Carlo. On the occasion of her former stays in the south of France the strict and stern old lady had indignantly refused the bouquets and baskets of flowers sent to her by the late Prince Charles III., whereas this spring she not only received the reigning Prince and Princess at Grasse with all the honors due to sovereigns, but even went so far as to send, first, her ambassador, the Earl Lytton, and a day later her daughter, Princess Beatrice, with Prince Battenberg, to return the visit at Monte Carlo.

Prince Albert, whose marriage a couple of years ago with the enormously wealthy widow the Duchesse de Richelieu, a daughter of the New Orleans and Parisian banker Heine, has enabled him to dispense with the $600,000 annually contributed toward the civil list of the sovereign of Monaco by the management of the Monte Carlo Casino, has already notified the latter that he has no intention of renewing the lease, and accordingly M. Blanc, and his two brothers-in-law, "Prince" Roland Bonaparte and Prince Constantine Radzivoile, who are the principal shareholders of the Casino company, have already perfected their arrangements for the transfer of their operations to Andorra, the little Pyrenean republic on the Franco-Spanish frontier line. Under their auspices a company entitled the Cercle des Etrangers d'Andorra (the Stangers' Club of Andorra) has been successfully floated at Paris, and no less than forty thousand $100 shares have already been disposed of at a heavy premium. All the plans for the new buildings at Andorra have been perfected, and to those who are acquainted with the French Riviera it may be of interest to learn that the new theatre designed for Andorra is an exact reproduction of the theatre on the Jetty promenade at Nice.

It was not until after much hesitation that the syndicate owning the Monte Carlo Casino concession decided upon Andorra as the scene of their future operations. They had previously endeavored to secure an abiding-place for their roulette, their trente-et-quarante, and their rouge-et-noir tables in several other parts of Europe—including Valduz, the capital of the little principality of Liechtenstein; San Marino, the tiny republic in northern Italy; at Saxona-les-Bains; at Aix-les-Bains; and even at Belgrade and Sofia. Everywhere, however, their overtures were rejected, and after discussing the rival merits of Tangier and Andorra, they finally decided in favor of the latter.

Andorra has been an independent republic since the days of Charlemagne, who, in the year 778, confirmed the rights, privileges, and freedom of "the valleys and sovereignties of Andorra." The territory comprises about 160 square miles, and the population numbers about 6000. It is governed by a council of twenty-four members, elected for four years by four heads of families in each parish. The council elect a first and second syndic, or mayor, to preside and to wield the executive power. The costume of these two dignitaries is of a character to strike awe into the hearts of those who may eventually visit the little republic for the purpose of trying their luck at the gambling-tables. It is composed of silver-buckled shoes, blue stockings, red garters, gray knee-breeches, broad scarlet sash, black cloak, catalan cap, and a gigantic black cocked hat perched on top of the cap. They take their oath of office by laying their left hand on the sacred "Books of the Valley"—the *Digestum* and the *Politar*—in which the history, the traditions, the laws, and the customs of the ancient republic are hopelessly jumbled together. The primitive character of the people may be estimated by the fact that the salary and allowances of the first syndic—the chief magistrate of the republic—amount to the magnificent sum of sixty pesetas, or about twelve dollars, per annum.

Beauty's Friend

CANADA'S FIRST AND ONLY
COMPLEXION SPECIALIST

Certificate of Chemist.

Mrs. C. LeRoy,
Dear Madam—I have examined Grecian Remedies you sent me, and can certify that they are well calculated for the purposes they are intended to serve; and also that they contain no injurious ingredients.
Yours very truly,
STUART W. JOHNSTON,
Chemist, Cor. King & John Sts.

Ladies who desire to
REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
without pain or discoloration send for
. . . Grecian Hair Remover . . .
It is the only reliable preparation on the market. Guaranteed or money refunded. Send for price list and "Beauty's Friend." Examine this list of
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"BEAUTY'S FRIEND" Is an interesting book, treating of all matters pertaining to personal beauty.

Free this month to all callers, or sent by mail on receipt of 9 cents postage, and Mention this Paper.

MRS. C. LeROY, 171 Queen St. West, TORONTO, CANADA.

How to Enjoy Good Health.

"What is the best disinfectant?" asked an anxious mother of a very prominent physician. "Cleanliness, madam, and fresh air," he replied promptly. And here is another example of the same kind: "Is it not odd that your children should have had so few contagious diseases?" said a friend to a woman of fashion, whose large family had been singularly free from illness. "Do you know I really think it is because their English governess keeps them so well scrubbed," was the reply. "She has a theory that it destroys germs, and the children are washed and brushed whenever they come in. I really believe she is right, and at all events it has given them rosy, healthy skins."

Certain it is in any case that the two fundamental principles of fresh air and fresh water are the alpha and omega of hygiene; and, moreover, it is also unhappily true that the neglect of these essentials is not confined by any means to the poorer classes. Few, comparatively, seriously consider that the proper drainage of the body by the pores is as necessary to the well being of our earthly tabernacle as sanitary plumbing is for our houses. Dr. Brown, of Edinburgh, in his lectures to workingmen on "Health" tells them "first and foremost, consider your skin, take great care of it, for on its health a great deal depends; keep it clean, keep it warm, keep it dry, give it air. You should take time every morning to wash, not only your face, but your throat and breast with cold water, and rub yourself quite dry with a hard towel till you glow all over, and on every Saturday night you must manage to give a regular scrubbing of your whole body." Of course he was speaking to workingmen to whom the daily "tub" was an impossibility, but even in these latter days, when Dame Fashion has decreed that matutinal tubbing is necessary, it is by no means as general a custom as one would suppose.

It is certain that the love of water is not as inherent a quality with our men as with our British cousins. We are greatly on the mend, however, in this respect, and this generation of tall, finely-formed youths and maidens proves that the regime of the day is a good one.

There are a few general principles to observe in the hygiene of a house that it might be well to impress upon young mothers, although the lack of observance which is seen is not due to want of knowledge so much as want of care. Every mother should see by personal supervision that each member of the family becomes habituated to sleep with the window more or less open according to the season. If there are stationary basins in the rooms or in the adjoining bath-rooms, she should enjoin the constant and free use of disinfectants. If any one is obliged to sleep in a room with such a basin, a good plan is to throw a damp towel over it before going to bed.

Overheating the house, too, with young children is especially to be guarded against, as it is very apt to cause colds and croup. Watch the daily bath carefully; many cannot stand the daily plunge without ill effect, who would be greatly benefited by sponging and vigorous rubbing with a course towel. For those who dread the cold the following is a delightful way of taking an exhilarating morning tub:

Stand in hot water deep enough to cover the ankles, fill a basin with cold water, sponge off the body rapidly, and rub vigorously, putting on warm flannels before drying the feet. In this way the most delicate person will not experience any chill. The great point is the rapidity with which it is done; the whole bath should not exceed two minutes. We close these suggestions by a quotation from still another eminent doctor who has written a great deal on this very subject: "I cannot overrate the necessity for plenty of fresh air sunshine and perfect cleanliness," he says, "both in the house and about the person; and it is only when these primary rules of hygiene are fully carried out that we can hope to keep the health which is given us."

Suggestions for Dyspeptics.

A writer, evidently of a practical turn of mind, tells a contemporary how easily the wakeful dyspeptic can be made to slip on into the land of dreams. He says:

"The dyspeptic, of course, eats a light supper, may resort to the use of a towel, wet with tepid water and covered with a dry cloth, the whole then applied to the pit of the stomach. Before the sufferer knows it she will float into a shadow land, such is the sympathy between the organs of digestion and the brain. Owing to the position of the stomach, a light sleeper ought to sleep on the right side instead of the left, never on the back. If there is a tendency to cold feet a thin woolen blanket may line the lower third of the bed. The limbs ought not to be greatly flexed, a position which prevents free circulation and they should rest one upon another lightly. The night light, where need, ought to be a tiny taper and not gas or kerosine, both of which devitalize the air. A darkened room is the best. Nature puts out her light and draws the curtain of darkness for a purpose. With good habits, physical and mental and a determination not to deal with anodynes, sleep may be won from its shyest lair to watch over the restless pillow."

Health and a vigorous appetite regained by using Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. A delicious and healthful confection. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

Advice to Plain Girls.

It is extremely interesting when three or four attractive women of fashion, who are not too old to be vain, and not young enough to be giddy, get together and exchange confidences. Their placidity of retrospection is charming, and what they say usually has a point and a moral. A group composed of a few very successful and contented women of this kind was assembled at a recent reception. The beauty of a young girl present had been spoken of.

"When I look at her," said one of the complacent ladies, "I am reminded of the case with which all girls can achieve a physical success if they will only do a little studying. For years we were telling her what a pretty mouth she had. It was only pretty then in a crude way, but gradually she began to make the best of it, and now the first observation that is made about her is sure to refer to her expressive and exquisite lips. She had a far better basis to start on than another girl of my acquaintance, who was ambitious to shine as a belle. This girl used to look at herself in a mirror and frankly acknowledge that she was far from lovely. No feature was delicate, and her coloring was commonplace to a degree. Her hair was just the least bit pretty, but pretty hair is never remarkable. The young woman had been out nearly a whole season when one night a man said to her that she had an original and graceful gait. She was thrilled. It was really the first honest compliment she had ever received. She thought it over, and then went to work to discover what it was in her walk that called forth the admiration of the man. She soon learned that it was a slight swagger, an involuntary swaying of the hips and shoulders. She accented the swagger very discreetly, and before long she heard every one talking about her fascinating walk. Presently she was flattered by seeing the greatest beauties attempting to imitate her, but none of them could do it with the natural grace that she exhibited. She at once began to gain a confidence that hitherto she had lacked. At dances she was sought after by the best men with the same assiduity that was inspired by the handsomest belles. She bloomed, as a rose encouraged by the sun and dew will bloom, and soon she gloried in the finest figure of her set, as well as the most captivating walk. She was, as one clever fellow put it, the most delicious girl in the back that mortal eye could wish to see. It would have been a joy to watch her walk a thousand miles.

"Well, she was the rage, and made one of the most desirable matches of the year. And I tell my girls when they complain that they are not so pretty as some of their friends; that if they are not clever enough to hit on some attraction to take the place of mere bodily lovliness, by the time they are twenty they won't be worthy of a mother who overcame with the utmost ease such drawbacks as a turned up nose, a stunningly large mouth, and a collection of freckles that would have fitted out a whole country school of small boys."

To Put Into a Summer Trunk.

If you wear a fluffy bang, you want your alcohol lamp.

If you wear laced shoes, you want a dozen pairs of shoe-strings.

If you varnish or polish your shoes, you want a new bottle of whatever blacking you may fancy.

If you are inclined to sunburn, you want a pot of strawberry cream or some cold cream.

If you are fond of reading, you want your favorite books.

If you ever use pins, you want a block of black ones and a paper of white ones.

If you are a good girl and mend your clothes, you want some spools of thread, your needles, your thimble and some buttons.

If you use any special kind of soap, you want six cakes of it.

If you make yourself sweet with infant-powder and a puff, you want a sealed package of powder.

If you use bonnet pins to fasten on your hat, you want a dozen of them.

If you are inclined to be ill-tempered and petulant, you want an unlimited amount of patience.

If you are inclined to be careless and inconsiderate, you want a very large package of energy and friendliness.

And if you are lacking in politeness, then you want to remember that if a gentleman is God Almighty's man, then surely she who claims to be a Christian, must, before everything else, be gentle in her manner.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum is entitled to especial praise and recognition the American Analyst. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners 5 cents.

Imperial Federation.

Will present an opportunity to extend the fame of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry the unfailing remedy for cholera, cholera morbus, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, dysentery, and all summer complaints, to every part of the Empire. Wild Strawberry never fails.

Portrait of the author of "Reveries of a Bachelor."

The evils resulting from habitual costiveness are many and serious; but the use of harsh, drastic purgatives is quite as dangerous. In Ayer's Pills, however, the patient has a mild but effective aperient, superior to all others, especially for family use.

A man is old twice as long as he is young

How to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Chew Adam's Tutti Frutti Gum before and after meals. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners 5 cents.

An able financial article—a hundred-dollar bill.

Ample warning is given us by our lungs when they are in danger. If foolhardy enough to neglect the warning signal, we incur imminent peril. Check a cough at the outset with *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*—which is a sovereign pulmonic—besides being a remedy for soreness, lameness, abrasions of the skin, tumors, piles, rheumatism, etc.

The more the girls pine for some young man the more spruce they become.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labelled.—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

We imagine that a grizzly must have a bear-y ton voice.

Mining News.

Mining experts note that cholera never attacks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhœa, etc. It is a sure cure.

Men will rush to raise the car window for a lady, but when asked to hold her baby the rush dwindles to a very faint rustle.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS WINSLOW SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allay all pain, cures wind colic and the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

A Wicked Construction—Marie—"I'm within ten years of thirty-six." Maria—"Mercy! you are not forty-six, are you?"

Mrs. L. Squire, Ontario Steam Dye Works, Toronto, says: "For about 30 years I have doctored for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia without getting any cure. I then tried Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and the benefits I have received from this medicine are such that I cannot withhold this expression of my gratitude. It acts immediately on the liver. As a Dyspepsia remedy I don't think it can be equalled."

As broad as it is long—Mr. Dissy's homeward stroll from the club.

Jacob Loockman, Buffalo, N.Y., says he has been using *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* for rheumatism; he had such a lame back he could not do anything, but one bottle has, to use his own expression, "cured him up." He thinks it the best thing in the market.

Champagne has gone up. This fact will prove a serious obstacle to its going down.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper W. A. NOYES,

Don't be discouraged about that eczema till you have given Ayer's Sarsaparilla a persistent trial. Six bottles of this medicine cured the complaint for George S. Thomas of Ada, Ohio, when all other remedies failed to afford any relief.

The ruby, like the diamond, is never out of fashion.

Recommended by one of the most eminent physicians on the American continent as an aid to digestion. Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold everywhere 5 cents.

A new fish knife has a fish carved on its handle.

Mrs. E. H. Perkins, Creek Centre, Warren Co., N. Y., writes: "She has been troubled with Asthma for four years, had to sit up night after night with it. She has taken two bottles of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* and is perfectly cured. She strongly recommends it, and wishes to act as agent among her neighbors."

The rage for collecting souvenir spoons is at its height.

The Grand Trunk System.

The Grand Trunk system differs from the human system in that the same troubles do not affect it and the same remedies are not needed. For all diseases of the human system there is no tonic purifier, renovator and strengthener as good as Burdock Blood Bitters. A weak system can be built up by B.B.B.

Men and women, more than ever, wear rings upon their fingers.

Rev. J. B. Huff, Florence, writes: "I have great pleasure in testifying to the good effects which I have experienced from the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia. For several years nearly all kinds of foods fermented on my stomach, so that after eating I had very distressing sensations, but from the time I commenced the use of the Vegetable Discovery I obtained relief."

The pink pearl is a lovely object and commands a high price.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves's Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

With the summer season silver-mounted belts increase in popularity.

The best form in which electricity is embodied is *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, a sovereign and highly sanctioned specific for rheumatic pains, and a thoroughly reliable remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs, used externally and internally.

Silver combs in graceful open work designs are out to wear with white toilets.

Every observer who walks the streets of a great city, and scans with intelligent eye the colorless faces of more than fifty per cent of the people he meets, can easily agree with us in the statement, that this age, which makes such drafts upon the working energies of the greater part of men in the intense pursuit of business, has destroyed in a proportionate degree the animal health and robust constitution. Nature, in this stage of exhaustion, cannot be restored of itself, but requires some stimulating tonic, to strengthen and keep the system in regular order, and in Northrop & Lyman's Quinine Wine we have the exact remedy required. The peculiar operation of this medicine, in cases of general debility and nervous prostration, has undergone long and close observation, and it is believed it will never fail, if properly and judiciously administered. Prepared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, and sold by all druggists.

The spinel masquerades as the ruby in many of the so-called ruby ornaments.

White leather card cases doted here and there with gold *fleur-de-lis* are seasonable.

A Nationalist Plan.

A proposal, which would obtain favor with even the opponents of Nationalism, contemplates the placing of a supply sufficient for each family of nature's great dyspepsia specific and blood purifier, B.B.B., in every home in the land. The benefits of such a boon to the people would be incalculable.

Pendant earrings seen consisted of two pearls, the smaller of which rested close to the ear.

If you feel languid and bilious, try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and you will find it one of the best preparations for such complaints. Mr. S. B. Maginn, Ethel, used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and cured a severe bilious sick headache which troubled him for a long time.

Health, Happiness and Prosperity.

All these depend on pure blood, for without it health is impossible; without health happiness is impossible, and without happiness prosperity is a mockery. No means of obtaining pure blood and removing bad blood excels the use of B.B.B., the best blood purifier known.

An elegant belt is provided in a narrow ribbon of gold fastened with a jeweled clasp.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

Double heart brooches pierced with an arrow or united with a true lover's knot continue to find willing patrons.

Singers and public speakers chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum to preserve and strengthen the voice. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners 5 cents.

The soft shimmer of the moonstone continues to please, especially when enhanced with the encircling glitter of diamonds.

Mr. John Blackwell, of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, writes: "Having suffered for over four years from Dyspepsia and weak stomach, and having tried numerous remedies with but little effect, I was at last advised to give Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery a trial. I did so with a happy result, receiving great benefit from one bottle. I then tried a second and a third bottle, and now I find my appetite so much restored, and stomach strengthened, that I can partake of a hearty meal without any of the unpleasantness I formerly experienced.'

Silver jewelry of all kinds is, if possible, more fashionable than ever. It is considered especially appropriate for summer wear.

It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent—*Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*—with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astringent. This Oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

An effective ornament for the hair simulates in gold a sword with thin broad blade, and a diamond set and open-work handle.

(Adam's Tutti Frutti Gum is a luxury that will invigorate digestion and never fails to create an appetite. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners 5 cents.)

Some of the gold watch cases are overlaid with translucent enamels in brilliant colors.

The Great Female Medicine.

The functional irregularities peculiar to the weaker sex, are invariably corrected without pain or inconvenience, by the use of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. They are the safest and surest medicine for all the diseases incidental to females of all ages, and the more especially so in this climate. Ladies who wish to enjoy health, should always have these Pills. No one who ever uses them once will allow herself to be without them. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are sold by all Medicine Dealers.

The opal, no longer regarded an unlucky stone, proves an attraction too strong to be resisted, when its fiery color is set off by encircling diamonds.

No article takes hold of Blood Diseases like Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. It works like magic. Miss C—, Toronto, writes: I have to thank you for what Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has done for me. I had a sore on my knee as large as the palm of my hand, and could get nothing to do any good until I used the Discovery. Four bottles completely cured it."

The rarest specimens of that most singular of flowers, the orchid, are now faithfully represented in enamel and afford an effective addition to a handsome toilet.

A. Maybee, Merchant, Warkworth, writes: —"I have sold some hundreds of bottles of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, and it is pronounced by the public "one of the best medicines they have ever used;" it has done wonders in healing and relieving pain, sore throats, &c., and is worthy of the greatest confidence."

Little gold bonbon boxes, the covers of which are in nugget finish with a large sapphire sunk in the center, afford elegant trifles to carry in my lady's pocket.

Messrs. Stott & Jury, Chemists, Bowmanville, write: "We would direct attention to Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, which is giving perfect satisfaction to our numerous customers. All the preparations manufactured by this well-known house are among the most remarkable in the market.

A Lieutenant's Daring.

Her Majesty has been pleased to promote Lieutenant Charles James William Grant, of the Indian Staff Corps, son of Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Grant, of the Madras corps, to be major and also to confer upon him the Victoria cross, for, as the official *Gazette* says: "The conspicuous bravery and devotion to his country displayed by him in having, upon hearing on March 27, 1891, of the disaster at Manipuri, at once volunteered to attempt the relief of the British captives, with eighty native soldiers, and having advanced with the greatest intrepidity, captured Thobal, near Manipuri, and held it against a large force of the enemy. Lieutenant Grant inspired his men with equal heroism by an ever-present example of personal daring and resource."

The story of Lieutenant Grant's march to Thobal, and his brilliant repulse at that place of the Manipuri army, whom he held at bay with eighty men from March 31 until April 10, is told with much interesting detail in the Indian newspapers just received:—On March 28, before the full extent of the disaster at Manipur was known, Lieutenant Grant started from Tammu to the relief of Mr. Quinton with fifty men of his own regiment, the 12th Burmah Infantry mostly Punjabi Mussulmans with a few Pathans, and thirty rifles of the 43rd Goorkhas, the latter under the command of Jemadar Baldir, who, with thirty-four men of that corps, had just fought his way to Tammu from Langthobal, giving a good account of those Manipuris who had opposed him. Twenty of the relieving force were old soldiers, the remainder being recruits of less than a year's standing. The Goorkhas were armed with Martinis and carried fifty rounds, all that could be obtained, and the others had 160 rounds per man for their Sniders. Fighting began early. The expedition had barely marched seven miles when they were fired upon from an ambuscade by Chins, who were quickly dispersed. About midnight a number of trees were found felled across the road in the course of the third stage from Tammu. The Manipuris were entrenched on the hill above the road, but in such a position that their fire was harmless. Lieut. Grant, with twenty men, rushed the trench from the flank, and its garrison of 50 fled, leaving guns and accoutrements. On the morning of the arrival of the force at Palel Lieutenant Grant learned from a prisoner that nine Sahibs had been killed at Manipur, and that the officer commanding the road from Tammu had been ordered to resist any troops moving on the capital. The Lieutenant decided to send the news to Tammu and push on, leaving it to the authorities at head-quarters to recall him if they thought fit. By dawn on the 31st the detachment was among the villages four or five miles from Thobal. Driving the enemy before them, the troops advanced along the road, which ran through an open plain, and passed to the right of a line of walled compounds. Seeing a bridge burning, Lieutenant Grant hurried his men up in order if possible to save it, and at the same time galloped on to reconnoitre. He reached the watercourse, and then, without the least warning, fire was suddenly opened from the opposite side at a range of fifty yards. Seeing the enemy in force, Lieutenant Grant galloped back, getting a bullet through his coat. His career was nearly ended, as the ball bruised his back, but the wound was luckily a trifling one. Now came the time to test his men in earnest. They were in fighting formation, twenty being in firing line, ten in support on each flank, and forty with the baggage. The order was given to advance, and, to use Grant's own words, "they behaved beautifully. It was like a page out of the drill book. There was a volley from the right party, and a rush from the left, and *vice versa*. We lost only one man in the first rush. He was shot through the head. I thought for a moment he was hanging back, but on reaching him saw that he was dead. The enemy were firing through loopholes in walls hidden by hedges. We got to within 100 yards of them, but a watercourse was between us, and I could not tell their numbers. We lay down and fired for ten minutes, but made no impression. I went back to the supports on each flank and ordered them to creep up wide of the first firing line, but like brave fellows as they are they jumped up, rushed forward to the edge of the stream and began firing. The fighting line fixed bayonets and joined them. There was a cry from the left that the enemy were running, and then we plunged pell-mell into the watercourse. It was rather deep, and one little Goorkha disappeared altogether. For a second I myself got fast in weeds, and was ignominiously hauled out by a jemedar, but we got across somehow. The Manipuris were seen in full flight, their white clothing making them excellent targets. On the enemy's left was a line of rifle pits, and in these numbers were caught like rats in a trap and bayoneted. On the right were the compound walls giving good shelter, but behind them lay a number of dead shot through the head. There were 800 Manipuris holding this position.' After this success Lieutenant Grant occupied three of the compounds already referred to, which were beyond the watercourse. For purposes of defence he cleared away most of the houses within the walls, and cut the trees so that the fallen trunks and branches should hinder as much as possible any rush made by his antagonists. Afterwards he constructed a covered way to the watercourse, to secure his water supply. The ravine protected his rear, and on his right was perfectly open country. A quantity of provisions was found in the houses. Next afternoon the enemy attacked in force. A wall in front of the camp was lined by Sepoys, who let them get within 600 yards before firing. On receiving a series of steady volleys the Manipuris retreated, and proceeded to shell the camp with two seven-pounders at 1,000 yards. The Martinis were equal to the occasion, however, and the gunners, finding themselves losing men, retreated to 1,500 yards, and continued to fire with only one gun. A later attack was repulsed. On the following morning, at three a.m., the little garrison started filling paddy bags and mail bags with earth for the ramparts. Telegraph wire which had been picked up was laid down as "entanglements," and other improvements were made in the position. On April 3 negotiations were begun. Their course was fully indicated in the telegraphic despatches which have been published. By way of conveying to the Manipuri commander the contempt of the British force of their foes, Lieutenant Grant added to one of his letters the postscript, "I am going to shoot some ducks. Don't be afraid. Thanks to his caution and insight into the character of those with whom he had to deal the attempt to get the better of him by diplomacy failed, and resort was had once more to force on the 6th, when, after an hour's artillery fire, the Manipur infantry attacked at seven a. m. Lieut. Grant kept his men on this occasion within the enclosure next the watercourse, and as ammunition was running short orders were given for them to reserve their fire until the enemy were within 200 yards. The Manipuris took cover, and about eight o'clock Lieut. Grant, deeming it desirable to relieve the pressure on his left front, crept along the watercourse with ten Goorkhas, enfiladed the walls, and in a few minutes cleared that side. At eleven a. m. no impression had been made on the camp, the sepoys being so well protected that they could fire through the loopholes without exposing themselves. Lieutenant Grant now determined to try and clear his front a little, taking six Goorkhas of the 43rd, with their havildar. He himself was armed with a double barrelled sixteen-bore breechloader and revolver. The party crept up the ditch between the road and the compounds and enfiladed the wall which on previous days he had held, and behind which there were one hundred of the enemy, who ran at once; but facing the corner and cut off from it by a deep ditch full of water was a wall five feet high, from which the Manipuris began firing. Luckily it was not loopholed, so they had to expose themselves when aiming. The Goorkhas had some fine snap shots at the heads as they were raised on the wall, while their young commander was using his buckshot cartridges with effect. At last the Manipuris, finding the exposure was almost certain death, sneaked away from this hot corner, and his immediate front being cleared, Lieut. Grant returned to his entrenchments. The havildar, Gambir Rai, who was with him, had the lower joint of his right thumb smashed by a bullet; but he never let go his rifle or complained of being wounded. After this there was a pause of about an hour in the fighting, during which Lieutenant Grant sorrowfully emptied his last box of ammunition. After it had been served out the sepoys of the 12th Burmah had fifty rounds per rifle, while thirty Goorkhas with Martinis had only twenty rounds each. Lieutenant Grant speaks in the highest terms of the way in which all his men husbanded their ammunition throughout. There was no wild firing, and the dicipline was admirable. After the last reserve of ammunition had been served out, he issued orders stopping all firing. The enemy were to be allowed to approach to within one hundred yards before being greeted with volleys. The men were ordered to lie down under cover, one in every six being left as a look-out. The Manipuris reopened fire, but their aim was as bad as ever. The look-out men showed supreme contempt for their enemy, and not a man winced, though the trees about them were constantly being struck by bullets. As the afternoon wore on Lieutenant Grant told off his best shots at the loopholes to shoot steadily at such Manipuris as exposed themselves. In this way a considerable number were accounted for. It was a trying time, but the enemy, after the experience of the morning, never made an organized rush upon the entrenchments. They withdrew at sunset, and the firing was at an end. Lieutenant Grant then counted up his losses, which were amazingly small. One man killed, two sepoys and one muleteer wounded, two ponies killed, two wounded, and two elephants wounded. For fifteen hours his men had been under arms without a mouthful of food; and they had well earned the reward which they enjoyed of a good night's rest. About 8,000 rounds were fired at the camp during this day. On the 8th he received his orders to fall back on Captain Presgrave. That evening there was a tremendous thunderstorm, the kind which comes when the monsoons break in this part of the country. Getting his men together, he set out in pouring rain at seven p. m., the night being pitch dark. The movement was of the slowest, as the column had to wait for each flash of lightning to see their way. It took two hours to do the first half-mile but the sepoys toiled on, passing within a few yards of their sleeping enemies, who could not hear them in the storm. Not a shot was fired at them. Lieutenant Grant's meeting with Captain Presgrave was dramatic.

The young soldier was stumbling along through the mud, almost dead beat and half-asleep from fatigue, when a sepoy immediately in front of him stopped and remarked, in quite an ordinary tone of voice, "Guard aya, Sahib." Lieutenant Grant asked what guard—that over the baggage or what guard. "From Palel," was the response Lieutenant Grant looked up, and by a flash of lightning saw Captain Presgrave standing before him. This was about two o'clock on the morning of April 10. The parties united and marched on to Palel. Such was the end of the brilliant exploits of Lieutenant Grant and his eighty sepoys. The gallant officer was with General Graham's column in the fight some time later at Thobal. The enemy having hung out a flag of truce, he jumped up from his corner and ordered his men to cease firing. They had done so when a volley was fired from the Manipuris' fort and a bullet struck the lieutenant, passing through the muscles of his neck, and knocking him over. The sepoys immediately stormed the place, Lieutenant Grant being among the first in, and shared in the hand-to-hand fight until overcome by exhaustion.

Summer Hints.

As warm weather is here, let me tell some of the sisters how I manage in summer. I wash twice a week, so soiled clothes will not lie too long and grow musty or damp. I iron what I have to, and no more. The children's underwear I shake well, iron exposed parts and air them; then they are ready to lay away. I never iron stockings; it is just as well to smooth them nicely and roll up. Your dreams are as sweet in sheets with nicely-ironed tops as though they were ironed all over. Put a tiny bit of starch in rinsing water and the garments will look glossy and wash easier.

Keep windows, cupboards, beds and floors clean, and put away all ornaments that did duty in winter; that is, woolly stuffs or heavy bric-a-brac. Put up cheese-cloth curtains, pull up the carpets, stain or paint the floors. Put linen covers over the furniture, and try and rest and take what comfort you can, for life is short.

Of all things, don't get hot meals three times a day. John's second wife won't do it, and I don't propose to kill myself and give my John a chance to love some other woman. I am very selfish as to that, for after twelve years of married life, and six babies, we love each other still. I know it is terribly old-fashioned, but I like the style.

Don't forget to keep the babies healthy and cool and well bathed in hot weather. Let them make mud pies and have a posy garden of their own, or give them posies from your own garden. Don't forget what comfort we took with rag babies who had blonde locks made of corn silk, and black bead eyes and red yarn lips, and how we did love them and our little wooden pail and broken dishes picked up from many back yards. Oh, we were all babies once!

ANNA L. CLARK

Purifies the breath and preserves the teeth.—Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners 5 cents.

Queen Victoria in Politics.

The position of the Queen in English politics is usually supposed to be generally passive. In foreign politics she has been known, since the Life of the Prince Consort threw some light upon the business life of royalty, to be greatly interested. But with internal English politics she has hitherto been credited with interfering little. At an opportune moment, when the Conservative scheme of local self-government for Ireland is about to be contrasted with Mr. Gladston's Home Rule proposals, her Majesty has permitted the publication of a confidential communication which she sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the eve of another crisis in Irish political history—the introduction of the bill for the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland. The inference is that her Majesty desires to make Archbishop Tait's memoirs the medium of divulging what her attitude then was, with a view to the application of the information to present events. Her Majesty did not approve of the disestablishment policy, but she accepted the decision of the country and the Commons, used her influence to induce the Lords on the one hand to accept the bill, and Mr. Gladstone to take conciliatory method with the Lords. The Archbishop of Canterbury was her mediator and go-between and throughout the progress of the disestablishment bill went through an active period of wire-pulling, interviewing, and lobbying, which would have strained the nerves of a professional politician. When the bill went into the Lords the general expectation was that they would reject it, and that another of those constitutional crises would arise which threaten the existence of the Upper House as now constituted. The fate of the monarchy is so reasonably associated in the mind of her Majesty with that of an hereditary Upper House as to create alarm when the position of the latter appears menaced. Undoubtedly, if the peers had rejected the disestablisment bill, Mr. Gladstone would have been backed up by an enraged country, and the always impending agitation to disestablish the peers as a legislative body would have received a dangerous momentum.

The Queen wrote to the Archbishop:—"Considering the circumstances under which the measure has come to the House of Lords, the Queen cannot regard, without the greatest alarm, the probable effect of its absolute rejection in the House. Carried, as it has been, by an overwhelming and steady majority through a House of Commons chosen expressly to speak the feeling of the country on the question, there seems no reason to believe that any fresh appeal to the people could lead to a different result. The rejection of the bill therefore would only serve to bring the two Houses into collision, and so prolong a dangerous agitation of the subject." These words pregnant of application in the early future, are being quoted throughout the Liberal press as a proof in anticipation that the Queen, accepting the verdict of the country on Home Rule, will use all her power and personal influence to prevent the Lords from opposing it.

Bound by a Hair.

Amy—"I don't see what attraction Sue finds in Mr. Dolley."

Mabel—"Capillary attraction."

Amy—"How's that?"

Mabel—"She's fascinated by his mustache."

The world is like a fruit-basket. The big and attractive get on top, while the little ones are crushed out of sight in the bottom.

THE WINNERS

IN

Ladies' Journal Competition

NO. 27.

CLOSED MARCH 25th, 1891.

The following persons have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the prizes specified. Applications must be made for the prizes in the same handwriting as the answers were orginally sent in. Please note our charges for prizes following the list of winners. The questions were as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found:

1st MONEY, Gen. 17 chapter and 12th verse. 2nd COAL, 2nd Samuel 14th chapter and 7th verse. 3rd WOOD, Gen. 6th chapter and 14th verse.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

First Five Silk Dress. 1 Carrie C M Tavish, Belize Man; 2 Jennie May Evans, Belize Man; 3 Arthur Case, Belisle Scotland; 4 Mrs P E Fox, 20 Northumberland Sqr North Shields Eng; 5 Julia Perkins, York Eng. Next six, each a brass finish, Drawing-room Lamp. 1 Jennie Ryan, Box 24 Preston; 2 Mrs T B Freeman, Tweed; 3 Mrs Captain Gordon, Embro; 4 Arthur Kerr, Paisley Eng; 5 Laura Kerr, Paisley Eng; 6 James Parker, Pusilnick Eng; Next Ten, Family Bible. 1 C M Pumber, Burleigh Man., sent from Scotland; 2 J F Deans, Cobourg P O; 3 Carrie Deans, Cobourg P O; 4 P Paris, Loganville Eng; 5 M D Barinor, Port Huron Mich; 6 D D Davis, Port Hope, sent from Eng; 7 M K Hastings, Toronto, sent from Eng; 8 G M Logan, Chilliwack B C; 9 Katie Hansley, Buffalo Texas; 10 Mary A Pander, Buffalo NY, sent from France. Next six, each Berry Dish, with beautifully colored and white glass bowl. 1 Mrs R Herring, "Advertiser" Petrolia; 2 B F Hillis, 89 Alexander St Winnipeg; 3 Aggie E Stover, Norwich; 4 Lizzie Brown, Wiarton; 5 Julia Maisden, Winnipeg PO; 6 F Baisley, James PO. NWT; Next Fifteen, each one dozen full Quadruple Plate Tea Spoons. 1 Mrs Jno Keillon, Rainbow Oneida Co Wis U S; 2 Maggie J Ross, St Eleanor's Lot 17 Prince Edward I; 3 Mrs John M Conaghy, Vancouver B C; 4 L E Cody, MacLeod N W T; 5 Mrs. J E Braithwaite, Portage La Prairie Man; 6 Miss Ashton, Wapella N W T; 7 Geo Tucker, Indian Ford Man; 8 Edith Wilson, Portage La Prairie Man; 9 George E Fowler, Amherst N S; 10 J H Redderham, North Sidney C B; 11 Mrs C D Bemrose, Neepawa Man; 12 Mrs Freeman Rice, Benecarth Farm; 13 Mrs H H Alexander, Orrwold Man; 14 Mrs F Norton, Orrwold Man; 15 Lillie Mathers, Morden Man. Next six, each Gentleman's Filled Gold Open Face Watch, Waltham movement. 1 Mable Case, Hamilton PO; 2 Florence Case, Hamilton PO; D B Bailey, Porterville Man; 4 Jane Carr, Kane P O; 5 J J Secord, Kane P O; 6 Mannie Williams, 205 Perth Ave Toronto. Next six, each a Lady's Gold Hunting Case Swiss Watch. 1 Geo Harvey, 355 William St Winnipeg Man; 2 Mrs M J Hooper, Holland Man; 3 W J Blackburn, "Free Press" London; 4 D F Hastings, London; 5 M Murphy, Brantford; 6 J D Blake, Brantford. Next fifty, each a Lady's Fine Solid Silver Thimble. 1 Mrs W A. Ensly, Vancouver B C; 2 Grace Penhale, Exeter; 3 Mrs Wm Petherich, Rossborough; 4 Mrs J H M Neilly, Stoney Creek; 5 Mrs. M. Ferguson, Warwick W; 6 Margaret A Aediel, Thorndale; 7 Mrs G M Biggers, 2124 Olive St, St Louis Mo; 8 Geo Dix, Mount Hope; 9 Jennie Lillie, 374 Mill St London; 10 Mrs Volney Mann, Thorold; 11 Mrs W G Learmont, Brampton; 12 Lewis A Chisholm, Acadia Mines N S; 13 Michael Murray, Box 354 Whitby; 14 Mrs A Snow, Moncton N B; 15 A C Locke, Coleman; 16 W J Vickers, St Catherines Box 746; 17 Mrs Dan McPherson, Wardsville; 18 Robt Dinwoodie, Box 241 Campbellford; 19 Emily Groat, Wolsbin; 20 Mrs E Beck, 13 New St Toronto; 21 Lizzie Oldfield, Seaforth; 22 Mrs D Brown, Glenarm; 23 Mrs Wm Thompson, Longford Villa Orilla; 24 Mrs. Fred E McDonald, Bloomfield; 25 M A Devlin, Marmora; 26 Mrs N Ingram, Port Perry; 27 James T Wilson, 163 Hannah St Hamilton; 28 C Cook Drawer, 113 Brantford; 29 Mrs Fidella Kerr, Selkirk; 30 Thomas Luck, Burford; 31 A L Mackenzie, Durham; 32 John Graham, Tiverton; 33 Millie Reid, 183 Close Ave City; 34 Christena McKinnon, Box 79 Orillia; 35 Betsy Jones, Hagersville; 36 Mrs Wm Jardine, Springfield on Credit; 37 W J O'Reilly, Kingston; 38 Mrs John Jackson, Kendall; 39 Florence Graham, Uxbridge; 40 E W Couldridge, Orillia; 41 Mrs J M Hickling, Barrie; 42 Mrs Mary E Ferguson, Uxbridge; 43 Mrs Dr McWilliam, Dundalk; 44 Mrs W W Wood, Orillia; 45 Maggie M Scott, Guelph; 46 Nellie Johnston, Bradford; 47 Emma Osborn, 21 East Ave Hamilton; 48 Mrs Sarah Mitchell, Box 549 Guelph; 49 Mrs Peter Brown, Galt; 50 M D Ferris, 49 Herald St Victoria B C. Next, six each a Fine Quadruple Silver Plated combined Sugar Bowl and Spoon Holder, with one dozen extra value Tea Spoons. 1 Esther Collier, Petrolia; 2 Mamie Mills, 140 Bagot St Kingston; 3 Elsie Doherty, Galt; 4 Mary Pugsley, Kingston; 5 J F Barnes, Napanee P O; 6 Nina Woodell, 259 Spadina Ave, City.

His Garrulous Wife.

"Samantha", grumbled Mr. Chugwater, fumbling in one of the bureau drawers, "I'd like to know where, in the name of common sense, you keep my socks."

"What pair do you want, Josiah?" inquired Mrs. Chugwater.

"Any pair, if they are only mates. Here's an odd gray sock and an odd black one, and down here in the corner is an old pair of last summer's socks, with holes in the toes. I don't see why my things can't be kept in order, the same as other men's."

"If you had only told me"—

"Told you! Have I got to run to you, Mrs. Chugwater, for every little thing I want? Is that your idea about the way to carry on the household business? If you'd just take trouble enough to pile things in here so I can find 'em when I want 'em it would save me lots of bother."

"Josiah, if you will let me"—

"Now, there's no use in getting excited about this thing. If you know where I can get a pair of halfway decent socks just say so, and I'll hunt 'em up, and if you don't know and will have the kindness to put the fact in plain English I'll go out and buy a pair. That's all."

"If you hadn't tumbled these things all out of shape, Josiah"——

"Tumbled them out of shape, have I? What's a bureau drawer for, anyway? Is it to hide things in, madam? If I don't find what I want on top haven't I got to look down under, I'd like to know? Any woman that will pack and jam a bureau drawer full of things, and arrange them so you've got to dig and claw all through the whole business to get what you're after and then don't get it, hasn't got the right idea about arranging a man's haberdashery. If you know where my socks are, Mrs. Chugwater, why don't you say so, instead of standing around like a stoughton bottle and doing nothing?"

"I could have found them for you in a minute and saved you all this trouble if you had given me a chance," said Mrs. Chugwater, as she straightened out the tangle in the drawer and brought to view from one of the bottom corners five pairs of clean socks. "When you want anything of this kind hereafter, Josiah, if you'll just let me know"——

"The trouble with you, Samantha," growled Mr. Chugwater, as he jerked a pair from the top of the pile and went off to one corner to put them on, "is that you talk too much."

Bible Guessing Frauds.

The progress of Bible guessing fraud has received a sudden check at Dundee, where a certain wily Scot has been arrested on the charge of extracting shillings from the pockets of two confiding Biblical students. This was the advertisement he inserted in some 300 newspapers throughout the country: "Prodigious! £100 a week!! £100 in cash prizes for counting the words in chapters i. and ii. of Joshua." It transpired that £1,200 had been received in reply to the advertisements (still unpaid), and 13s 6d had been given as prize money. The presiding sheriff said he did not think there were so many fools in the country ready to send money in answer to such a transparent fraud. The idea of giving prizes, he added, for counting the words or letters in the New Testament was a proposal which could be made only by a rogue or a lunatic.

On prisoner's agent objecting to the sum fixed as bail, the Sheriff remarked: "He will be all the better of a little time for meditation. Send him the Book of Joshua, and let him count the number of letters in it." Yet they say there's no such thing as wit in a Scotsman.

Men's years and their faults are always more than they are willing to own.

Travel in the Sahara.

The ever bright sky of the Sahara is in strong contrast to our changeable weather. The atmospherical laws, which in our countries bring rain and wind at almost fixed periods, are not in force there. The only regular atmospherical variation is the equinoxial sirocco. This light wind, which comes directly from Southern Africa, where the hottest period prevails in October, is driven northward by the first rainfall, the latter generally coming about the close of that month. Heated under the Tropic of Capricorn and dried through the deserts of Guinea and the immense sandy expanse of the Sahara, this impetuous wind stirs the whole surface, heaving up and driving along showers of sand and

CLOUDS OF DUST,

which are perceived in their coming hundreds of miles away. It generally lasts from two to three weeks with more or less intensity, mild during daytime and increasing toward night, sometimes to the fury of a hurricane.

On our journeying from Wargala to Golea we were struck by one of the storms alluded to above. We left the luxuriant group of oases of which Wargala is the chief town, and resumed our way along the wild desert, following the dry bed of the Wad Mia. Though it was October, no rain had yet fallen, so that the earth still lacked her Winter mantle of green. The conformation of the land during the first five days was a variety of firm, pebbly and sandy ground, while a mountain range leads directly to El Golea. In all parts the firm soil appeared to be excellent for culture if it could only be watered. Tracts of sand of the color of iron rust were to be noticed along the Wad Mia, denoting the existence of some ferruginous spring. The spot where we encamped in our sixth stage was a sea of sand interspersed with dunes rising from 30 to 40 feet. One mount, 70 feet high, probably formed by a whirlwind, was noticeable above all at a certain distance from us. Several long and straight eminences, four or five feet high, with a striking similarity to waves, were to be seen.

During the preceding nights the suffocating sirroco had been blowing hard, without, however, causing much disturbance. But now an atmospherical revolution broke upon our camp. A fearful bluster

AROUSED US FROM SLEEP

and terrified the horses. Blast followed blast; our tents were terribly shaken, while the wind grew rapidly to the force of a cyclone. The horses were neighing and the camels groaning. Everybody was awakened, and all were obliged to take a frantic hold of the tents from the interior. Some tried to get out to pitch the tents more securely, but could not stand the whirl of sand. Showers of sand were beating upon our tents like a heavy rain. The more courageous men were swearing against that impertinent element which had interrupted their sleep and was blowing down their flimsy shelter. Others were terror stricken, fearing imminent destruction. All were clinging desperately to their tents to prevent them from being carried away, but in spite of their efforts, all the tents, one after another, were blown down. Each man underneath grasped frantically at one side of his canvas house and rolled it around his face for protection against the sand. The camels, despite their groaning, were little injured by the gritty whirlwind, and seemed to be quite accustomed to it.

Their incomparable vital strength enables them to withstand the sorest privations and the severest weather. They live, indeed, day and night in the open air, and are fed and watered only every three or four days; thus becoming inured to every hardship and stress of weather.

The horses felt the violent pelting of the sand quite differently. As they are standing up they offer more hold to the fierce wind and can resist less than the camels, which always lie when at rest. They became distracted and

FLUNG FRANTICALLY

against their invisible provoker. The officers shouted to the horsemen to mind their horses, but no one dared move. Finally several horses broke loose and blinded by the sand ran among the tents, tumbling against the men and falling upon them. Screams and struggles ensued, increasing the disorder and confusion in the camp. Those who knew not the cause of these cries, were prompted to go out and see what was happening. Finally the horses got up unaided and were captured by some of the Arabs, who, better accustomed to this hurricane, were groping and crawling along with their faces covered with a drapery. The cadi commanding the Arabs, seeing that we could not be qualified as "warriors of the desert" as we were unable to brave that unexpected enemy, ordered his men to look to the horses until the tempest ceased.

After two hours of struggle, calm succeeded in the atmosphere and peace in our camp. I went out to see the effects of the storm. The dawn which faintly appeared through the dust-clouded space, threw a gloomy light upon the camp, revealing the overturned tents with the human forms underneath

LIKE WHITE SHROUDS

covering corpses. The sand was heaped up against their bodies, and had filled all the interspaces between the men lying under the same tent, almost levelling a surface smooth as a table at the height of their shoulders.

I went up to the animals and found the horses sniffing and sneezing, while the camels, a little further on, were lying partly covered with sand in perfect quiet. They seemed to have bravely borne the brunt of the storm. Enveloped in their drapery, the Arabs were sitting on the ground, with legs drawn up, and their bodies leaning upon the backs of their camels as upon a pillow. One of them hearing me, raised his head and unrolling his drapery, gave me a long look.

"Have you not been frightened?" I said to him.

"At what?" he answered, as if astonished at my question.

"At what?" I repeated, amazed. "At what has just happened, of course."

"And what has happened?" asked he indifferently.

"Did you sleep so deeply that this fierce tempest could not awaken you?"

"Is this peculiar weather for you?" rejoined he.

"Is it natural weather for you?" I demanded. "Must Heaven itself fall upon your head to surprise you?"

"The roar of the ghabilih (sirocco), and the groan of the camel are two sounds familiar to us since birth," he answered.

Dumfounded by such stoicism I returned to my tent, wondering what such a people would not be able to endure. They are truly hardy and toughened in every respect; deaf to the sufferings of others, dumb to their own, mured to fatigue, and insensible to hardship. The awakening call was not sounded that morning, the colonel wishing to know before starting how much damage had been done, and whether the men were fit to march.

When I arose at daylight and looked around, I could scarcely realize that I was awake. The plain wore quite a different aspect. These large waves of sand that I had noticed the previous day had disappeared. A dune fifteen feet high had also been removed and several of the eminences had been reformed a few miles further on.

HILARION MICHEL.

What a Wise Woman Says.

That orris root has a sweeter and more permanent fragrance than any other perfume powder.

That nothing is so beneficial to the complexion as a bath in cream every night while you stay in the country, leaving it to dry on the face, and for a nightcap a big glass of rich country milk taken just before you go to sleep.

That your diamonds should be washed in boiling hot suds, rinsed in cold water clouded with ammonia, and dried in jeweller's sawdust.

That almond meal is better for the face than any soap except castile.

That the woman who never complains gets ten times as much sympathy in her trials as the woman who frets about everything, from the shoe that don't fit her feet to the husband that dies and leaves her penniless.

That the woman of to-day worries more over the shape of the seams in her bodice than over her soul's salvation.

That the useful girl never gets married because she can't be spared.

A barrel of apples opened near the Isle of Wight had a very fine apple in the centre, with this message written on a piece of paper: "If any young lady who chances to eat this apple is desirous of matrimony, she will please correspond with Harley Marshall of Falkland Ridge, Annapolis county, Nova Scotia."

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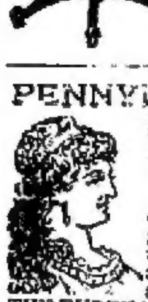

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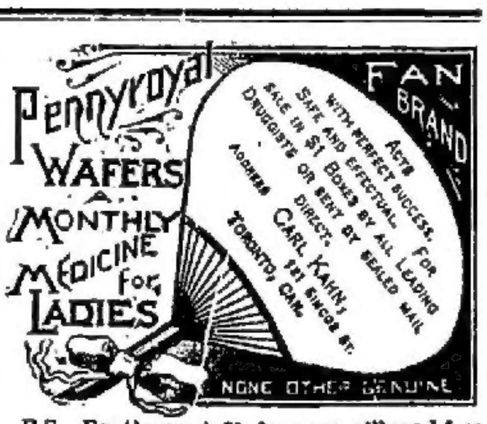

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